THE
ELTINGVILLE
CLUB
COMIC BOOKS,
SCIENCE FICTION,
FANTASY, HORROR,
ROLE-PLAYING
GORE GIRL
WULVANELLA
ANAL COMPULSIVE FILM GUIDE
FETISH SQUAD
BAM!
BAM!
EVAN DORKIN

THIS CERTIFIES THAT

_____

SIGNATURE OF MEMBER

IS A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING OF THE

ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR AND ROLE-PLAYING CLUB

Bill Dickey

PRESIDENT

ID#005

THE
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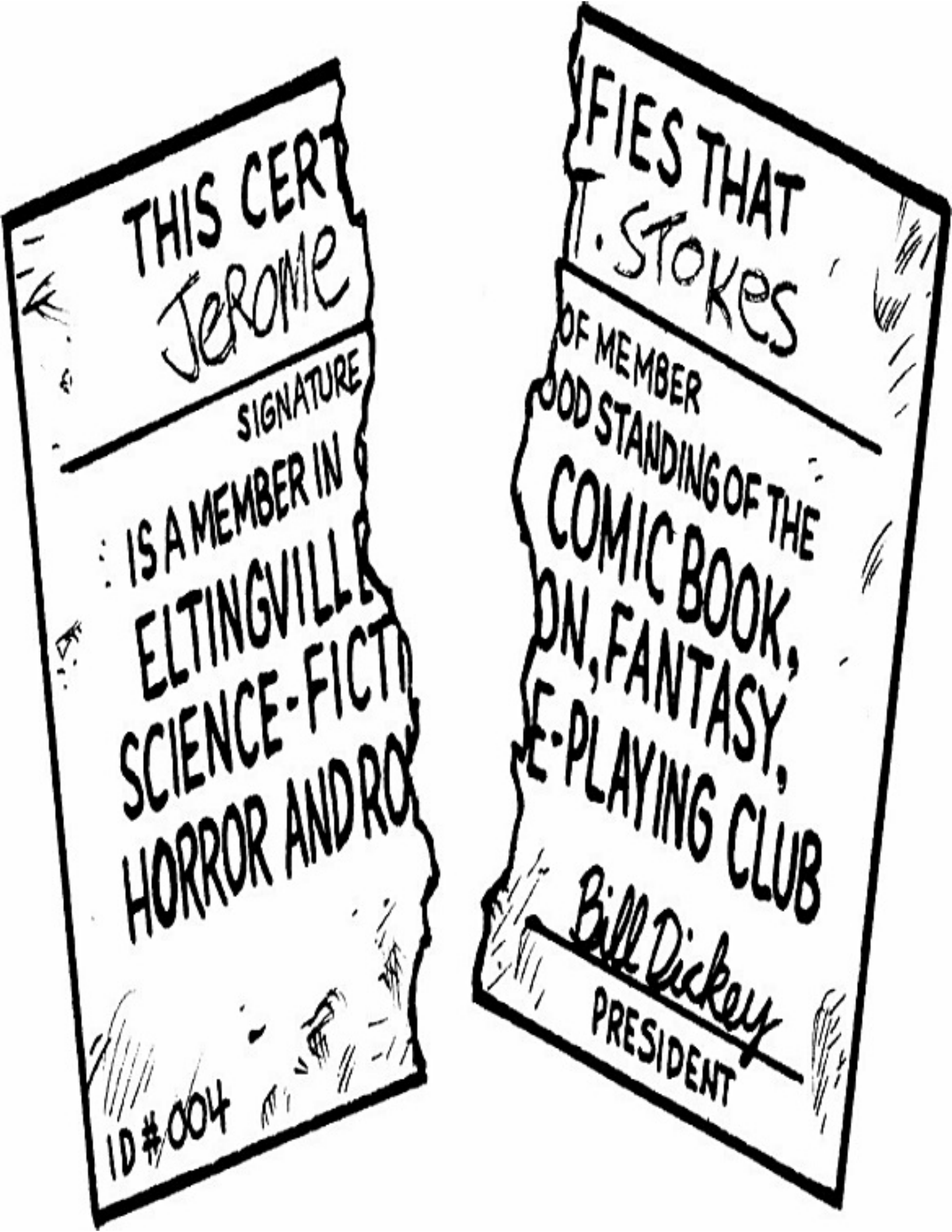
VULVANE
VILE
HORROR GORE-ZINE
ALL-HOT BITCH DECAPITATION ISH!
NUDE VARIANT COVERS
THE BIG BOOK OF RETARDS
@#$!?
A HISTORY OF THE COMICS INDUSTRY
HOT BOOKS
MAGIC
MAGIC
SPECIAL EDITION
I'M A WIZARD.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COMIC BOOK,
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Bill Dickey
PRESIDENT

# THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB™


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COLORS, COMPUTER CHOPS, AND PATIENCE BY
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LOCK YOUR WINDOWS! BOLT YOUR DOORS! GUARD YOUR CHILDREN! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WHEN THESE FOUR YOUTHS COME TOGETHER!

FOR THEY ARE ---

# the ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, and ROLE-PLAYING CLUB!

FRIDAY! 7:05 PM! IT BEGINS!
OKAY, OKAY, QUIET DOWN, EVERYBODY! WE'RE FIVE MINUTES BEHIND AS IT IS! LET'S GO, HAH?
BEE-DEE BEE-DEE BEE-DEE-- OKAY, BUCK!
HA HA HA!
DORITOS

Ha, Ha, Ha... GEEZ, JERRY, GET A NEW JOKE SOMETIME! Anyway, let's go over the minutes of last week's meeting. Since I'm chairman tonight cuz it's MY house, I'll read--
BYYY-YOURR-COMM-MMAND!!!
:tsk: UP YOURS GUYS!
HA HA
ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK SCIENCE FICTION

Okay... lessee... last time out we caught a second follow-up showing of THE CROW movie, basically to reaffirm our initial opinion of it, which was, basically, that it ROCKED! Okay... TRUE -- the story and acting wasn't so hot, and the direction was shit, BUT the sets were cool, and the fights were very cool, and Brandon Lee died for real as the Crow, and that's weird and cool in a way, so The Crow was cool.
IT SUCKED!
You suck! Shut up!
DORITOS
THE ALMOST BEST OF FANGORIA
FUCK!

Okay, then we ATE at Burger King an' got Lion King toys and discussed The CROW. Then we again discussed the difficulty of obtaining hobby-related jobs this summer, due mainly to our lack of having drivers licenses, the video shops NOT HIRING, and the local comic shops having virtually all gone out of business recently.
I don't get it! WIZARD magazine sez comics are HOTHOT-HOT!
HA HA HA
AND

The meeting then moved on to Josh's house, where we went over our new collection acquisitions, checked out the Internet for news on the Batman sequel... and then we all got into that big STUPID argument about whether director John Woo's name is pronounced John "Woo" or John "Voo".
IT'S... VOO!
OH, SHUT UP!
HEY!
HEY!!

We then debated the "Vampire Lestat" casting debacle... and NO, NO, PETE, WE WILL NOT DISCUSS IT ANYMORE TONIGHT! Really, Pete -- CHRISTOPHER-FUCKING-LEE?!? okay, he's certainly OLD enough to BE a vampire, but let's get REAL, HAH?
FUCK YOU, BILL! LEE is a modern master of HORROR!
So's yer mother, PETE!
So's your face, Bill...

94 evan dorkin

Hello? Can I FINISH here, guys? The minutes shouldn't take HOURS, you know-- that's WHY they're called MINUTES! Not hours, mi-
SO SHUT UP ALREADY AN' FINISH, BILL! GO!
HM.. where was I? Oh, yeah... Then we role-played and went home...
DUH!
7:12 !!! NEW ACQUISITIONS!!!
Now that the MINUTES are done, let's go into this week's new COLLECTION ACQUISITIONS. Jerry?
BEEDEE-BEEDEE-OKAY, BUCK! Um, this week I got more gaming dice, new black ones with SKULLS on 'em instead of sixes. And I found some old '70s Marvel comics, like, cheap, but when I got home I found out all the Marvel Value Stamps were cut out of 'em, which sucks...
Maaan...
Bummer...
GIANT SIZE MAN-TH
But, I got a Japanese-only Super Famicon Ultraman Dodgeball game for Nintendo! It was over sixty bucks, BUT it's got all these cool enemies and it LOOKS GREAT!
Awesome! How's it play?
Um, I dunno... 'cuz it's all in Japanese so it's hard to figure out. I just look at the screens...
Pretty cool!
PETE?
CHECK THIS OUT-- I got a fairly decent copy of Jackie Chan's City Hunter for only twenty-five bucks from this guy in Jersey...
WOW!
The picture's kinda grainy an' jumpy an' all, an' the subtitles are hard to read, but, c'mon, only twenty-five bucks!
Sure, of course!
hell-yeah!
I also, finally, got my bootleg garage resin model kit of the THING WITH TWO HEADS last Monday in the mail. I built it up last night while I watched RoboCop-- the series. I did a good job on Rosey Grier, but I kinda fucked up Ray Milland's head, so now I might sell it...
How much? You wanna trade?
I dunno yet...
HEY! NO TRADES 'TIL LATER!
Josh?
Well, FINALLY, after visiting like, THIRTY local McDonalds, I now have all the Animaniacs Happy Meal Toys in DOUBLES, and all the Flintstones mugs!
Jeez, no wonder yer so FAT, Joshie!
HA HA HA
Laugh it UP, WILLIAM...
...because on my trip to Jersey with my mom I found a Mickey-D's that had OLD Happy Meal toys available... an' look what FATSO JOSH snagged-- THE KIDS-UNDER-3-BATMAN-ANIMATED-FIGURE-WITH-NON-REMOVABLE-CAPE THAT YOU'RE ALL LOOKING FOR!!!
OH SHIT!
OH MAN!
TRADE TRADE!
FUCK YOU, BILL
SORRY! NO TRADES 'TIL LAAATER!
Anyway, if you guys think that's something, check out THIS action, troops!
SEXY DAMSELS of SCI-FI/HORROR REVEALED?!?
You got it! A TWO-HOUR clip compilation of movie nude scenes and SEX scenes featuring babe-types like Sybil Danning, P.J. Soles, Linnea Quigley, Brinke Stevens... even stuff like Denise Crosby, and a whole Traci Lords montage--
WAIT! HOLD ON!
SEXY DAMSELS OF SCI-FI/HORROR REVEALED
SEXY DAMSELS?!
They got TASHA YAR naked?!? From STAR TREK? NAKED? Can you see everything?
Yeah, well, that's what the guy at the comic con said. I ain't seen it yet...
Maybe it's the Red Shoe Diary thing she was on, that Show-time show the X-files guy is on...
I mean... I don't watch that shit. It was in the TV Guide...

'EY--WHO ELSE IS INIT?! Is there any space lesbian shit innit?!
I don't know--I brought it over so we could all watch it--am I benevolent or WHAT?
Well, we can't watch it until my folks turn in, so keep it DOWN, will you, guys?
Wow. TASHA YAR out of her Star-fleet uniform. BEEDEE-BEEDEE BONER, BUCK!
Hmph. Yeh, she's okay. I'd do her. But I'd rather have the Kawutu woman from the old TREK--
So, Bill-- what did you get this week?
Ahhh, I got jack shit this week. I got that long-distance ad on tape with Fox Mulder from the X-FILES going, "PUT IT IN WRITING, YADDA YADDA YADDA..." Other than that, I almost got a hold of a bootleg CD of soundtrack material by the Goblins... but it didn't work out.
=ahem= SO, let's move on...
SANDMA
7:45 PM! INFORMATION/ACTIVISM!!!
So, from my Internet source, and my connections at Toys 'R Us, after August 31st, Bandai will halt importing Godzilla toys. Toho has licensed the American film rights to Tri-Star, and the Americans want to sell their own toys. I, for one, am royally fucked, cuz I need a new Fire Rodan and my dog chewed up my Angurus.
We'll have to buy up as much stuff as we can lay our hands on...
Bus trip to the Jap mall in Jersey?
OH, YES! Velly much so prease!
HA HA HA
Well, my cousin Nathan tells me the Science-Fiction Channel is now showing Buck Rogers, Manimal and Automan!
THAT'S IT! I'M SICK of THIS SHIT! When the HELL are WE gonna get the SCI-FI CHANNEL ALREADY?! SHIT!
BEE-DEE BEE-DEE BEE-DEE! Holy foul mouth, Batman!
We gotta step up our letter-writing campaign to our cable company! Which reminds me... how goes our current write-in campaigns?
Well, we've forged two hundred letters for the Sci-Fi Channel, a hundred-fifty-two to bring Brisco County back, a hundred for the Superman stamp and to get Joel back to MST3K-- AND, we just started the one to Kenner on how impossible it is for a person to find the Batman action figures...
REALLY! I could only get my hands on FOUR Mr. Freeze figures myself! Jeez!
What about my campaign to bring V: THE SERIES back--?
You're STILL on that?
Some may falter... but I'VE worked TOO HARD to give up NOW.
Hey, dare to dream, Josh.
HA HA HA
Ha Ha Ha. Maybe I won't show you guys my video...
8:17 PM! OPEN DEBATE!
Pierce Brosnan. BOND.
Too... "smooth"-- for TV.
I agree. I say Liam Neeson.
Darkman Schindler? As Bond? No way...
Then who? Christopher Lee?
'EY! LAY OFF! Lee's a modern master of HORROR!
Jim Carrey. The Riddler.
Hell, yes. As long as it ain't the Dork from Ork!
Agreed. Tommy Lee Jones. Two-Face.
Well, he don't need make-up!
...ooooh, BAD ONE! Your agonizer, Mr. Kyle...
BUT Mr. Spock!
HA HA HA HA
Space Ghost talk show.
I don't like it-- They make Space Ghost look dumb.
Hmm. Agreed.
Agreed...

9:30 PM! ROLE-PLAYING!
--okay, then, you're in there, and this attractive as hell barmaid saunters up to you, puts her hand on your sword hilt, and asks you where you lads are from. what do you do...?
I, uh... I'm, uh, gonna make an attempt to, uh, seduce... her. She's blonde, right?
Hey.. I wanted her!
Maaan...
OKAY-- what do you say to her?
Ummm... I dunno... Um... Uh...
Jesus... make a roll, Josh!
shit... THREE.
She makes a face and walks back to the bar.
Nice one, JOSH! You should've let ME talk to her! Nice one!
I NEVER should've saved you from that rock troll. You're hopeless. tsk!
HEY! HOLY SHIT! GUYS! DO ANY OF YOU REALIZE THAT OUR PROM WAS TONIGHT?
So, uh, HEY, Bill-- can I borrow that Goblins Soundtrack off of you?
uh, I didn't get it, Pete.
oh, yeah, right. Right...
12:15 AM! OPEN TRADING!
FUCK YOU! I SAID I WANTED IT!
So? I had the BETTER TRADE!
YOU'RE A PRICK, PETE!
Correction! I'm the prick with the under-three-Batman figure! So suck--
WILLIAM!?! YOUR FATHER and I are GOING TO BED! PLEASE ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO KEEP IT DOWN!
SHIT! SHITSHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT!
SORRY, MOM! GOOD NIGHT!
SORRY, MRS. DICKEY!
Goodnight, Mrs. Dickey...
Gentlemen...
...WE HAVE video...

12:16 AM!!! SEXY DAMSELS OF SCI-FI/HORROR REVEALED!!!
OH, BOY! CHICKS! I LOVE CHICKS, BOSS---
WHAT'S THAT FROM?
YOU DON'T KNOW? SCTV, YOU PAGAN...
C'MON, BILL! HURRY UP!
CALM DOWN, JOSH! THIS TAPE OF YOURS IS ALL SCREWY...
LET ME DO IT, BILL! YOU'RE GONNA FUCK MY NEW TAPE UP!
OKAY... CALM YOURSELF, I GOT IT... MEN... GET READY FOR SOME BABES OF SCIENCE FICTION AND HORROR!
DON'T FORGET, "REVEALED"!
HEY--WHAT'S THAT? THAT ISN'T A-- WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S ON THIS TAPE?!? WHERE'S TASHA YAR NAKED?
LOOKS LIKE A BUNCH OF MIDGETS DANCIN' IN HAT SUITS...
...NOW THEY'RE SINGING...
HOLY SHIT--THIS AIN'T NO GIRLIE TAPE... THAT'S LIDSVILLE JOSH!
OH-HO-HO! JOSH, YOU LAME SUCKER! YOU GOT TAKEN BY SID AN' MARTY KROFFT!
HA HA HA
MAYBE HE'LL GET A BONER OVER IT ANYWAY!
SID AND MARTY KROFFT'S LIDSVILLE
BEE-DEE BEE-DEE BEE-DEE-- YOU GOT SCREWED, BUCK!
FUCK YOU, JERRY! FUCK YOU AN' YOUR BEE-DEE BEE-DEE TWIKI SHIT!!!
HEY! MY ENTERPRISE MODEL! YOU ASSHOLES!
CRAK!
WILLIAM! I ASKED YOU ONCE BEFORE TO PLEASE KEEP IT DOWN! NOW PLEASE TELL YOUR FRIENDS TO GO HOME! NOW!
SORRY, MOM!
Nice going, assholes!
SORRY, MRS. DICKEY!!!
ASSHOLE! I WANT MY DEAD ALIVE TAPE BACK!
YOU CAN EAT IT, FATBOY!
YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES! YOU BETTER CLEAR OUT-- NOW!
12:37 BEDTIME...
MAN... I'M SO WORKED UP ABOUT THE FIGHT... I HOPE THIS ISN'T THE END OF THE CLUB. I'M SO NERVOUS I CAN'T FINISH MY PRE-BED ROUTINE. I CHECKED THE INTERNET, CLIPPED ARTICLES FROM THE TV GUIDE... WORKED MY ZITS...
BUT I JUST CAN'T JACK OFF!!
NOT EVEN WITH MY BETTIE PAGE TRADING CARDS!
;SIGH;
---I WONDER IF I'LL EVER GET MY WILD WILD WEST MARATHON TAPES BACK FROM JOSH...
SHIT! NOTHING! NOT EVEN MY DENISE CROSBY PLAYBOY IS HELPING!
DR WHO
IT'S NO USE. I'M TOO TENSE. I'VE WATCHED SEVEN UNRATED RAPE/MUTILATION CLIPS IN A ROW AND NOT A NERVE TWITCH FROM MR. SAUSAGE...
STUPID JOSH...
EMMA PEEL... BATGIRL... BUFFY... CATWOMAN... THE GREEN GIRL ON STAR TREK: TUGH; VAMPIRELLA... WONDER WOMAN... THE KARUTU WOMAN... AGENT 99... A TUGH; EMMA PEEL IN THE HELLFIRE CLUB OUTFIT-- WILMA DEERING... THE GIRL FROM THOSE LIQUID TELEVISION CARTOONS... SUPERBOY...
SUPER-BOY?!
;SIGH;
GOOD LORD! IS THIS THE END OF THE ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, and ROLE-PLAYING CLUB?!?
WILL OUR HEROES OVERCOME THEIR DIFFERENCES AND RENEW THEIR BONDS? WILL THEY GET TOGETHER IN TIME FOR THE NEXT STAR WARS TRILOGY? WILL THEY LEARN TO DRIVE AND ATTEND GEN-CON? WILL THEY EVER BE ABLE TO ACHIEVE CLIMAX AGAIN OVER SIMULATED SEX-SCENES IN AWFUL DIRECT-TO-VIDEO SLASHER FLICKS? WHO THE FUCK CARES?!? I DON'T!

# BILL!

FULL NAME:
WILLIAM ALAN DICKEY

FAN AFFILIATION:
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WIND SONG of the STAR VIXENS
-by evan dorkin-
JEROME T. STOKES, JR.-- SECRETARY of FANTASY/GAMING!
IN
BRING ME THE HEAD of BOBA FETT!

SATURDAY! 4:15 PM!
I can't fucking BELIEVE STARTREK sold out and we fucking MISSED it! UN-believable...
'ey, blame fatso here! We woulda been here early enough t'get in if it wasn't for his fat ass!
FUCK YOU, PETE! I was busy transferring the X-files episodes you were supposed to tape!
It's not my fucking fault every Star Trek geek in town is here! All the stupid shows were sold out-- SO SHUT UP!
Guys! Calm down! At least we got to see Interview with the Vampire again!
Next time we'll call 777-FILM or whatever for advance tickets--
SANDM
DANZIG
You can dial 777-FUCK-YOU for all I care! Seein' that Anne Rice shit again was two times too fuckin' many for my taste! I hate that old vampire crap! Gimme the X-files or Kolchak any day...
WHAT ARE YOU, CRAZY? THAT FILM IS FUCK'N CLASSIC PRIMO VAMPIRE SHIT! All gothic an' shit!
Yeah, it was SHIT all right. And faggoty, to boot...
FAGGOTY?! You asshole! That ain't faggot stuff-- THAT WAS 'HOMO-EROTIC'! It's classic vampire mythos stuff! Christ, Bill, didn't you read the BOOK for Chrissakes?
Well... not all of it. I read the comic--
SHIT, Bill-- you don't know DICK about LITERATURE! Man!!
Calm down, you two! Geez, it's not like Tom Cruise actually DID IT with Brad Pitt--
Well... he looked like he wanted to...
That's 'cause he's ACTING, You MORON! :tsk:
I don't know what you're so upset about, Bill. I mean, so we missed Star Trek today-- we'll catch it tomorrow! And look at all this other great shit we had to choose from! I mean, c'mon-- every movie out right now is either science fiction or horror, a cartoon, or some shooting and killing thing!
TAR TREK PG
TAR TREK PG
W/VAMPIRE R
ION KING G
TARGATE PG
ANKENSTEIN R
LP FICTION R
AGEMASTER G
9-US
THIS IS THE GREATEST TIME EVER to be a KID in AMERICA! TO BE US in AMERICA!!! And it only gets better, guys-- Judge Dredd, Tank Girl, Mask 2, Batman Forever, Spider-Man-- NEEEW STAAAAR WAAAARS!! Not to mention all the related games and toys and stuff-- so why are we fighting when LIFE-IS-SO-GOOD?!?
You're right!
Hell, yeah!
Yes! Yes!

One bus later...

Look, I'm sorry for actin' so cranky before... I'm just bummed out about, y'know- Peter Cushing dyin' an all...
STILL?! PETE, man--Cushing died months ago! Man--
SO?
You DORKS--a master of HORROR--a TRUE master of HORROR--is TIMELESS! Karloff, Lugosi, Charley-- and Price, man... too soon... too soon after Vincent...
I dunno WHY you even liked Cushing so much, Pete. He was no big deal.
Yeah! He was never a monster or a creature or anything-- he was just some British guy!
I mean--he wasn't Dracula or the Wolfman or nothing-- just a skinny limey!
LOOK--don't fuckin' get me started! Cushing is a horror MASTER, so shut up, you ignorant FUCKS!
Aw, leave him alone, guys--you get him worked up an' we'll hafta hear two hours on Christopher LEE--
HEY!
Okay, all right, I'm sorry--he's a fucking master of blah-blah blah... jesus...
Well, now that that's settled- where do you guys want to go now? We're, uh, near Joe's--
Nah, screw Joe's-- besides, I was there yesterday. Let's go eat.
Didn't you eat yesterday, fat ass? A-HAHAA- snort
Hey, fuck off! I'm just makin' a damn suggestion!
HAHA HA
Well, you must have had five things of popcorn in the movie, so I suggest you shut yer trap about food!
I wanna go to Joe's--I got a Vampirella back issue on hold--
Let's go to Blockbuster--there's a hot babe workin there now and I heard Phantasm III is finally out!
If we can't eat let's go to Waldenbooks. I want to pick up the new batch of Star Trek biographies.
There's an all-day Magic: the Gathering event down at Wizards Keep II I'd really like to check out!
Guess we'll have to roll for it. You guys got your percentile dice?
Aw, fuck... I hate this. I always lose...
ssigh
SHIT! 37!
FUCK! 19!
SHIT-FUCK! 5!
HA! 87! WE'RE GOIN' TO JOE'S!
SUCKERS! My loaded percentile dice once again win the day! Foolish mortals!
AH, FUCK!
Man, Bill... Sometimes I think those damn dice of yours are loaded!
OH, yeah, right! Don't be STUPID, JOSH!!
I heard Joe might be goin' outta business.
Serve 'im right, the scumbag. He's a rip-off.
I miss Big Sal's shop. Too bad he was a child molester... he had good prices.
JOE'S COMICS/CARDS
ARAB

Hey, Fat Sal ever try to get perverty with any of youse guys?
Not ME! I heard Josh blew him for a copy of Elfquest #1, though!
HA HA HA HA HA
NOW OPEN 4 DAYS A WEEK!
Bee-dee-Bee dee-Bee-dee-- GOOD ONE, BUCK!
You're a DICK, Bill! And I thought you were goin' to quit saying that fuckin' stupid Twiki shit, Jerry! Why don't you grow up!
I'll grow up when you STOP SQUEEZING YOUR ZITS in the MOVIES, YOU--
HEY-- FUCK YOU--
'EY! YOU GUYS! HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YOU-- NO CURSIN' IN THE STORE! THIS is a FAMILY BUSINESS HERE!
Sorrrry, Joe...
Okay, so what we got here... ten packs of Sluts Who Swallow tradin' cards? Sorry, kids, no can do... It's a five-pack limit per customer.
Gimme five, then.
Me, too!
Hey, Josh-- this copy of X-men... did I buy this one already? It looks familiar...
Who drew this cover? It SUCKS! All the guns are too small!
Hey! Forget that-- check out the tits on this chick-- they're all covered in BLOOD!
Let me see! Hey! C'mon!
X-MEN
SPAWN
Maaan... look at this! The way her costume's drawn you can see all the muscles around her... you know, thing! And she's got knives comin' out of her... shit, what is that?
Fuck that-- this one's takin' her costume OFF! COMPLETELY! With her mental powers only!
Naah, it ain't no good without the COSTUME!!!
Hey, Josh would like this one-- she's doin' it with robots--
Hey-- where is Skinny? Yo, Josh!
They're not robots-- they're CYBORGS...
eep!
Hey, Josh! c'mere! We--
eep!
we--
HOLY SHIT!
I SAW IT FIRST!!!

It's the twelve-inch Boba Fett!!
oh god in heaven I need a twelve-inch Boba Fett!
I need it more, Bill! And I saw it first! I saw it minutes ago!
wow... twelve-inch Boba Fett...
Too rich for me...
DANZIG
$
Y'like that, huh? It's in nice shape too, just got it in.
Oh man, oh man HOW MUCH?!?
Hey-- no fair, Bill. I saw him FIRST! I'm asking HOW MUCH, not you!
BOBA FETT
STAR WARS
I'M askin'! Joe--how much for Boba Fett?
Quit it, Bill! I saw him first! I need Boba Fett-- I already got Han Solo an' Chewbacca!
Yeah, so let me get one, you greedy PIG! HOW MUCH, JOE?!
Bill! Stop! If I get Boba Fett he can bounty-hunt my other guys-- they can fight!
HOW MUCH?
Shit... how much do I charge these shmucks... is this the one with the crack in the head... or did I sell that one to my cousin...?
Well, lessee now... we are talkin' about a rare piece here... in demand... in the original box, in good shape... I do have a guy in Rosebank interested in it... I can get a lot for it at the next comic show... lemme think...
$200?
$175?
FUCK 'EM!
FUCK THESE KIDS!
$225?
Phone bill's overdue!
...Nah, Boba Fett is obviously dead, Pete. The Sarlacc belched. It ate him.
Don't mean shit. No body, no death. Just like Doctor Doom, Godzilla, all of them-- Show me the body.
DANZIG
He's dead. Still being digested.
Prove it, Jerry.
Okay, I can let it go for $250.
I'LL TAKE IT!
YOU'RE A FUCK, BILL! And where are YOU gonna get $260?
Same as YOU, fatso-- I'll get it from your mother! Go fuck yourself! I'll sell you to the shit-farm by the pound if I have to!
c'mon, guys-- Josh, be a pal and let Bill have a twelve-inch Star Wars figure too.
You guys always side with Bill! You guys HATE ME! You're all a bunch of ANTI-SEMITES!!!
whaaat? Josh, that's crap an' you know it! I got every Spielberg movie on tape!
OH, SHUT UP! I WANT THAT BOBA FETT! BILL!! I CHALLENGE YOU TO--TO--
DANZIG
ANDI
--A TRIVIA-OFF!!

a trivia-off ...oooooh...
'ey--you kids ain't gonna fight in here... are you?
HOSPICE CARES NO ONE
DANZIG
no... not exactly.
You really want this? You remember the last time?
So what? You got lucky, but not this time. Winner gets Fett.
SANDM
DANZIG
okay... you're on, Fatstuff! That baby's going on my shelf... you can go lick Wookiee ass, Josh--remember, YOU asked for it!
You remember, Bill-- YOU brought this on.
We'll need a referee. Pete?
Got it.
DANZIG
okay guys, remember the rules... all topics pertaining to the club are open... you got thirty seconds to answer... one question at a time... no hittin', no spittin'... oh, yeah, an' no asshole lame obscure crap like, "What's James Doohan's favorite brand of scotch?"
But, I know it, Pete--
DANZ
That's cuz you're a fat geek, Josh!
Hey! You better be impartial, Pete!
SHUT UP, we're startin'!!! Okay... five feet apart ...deep breath... Bill, you start since skinny challenged...
Ready?
Ready.
What's Wedge's last name in Star Wars?
Ha! Get serious, Bill! Antilles, of course! Sheesh!
Hey-- I'm just warming up!
Ain't gonna give you the chance--which two Japanese shows is V.R. Troopers' footage taken from?
Super-Android Metaldar and Dimensional Warrior Spielban. What's the Melter's real name?
Bruno Horgan. What rock star played on the Star Wars Christmas album?
Jon BonJovi. Name, uh, two songs off of it...
"R2-D2 We Wish You a Merry Christmas" and... What Do You Get a Wookiee for Christmas When He Already Has a Comb?
DAMN!
Who played Commander Vince Elliot in The Green Slime?
Oh, blow me--Richard Jaeckel! Who drew Superduperman in Mad?!?
Wally "Bullet in the Head Wood" --What issue of Dynamite had a Star Wars cover?
Number sixty-three! What Star Wars card showed C-3PO with a hard-on?
Green series, card #207.
DAMN!
HA!
IT'S LIKE MAY 23rd all over again...

What was Number 6's car's license plate in The Prisoner?
KAR 120C, you dick! Who played Inframan?
Danny Lee--everyone knows that, you idiot! Name Chewbacca's family from the Christmas Special, big shot!
uh... Malla... Lumpy...
Yeah--one more!
Wait! SHIT!
Twenty seconds, Bill...
ITCHY! HA! FUCK YOU, FATSO! Name five members of Mr. Mind's Monster Society of Evil!
uh-uh, Bill! Too many to ask--
I'll take it! Sivana! Ibac! Captain Nazi! Nippo! Mr. Banjo!
That's five, Josh!
Jorrk, Dr. Smashi--
JOSH!
HA! Eat it, ZIT-FACE!
Who designed the Metaluna Mutant?
Bud Westmore! What's the anachronism at the end of Dr. Phibes Rises Again?
Phibes sings "Somewhere over the Rainbow," which wasn't written when the movie took place. Name the theme park in Westworld.
Delos! What did they call the Falcon on the Mego TV ad?
I can't allow that one--
DANZIG
I KNOW IT! FALCON-WINGED BLACK SUPERHERO!
SHIT! HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT?
You told me!
FUCK ME!
Who played False Face on Batman?
Malachi Throne! Who did Joan Collins play?
The Siren--
Hey! Who did Joan Collins play on Star Trek?
...you mind?
jeez... excuse me for livin'...
can I pay for this?
DANZIG
Go ahead, Josh...
Okay... what Thunderbirds tie-in product did Crosse and Blackwell make?
Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce. What time slot did Galactica 1980 have?
Sunday, seven to eight, ABC. First monster that Ultraman fought.
Bemler. Buzz's catch phrase from Frankenstein Jr.
Allakazoom. What's the second "A" in "Shazam" stand for?
Achilles. What happened to the kid who was Jimmy in H.R. Pufnstuf?
He became a drunk, like your mom. What magazine did Electrawoman and Dyna Girl's alter egos work for?
Newsmaker, fat ass! Alien sidekick from Far Out Space Nuts--
Honk! Who hosted Way Out?
Roald Dahl! Who put out the Thriller TV comic book?
Gold Key! Star Trek episode, Stardated 3045.6!
"ARENA!" Name the Impossibles!
Fluid Man, Coil Man, Multi Man. What Twilight Zone has Theodore Bikel shrink to two feet?
"Four O'Clock"? What's the creature from Twenty Million Miles to Earth?
The Ymir. Monster misnamed in Destroy all Monsters!
Gorosaurus was called Baragon--while attacking France. So there!
Name the ship's big weapon on Star Blazers!
The Wave Motion gun! Who designed Karloff's make-up for Frankenstein?
Jack Pierce! How was the Deadly Mantis awakened?
An arctic earthquake! In the Star Trek "Cage" episode, why is Spock limping when they beamed down?
'Cause a filmed rockslide scene was cut!
SHIT!
HA! CHOKE ON IT!
YOU AIN'T WON YET, BASTARD!
MATTER O' TIME, BLIMP!

One Hour Later...

Spaceship from Forbidden Planet--
Space Cruiser C-57D! What happened to the ship's model?
Destroyed on the "Invaders" episode of Twilight Zone. Name Spock's Sehlat!
IT'S I-CHAYA! HA!
Who created the Martian Manhunter?
Mort Weisinger. What were his TWO secret identities?
John Jones, and Marco Xavier--'60s jet-set playboy. You look TIRED, William--maybe you need a rest?
ASK A QUESTION OR SHUT UP, PRICK!
Who was John Steed's original partner on the Avengers?
Dr. David Keel! Name three actors who played Blofeld.
Telly Savalas, Donald Pleasence, Charles Gray. What year did Gerald McBoing-Boing win an Academy Award?
1950! What's Klee-Fah?
A Vulcan term of refusal. Who animated the Fantasia mushrooms?
Art Babbitt! Astro Boy's real name, asswipe!
Tetsuwan Atomu--Mighty Atom. Fuck you! Villain in the Space Giants.
Rodak. Jackie Chan's character in Drunken Master, you jerkoff--
Wong Fei-Hung. Who did Riki Hoshimoto play in Majin, Monster of Terror, pizza-face?
He was Majin, you dope! Don't you try to trick ME! Lizard men on Land of the Lost.
Ha! Don't try to bore me! The Sleestak! Name the Gargantuas--the REAL names!
Sanda and Gaila--what am I, stupid? Which is which?
Sanda is brown, Gaila is green, you are STUPID!! What movie has Chuck Connors as a telekinetic ventriloquist?
Tourist Trap. Alternate release title for The Manster--U.S. version.
The Split! Who wrote The Manitou!
Graham Masterton! Name the brothers from Mother's Day!
Ike and Addley. Who played Twiki?
Felix Silla! Who played Lana Lang on Superboy?
Stacey Haiduk. Who was Olive Oyl's first boyfriend?
Ham Gravy. Who did Valerie replace in the Josie comics?
PEPPER!
How did--
That's the question you beat me with last May for the Trek lunchbox--
oh.... yeah.... right. SKIT-
Who starred in Big John, Little John?
Robbie Rist. Wanna know who played Big John?
SHUTUP!
Two films based on Matheson's I Am Legend.
Omega Man, Last Man on Earth--
Unmade third Kolchak TV movie--
The Night Killers. Jack Kirby's real name.
Jacob Kurtzberg. Disease Rondo Hatton has.
Acromegaly. Co-feature shown with I Eat Your Skin!
I Drink Your Blood. Dog partner of Mighty Man.
Yukk! Which is what your mother--
Quit talkin' about my mother!
Name the 1964 Ray Dennis Steckler monster cheapo.
The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed-Up Zombies.
LIKE your mother--
THAT'S IT!
JOSH! NO! NO HITTING!
JOSH, YOU PUTZ! YOU LOSE A TURN!
NOW BREAK IT UP!
You Big babies! Settle this like MEN! BILL--NEXT QUESTION!
Um... American release title of Gojira, Ebirah, Mosura: Nankai No Dai Kettō.
Ebirah: Horror of the Deep! Duh!
WRONG!! YOU'RE WRONG!
WHAT? I AM NOT!

C'mon, Josh... everybody knows it's Godzilla Vs. the Sea Monster. Even my sister knows it--it's in the TV Guide for chrissake. You got too fancy--too show-off. Probably mixed it up with Yongary Monster from the Deep or Dagorah the Spa--
YES! YES!
NO! NO! You DON'T UNDERSTAND! I MIXED UP NOTHING--the original TV release title for Godzilla vs. the Sea Monster is Ebirah: Horror of the Deep! You're all fools!
And he said the Japanese name wrong-- THIS ISN'T SETTLED!
Josh, c'mon-- don't be a spoiled loser!
NO! THIS IS BULLSHIT! YOU'RE ALL AGAINST ME-- YOU'RE EMBARRASSED YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT EBIRAH: HORROR OF the DEEP! YOU MORONS-- I'LL PROVE I'M RIGHT! FUCK THE TV GUIDE!
The TV Guide has no authority here! You'll see!
Joe--you got a copy of Stuart Galbraith IV's Japanese Science-Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films?
What the hell is that?
SHIT! How about a copy of G-Fan?
Huh?
Dammit, man! Asian Trash Cinema?! Psycho-tronic? Monster Attack Team? Sentai? Oriental Cinema? Japanese Giants??
Look, kid... the only Godzilla crap I got in the store are some old '70s Marvel comics. If you want 'em they're in the quarter bin underneath the--
FUCK the quarter bin! I'm going home to get my proof! AND my MONEY for MY NEW BOBA FETT!!!
Fuck that! Joe, hold that Boba Fett! I'm going home for the money--so don't sell it to that fat bastard!
NOW OPEN
?!
Wow. What a day.
How do you kids know all this shit...?
Well, Joe, I dunno. We just do.
MAGIC THE GATHERING
DANZIG
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
Tommy, you little SHIT! You better give me that money! And tell me where dad's stashin' his cash these days or so help me I'll kill you!!
SANDMAN
MIGHTY MORPHIN
A-HA! A-HA! I KNEW I WAS RIGHT! TRY TO FUCK WITH ME, YOU FUCKIN CHEATS? YOU FUCKS!
Josh! Please! That language!
SHUT UP, MOM! AN GIMME A CHECK FOR $250!
JAPANESE SCIENCE FICTION FANTASY HORROR

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

OKAY! I'M BACK for my BOBA FETT! Joe, I got $125 in cash, $60 in rolled coins, $22 in loose change, four books of stamps, and some hotcomics for trade!
Trade?
STARWARS BOBA FETT

BILL! PLEASE! LET'S BE REASONABLE! I'LL GIVE YOU the OTHER $125 IF YOU GIVE ME HIS HEAD! BILL! BILL--PLEASE!!
BURN IN HELL, YOU OBESE FUCK! YOU'LL NEVER HAVE HIS HEAD! IT'S MINE--AND I'M KEEPING IT! MINE!!
MINE!
MINE!
Well... if Boba Fett wasn't dead before... ...he sure as hell is now.
Hm.
17% all new book
$1-
ICE MAN IS COOL GUY
DAN

THE END -- BUT--IS IT THE END of the E.C.B.S.F.F.H.A.R.P.C.???

steady now--
--STEADY!
I'm almost there...once I get Chewie in place--
--my official summer Star Wars display will be complete--
JOSH!
AAAAAAAAAH!
SHIT! GODDAMMIT, MOM-- HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BOTHER ME WHEN I'M WORKING?!? GOD DAMN IT!!
Please, Josh, stop with the cursing all the time! And pick up the phone --it's your friend Bill!
yeah, yeah...
four fucking hours' work down the drain!!!
I swear, Josh, if you don't watch that gutter language of yours--
yeah, yeah, HELLO?
oh, yeah, Hi, Bill.
oh nothin'. Just doing some work.
What? No, I didn't get it yet. No.
WHAT?
YOU GOT IT? "TWO-FACE TRIUMPHANT"? FUCK!
JOSH!
SHIT! I've been tryin' to get that card for WEEKS! MOTHERFUCKER! Don't move, Bill-- I'll be RIGHT OVER! SHIT!
JOSH!
NOW SEE HERE, JOSH--
Can't talk, Mom! I gotta go over to Bill's--it's important! I'll be back for dinner!

# the ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, AND ROLE-PLAYING CLUB!

-IN-

## "BREAD AND SUCK-ASSES!"

=huffs
okay...where's the card? You know it's the last...=huffs the last card in the Wonder Bread series I need for the complete set!
No DUH, DINGUS! It was the last card I needed!
Ha Ha! "No Duh, Dingus."!
LET ME SEE IT! LET ME SEE THAT CARD!

SHIT! THERE IT IS!
AH-AH-AHH! DON'T TOUCH! YOU'LL GET IT ALL FAT!
Bill, I need that card! Do you know how many sandwiches I've had to eat to collect those cards?!
I ain't touching that straight line.
Too easy.

You should'a done what I did, Josh--throw the friggin' bread out so your mom buys more! But, what can I say? I've been having a good run this week! Got this last card--
UP YOURS!
Found the last Spider-Man Happy Meal toy I needed!
DROP DEAD!
And I found an Angela figure at K-Mart--the one without panties! You didn't want one, did you?
FUCK YOU!

JEEZ! CALM DOWN, JOSH!
NO! IT'S NOT FAIR! GOD HATES ME! HE DOES! GOD HATES JOSHUA AARON LEVY'S ASS! HE WON'T LET ME COMPLETE ONE LOUSY COLLECTION! NOT A ONE!
Oh, come on! God doesn't hate you, Josh! WE hate you! God hates your parents!
Now quit bellyachin', Josh! Let's go make our Saturday rounds before it's too late--

"Maybe today you'll get lucky!"
Okay, and let me get the new Power Rangers Happy Meal toys! Whatever ones are new--they're, uh, for my niece.
DO YOU HAVE ANY SPIDER-MAN TOYS LEFT? I NEED A MARY JANE!
All we got is Power Rangers.
BUT I DON'T WANT Power Rangers! They're DUMB!
Well, I'm sorry, that's all we got.
WHAT ABOUT BATMAN FOREVER GLASSES?
All we got is POWER RANGERS.
WHAT ABOUT X-MEN TOYS?
THAT'S ROY ROGERS. Look, you gonna order any food?
Jesus!
Yeah, order already, willya?
Man!
We don't know him!
Soon, at Roy Rogers...
You have NO X-MEN figures? NONE?! I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE! I MEAN, the commercials are STILL on TV--I'm sure of it!
I'm sorry, but we ARE out. We do have mini super soakers and an Apollo 13 cup.
MINI SUPER SOAKERS? WHAT AM I--A BABY? FORGET IT!
UH... what size soda gets the Apollo 13 cup?
TACO BELL...
--Okay, now, see, when I was in here last week, the guy told me the third Congo watch would be in this week--!
CONGO WATCH
Well, as I've told you, sir, the watch did come in but we sold out of them yesterday--
WHAT A GYP! HOW COULD YOU BE OUT?!! IT'S A SHITTY MONKEY MOVIE!!!
Cheryl, do you want me to call security?
We're not with HIM!
Who's the crazy fat kid?
BURGER KING...
--Well, okay, look, how about you open the display up and give me the Meeko figure from there?! I'll pay extra for it-- PLEASE? C'mon, it's for my niece! He's a cripple and a diabetic and-- and he LOVES Pocahontas and he has everything BUT-- oh, please-- sir? SIR? SIR!
BURGER KING KIDS CLUB
And Toys R US...
STOP THAT KID! THAT LITTLE RAT GOT THE LAST MARKED-DOWN KING ALIEN!
So? we got ours.
MOM!
MAN! I thought that kid's parents were gonna kill you, Josh!
Assholes. I didn't TOUCH the little creep! Stupid kid looked like Cha-ka from Land of the Lost.
Guess that makes you BIG ALICE! RAWRR!! JOSH IS BIG ALICE!
I AM NOT! FUCK YOU!!
You Wish, Josh! You're just jealous we got great stuff and all you got is an Apollo 13 cup!
yeah, yeah... and a stomachache from all that junk food.
well, no one told you to eat at every joint we went to!
Yeah, man, like, BELAY that food order once in a while, Josh!
HA HA HA! MAKE IT SO!
Jerks...
HEY-- where did my APOLLO 13 cup go? SHIT!
Hey, I want to stop in here and get some stuff. The new TV Guide sci-fi issue should be out. Star Trek cover.
PATHMARK
Good! 'cause I missed the last one.
I've got an extra. I'd give it to you, but you're fat.

OKAY, THAT'S IT! THAT'S ENOUGH! I'M SICK and TIRED of all THESE FAT JOKES, OKAY? OKAY? ENOUGH IS ENOUGH, YOU GOT ME? LAY OFF! IT'S NOT FUNNY AND I'M NOT GONNA STAND FOR IT! GOT IT?!
TOYS
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
TOYS 'R' US
TOYS 'R' US
All right, have your juvenile fun! BIG COCK and BALLS TO ALL of YOU! BIG COCK AND BALLS!
I'm going to go look for my things by myself! Maybe I'll meet up with you later-- if I FEEL like it!
EXPRESS AISLE
OH, YEAH, BIG THREAT, ORCA! HAVE FUN EATING the ENTIRE DELI COUNTER YOU FUCK'N KILLER WHALE BLIMP BASTARD, YOU!!
fuck'n
Y'know, maybe we have been a bit too hard on ol' Josh lately.
Yeah, yeah... I dunno. Maybe we do treat the big fuck inconsiderately--
WHOA, SHIT! X-MEN PASTA!
I've been looking for this for WEEKS! I'm getting ten cans! You never know, could be worth something MINT in the can some day!
Get me ten, too!
I thought you hated the X-men!
What X-men? I just like canned pasta! To hell with the X-FAGS!
I wonder who the secret pasta-shaped villain in the can is? Hope it ain't the Blob. That'd be nauseating!
Speaking of the Blob-- I wonder where Josh went?
Ah, who cares?
"He's probably in the BIG DEALS AISLE SUCKING ON A HAM!"
okay. This is it.
DO OR DIE!

Fuck Bill.
Fuck Pete and Jerry.
Fuck McDonald's, Fuck Roy Rogers. FUCK EVERYONE!
And FUCK the GODDAMNED WONDER BREAD COMPANY the MOST!
WONDER BREAD
ENGLISH MUFFIN
I'm getting that goddamned card if it's the last thing I do!
WONDER

And I'll be DAMNED if I give those Wonder Bread bastards another red cent!
RRRRIIP!

SHIT! "Introducing Robin"!
I've already got three of these!
I'm going to have to rip another loaf!

Better be careful... don't want to get caught. I'll pretend I'm checking the freshness dates...
Hmmm... AUGUST THIRD!
RRRIP!

SHIT! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! "INTRODUCING ROBIN," AGAIN!! FUCK! THIS IS BULLSHIT!!!
BATMAN FOREVER
WONDER

Just once I'd like to be able to start something and actually FINISH it! Just ONCE!
My twelve-inch Star Wars collection, my Super Powers collection, my Starlog collection, all my collections are missing something!
RRRRP!
DAMN! I already have this stupid Alfred card!

Son of a BITCH! Maybe I should try the bread up here...
Fucking ALFRED, who wants a card of some stupid old butler fart? They could've done another Nicole Kidman

okay... got three more! No one's around... better look at these quick! c'mon, Two-Face! FUCK!
Batmobile! Got it already! And another FUCKING OLD ALFRED! GOD IN HEAVEN!
okay, last one! c'mon, Two-- SHIT! "INTRODUCING ROBIN"?!

So, did you download those pictures of Teri Hatcher off the internet?
Yeah, but they were really grainy and shit. You could hardly make out Lois Lane's tits. But I'm supposed to get shots of Pamela Anderson from a guy I met in the Babylon 5 chat room--
Where the hell has Josh gone to?
RRRIP
SHIT! GOT IT!
RRRIP
SHIT!
Oh, man! Where is this card?
RRIP
I guess I should feel bad I'm ruining all this bread...
AH, SCREW IT!
These stores rip you off ANYWAY!
POP!
They probably throw more than this out every day!
Besides, Wonder shouldn't put so many DUPLICATE CARDS inside! It's a rip-off! All these stupid Alfreds and shit! If they were fair about it I wouldn't have to go through all this crap!
SHIT! HARVEY DENT! Almost!
FUCKING WONDER BREAD...
HELL, and it's not like some starving KID in AFRICA was gonna get this fucking bread. And it's not like any starving KID in AFRICA needs a "Two-Face Triumphant"!
Bruce Wayne?! Motherfucker...
If this stupid card doesn't turn up soon I'm gonna have to--
SHIT! Riddler, again! Riddle me this, FUCKER, where's my FUCKING TWO-FACE CARD?! Maaan! Gotta say, though-- Jim Carrey looks perfect as the Riddler. Man, I can't WAIT to see Batman Forever tonight--
uh-oh... spider sense tingling--
Excuse me, young man, will you come with me, please?
OH, NO! OH, NO! NO! NO! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! THERE WAS A RAT IN the BREAD! HONEST! I WAS TRYING TO GET IT!
Well, looks like we got everything. Batman Pez, X-men pasta, Star Trek TV Guide special, Life cereal Tick box--
HEY, grab me a copy of the Globe, there! I ain't got that Christopher Reeve article in my Superman paralysis scrapbook.
Huh! Some Superman! Can't even ride a horse!
HEY! You SHUT UP ABOUT CHRIS REEVE--
AAAAAAAA!
WHAT the HUH?

NO! NO! PLEASE! I'M SORRY!! PLEASE--PLEASE DON'T CALL MY MOTHER! PLEASE! SHE'S OLD!! SHE'LL KILL ME! OH, PLEASE!
GUYS! GUYS! HELP ME!
YOU KIDS FRIENDS OF HIS?
WHO? THE FAT KID? Never seen him before in my life.
BILL, YOU BASTARD! ALL OF YOU! NO! NO! AAH! PLEASE DON'T CALL MY--
It comes to this, Mrs. Levy-- your son destroyed forty-two loaves of bread. At one dollar and fifty-nine cents a loaf that comes to ... let's see now...
TWO-FACE
okay... all I have to do is put Greedo in and I'm done--
JOSH!?
Jesus--! WHAT, MOM?
Your friend BILL called! I told him you couldn't come to the phone while you were being grounded!
Yeah, I KNOW, mom.
He left a message for you! He said that everyone went to the multiplex last night!
Yeah, so?
He told me to tell you that Batman Forever was really GOOD and you should go see it!
the little fuck.
He also said something about some CARD you were looking for! He said, "it's okay, I found another one and gave it to Jerry for you!"
J-JEH-JEH--
JERRY? JERRY?! OHHH, FUUCK!
THAT'S IT, JOSH! THAT LITTLE OUTBURST OF YOURS IS GOING TO KEEP YOU IN ANOTHER WEEK! YOU'D BETTER WATCH IT, YOUNG MAN, IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE YOUR FRIENDS AGAIN!
sob
DO YOU HEAR ME, JOSH?
JOSH?
sob
IS THIS THE END--
--of the ELTINGSVILLE CLUB?!?

# JOSH!

**FULL NAME:**
JOSHUA AARON LEVY

**FAN AFFILIATION:**
ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, AND ROLE-PLAYING CLUB
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FARSCAPE
BOBA FETT

# the ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, and ROLE-PLAYING CLUB IN: THE MARATHON MEN

— evan dorkin '96-'97

STARDATE--SATURDAY, 10:20 AM!
SO, LADIES, WHEN YOU'RE ALL DONE WITH THE CAPTAIN'S LOG--
--WHAT SAY YOU TO ANOTHER VIEWING OF THE STAR WARS TRILOGY ON THE MAIN SCREEN, HMM?
:Giggle:
HULK
THOR

IT'S ALMOST TEN THIRTY! YOU'VE SLEPT HALF THE DAY AWAY!
WELL, MAYBE I WAS TIRED!
Tired of you nagging my ass, you dried-up old witch ...
WILLIAM! YOUR FRIENDS ARE WAITING FOR YOU !!!
ALLRIGHT! I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME! JESUS CHRIST!
HEY, MA! I'M LEAVING!!
AND DON'T FORGET-- I'M STAYIN' OVER JOSH'S TONIGHT! I'LL BE HOME LATE TOMORROW NIGHT! WE'RE DOIN' STUFF!
YOU'RE SURE IT'S OKAY WITH JOSH'S FOLKS?
:tsk!: YEAH, YEAH, JEEZ!
GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS! SO, MEN-- TODAY'S THE DAY! IS EVERY BODY READY FOR THE BIG EVENT?
F-A-B! I SLEPT AS LONG AS I COULD SO I'D BE GOOD AND RESTED FOR TONIGHT!
ME, TOO! :YAWWM: SHARP AS A TACK!
I SLEPT LIKE A FRIGGIN' ZOMBIE! OVER FOURTEEN HOURS! MY STUPID MOM ALMOST MADE ME STAY IN TONIGHT-- DUMB BITCH THOUGHT I WAS ON DOPE!
MAN, I CAN'T WAIT! WHAT AMAZING TIMING! OUR NEIGHBORHOOD FINALLY GETS THE SCI-FI CHANNEL-- JUST IN TIME FOR A MASSIVE THIRTY-TWO-HOUR TWILIGHT ZONE MARATHON!!!
AND JUST WHEN MY FOLKS ARE AWAY IN THE CATSKILLS for the WEEKEND! SO WE'RE SET!!!
MAN, ARE WE GONNA PARTY!
TWILIGHT ZONE, BABY!
OKAY-- I JUST WANNA SAY ONE THING RIGHT NOW. IF WE'RE GONNA DO THIS-- I MEAN REALLY DO THIS RIGHT-- I DON'T WANT NOBODY PUSSYIN' OUT! WE'RE TALKING THIRTY-TWO HOURS HERE-- THAT'S FIFTY-SIX HALF-HOUR AND FOUR HOUR-LONG SHOWS! THIS AIN'T NO WIMPY EIGHTEEN-HOUR D&D GAME WE'RE TALKING ABOUT--
HEY!
THAT WAS A KICK-ASS SESSION, BILL! I SAVED PRINCESS NUBILIA FROM THE TROLLORGY!
OH, JERRY, RELAX! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN-- ALL I'M SAYING IS-- DO WE HAVE THE DEDICATION TO SEE THIS THROUGH OR NOT? ARE WE THE ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, AND ROLE-PLAYING CLUB-- OR ARE WE JUST A BUNCH OF WIMPS?!?
I AIN'T NO PUSSY! I'M IN!
ME TOO! SPECTRUM IS GREEN!
THIS IS WHAT I WANNA HEAR!
YOU KNOW I'M IN! THIS WAS MY IDEA IN THE FIRST PLACE!

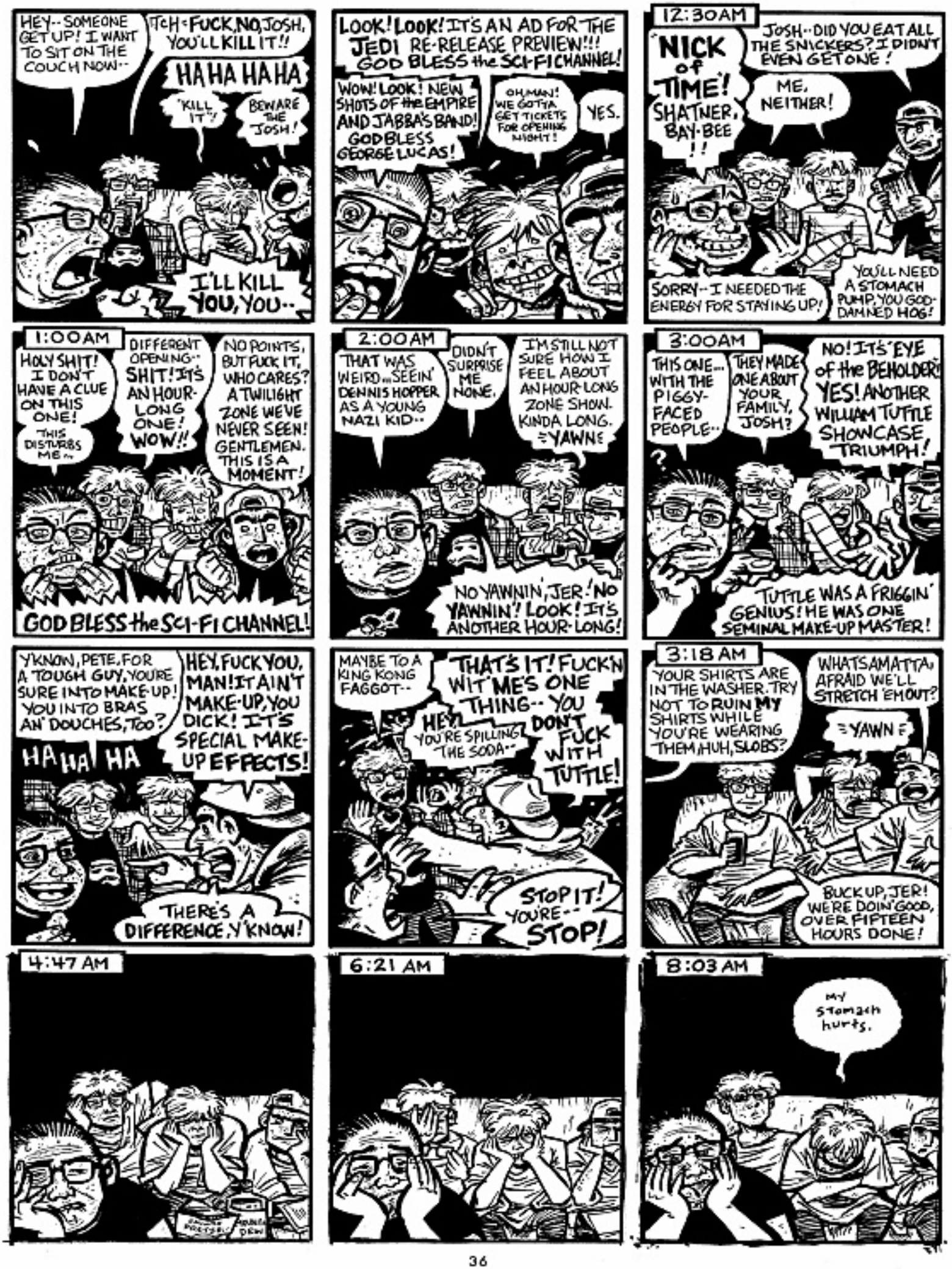
YOUR IDEA? EXCUSE ME? JOSH, I CALLED YOU AFTER I SAW THE SCHEDULE ON THE INTERNET!
BULLSHIT, BILL! I CALLED YOU--
AWRIGHT! YOU'RE BOTH FRIGGIN' GENIUSES! NOW C'MON -- WE GOTTA GET READY FOR THE ZONE!
PETE'S RIGHT -- LET'S GO TO THE WALDBAUMS BY TOYS R US! THAT WAY WE CAN STOCK UP ON FOOD AND SUPPLIES AFTER WE CHECK THE AISLES FOR THE SUPERMAN ANIMATED FIGURES!
CAPITAL IDEA, JERRY BOY!
PLUS, IT'S ONE OF THE ONLY SUPERMARKETS THAT'LL LET JOSH THE RIPPER IN! HA-HA-HA!
FUCK YOU, BILL!
11:10 AM!
MAN, I HOPE THE ANIMATED SUPERMAN STUFF IS IN -- I'M GOIN' NUTS LOOKIN' FOR A BRAINIAC!
I HEARD ON THE INTERNET THAT TOYS R US AIN'T PUTTIN' THEM ON SHELVES UNTIL THE MAN OF STEEL FIGURE LINE BLOWS OUT.
TOYS 'R' U
WHAT? THAT'S BULL-SHIT! THE MAN OF STEEL LINE IS SUCH A DOG I ONLY BOUGHT ONE OF EACH!
SAME HERE. IT SUCKS.
WE SHOULD WRITE KENNER AND TELL THEM WHAT A BUNCH OF JACK-OFFS THEY ARE! UNDER ASSUMED NAMES, OF COURSE!
GOOD IDEA, JOSH! JERRY, MAKE A NOTE OF IT FOR THE NEXT MEETING.
CHECK!
SEE? NO ANIMATED! JUST THE SAME OLD MAN OF STEEL SHIT ON THE PEGS!
FUCK!
AN' IT'S NOTHIN' BUT STEEL FIGURES, TOO! LIKE WHO WANTS THAT STUPID GUY? WHAT WAS DC THINKIN' WITH THAT STUPID FUCKING DUMB CHARACTER?
FUCK!
AN' I'M TELLING YOU -- THAT STEEL MOVIE'S GONNA SUCK BIG DICK!
"OOOH, LOOK! I'M SHAQUILLE O'STEEL! I'M THE BLACK SUPERMAN! GIMME A BILLION DOLLARS AND I'LL SLAM-DUNK A BAD GUY! OOOH, SWISH!!"
I SWEAR PEOPLE ARE SO FUKKIN' STUPID!
YOU KNOW... SOMEONE SHOULD JUST FUCKING BURN DOWN THIS WHOLE FUCKING MAN OF STEEL DISPLAY.
THEN I COULD GET MY GODDAMNED BRAINIAC.
I GOT A LIGHTER.

SHIT! THAT'S A SIN CITY LIGHTER! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?!
I BOOSTED IT FROM JOE'S! JOE WAS STARIN' SO HARD AT A CHICK BY THE STORE I COULDA STUCK HALF THE BACK ISSUE BINS DOWN MY PANTS BEFORE THE BIG FAT SLOB WOULD'VE NOTICED!
COOL! FUCK JOE FOR NOT DISCOUNTING MARVELS ANYMORE AFTER BIG SAL WENT OUTTA BUSINESS!
SO, C'MON, JOSH-- GO FOR IT!
GO FOR WHAT?!
SHHHHH! Y'KNOW-- THE MAN OF STEEL SHIT! FLAME ON!
FUCK FLAME ON! I AIN'T DOIN' SHIT, PETE!!
YOU'RE A PUSSY, JOSH! A KING KONG PUSSY! YOU'RE PROBABLY GONNA FALL ASLEEP AFTER TWO EPISODES TONIGHT, 'CUZ YOU'RE A FRIGGIN' KING KONG PUSSY!
SHHH! GUYS! KEEP IT DOWN!!
SCREW YOU, PETE! WHY DO I HAVE TO DO IT? I CAME UP WITH THE IDEA! I'M AN IDEA MAN, NOT SOME COMMON THUG!!
OH! OH! IDEA MAN! WITH THE POWER to TEAR OPEN LOAVES of BREAD AN' STEAL TRADING CARDS! YOU FAT HIPPOCRIT!
THAT WAS DIFFERENT!!
GUYS--
DIFFERENT?! HOW DIFFERENT?! DIFFERENT TO A PUSSY, MAYBE! A COMMON PUSSY, MAYBE!
PETE, YOU BASTARD! YOU KNOW I CAN'T GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE AFTER the BREAD THING!
YOU AIN'T GONNA GET CAUGHT, STUPID! WE'LL WATCH OUT FOR YOU!
Y'KNOW, THIS COULD WORK! AND DURING THE PANIC, WE COULD STUFF SOME FIGURES DOWN OUR PANTS-- ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT, WE WIN!!
...uh... I don't think this is such a good idea, guys--
IT DOESN'T MATTER, 'CAUSE I AIN'T DOIN' IT!
I KNOW! LET'S ROLL PERCENTILE DICE TO SEE WHO DOES IT!
FUCK THAT.
I'LL DO IT.
WHAT? NOW, PETE--
K-CHICK!
DON'T WORRY, JER-- HE'S NOT GONNA DO IT--

11:21 AM
BRRRRIIIIIINNNG!!
OOWEEEOOOWHEOOO
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FUCKING DID THAT!
YOU'RE A FUCKIN' PSYCHO, PETE!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO! IT JUST-- FLAMED ON!
THE TWILIGHT ZONE
NICE GOIN', PETE! HUFF! NOW WE'RE NEVER GONNA BE ABLE TO GO BACK IN THERE!
THEY'LL PROBABLY GET BRAINIAC IN TOMORROW, I BET! THANKS, PETE! JUST BURN ALL MY DREAMS DOWN!
OH, STOP CRYIN', THE BOTH OF YOUSE! I BET NOBODY NOTICED US WITH ALL THEM SPRINKLERS AN' ALARMS AN' PEOPLE SCREAMIN' AN SHIT! SO DON'T WORRY--
CHICKEN BREAST
AH, FUCK!
MY SIN CITY ZIPPO-- I CAN'T FIND IT! IT'S GONE! FOR THE LOVE OF SHIT IT'S GONE! MOTHERFUCK!!
WOW-- IT'S FATE. JUST LIKE IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE.
HOW IRONIC.
NOW I GOTTA GO STEAL ANOTHER ONE... I AIN'T GOT NO FUCKIN' LUCK...
11:38AM
WE GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED?
HOPE SO. WE SPENT ALL OUR MONEY, INCLUDING THE EMERGENCY CASH MY FOLKS GAVE ME.
DON'T WORRY, MEN! WE GOT PUH-LENTY TO KEEP US GOING FOR THE LONG, LOOONG HAUL TONIGHT!
FROZEN PIZZAS, HOT POCKETS, AN' BAGEL BITES FOR EATS, AND A TON OF SNACKS-- CHIPS, PRETZELS, COMBOS, FUNYUNS, AND THE LAST BAG OF NACHO-CHEESE DORITOS WITH THE COUPON FOR THE CLEAR DEAD BEN KENOBI FIGURE OFFER!
AND WE GOT LOTS OF COKE, JOLT COLA, MOUNTAIN DEW, INSTANT COFFEE, SNICKERS BARS, NODOZ, AND-- TOILET PAPER!! DELUXE FAMILY-SIZE, TEN ROLLS!!
DEAD OBI-WAN OFFER!
THAT COVERS JOSH'S FAT ASS FOR THE MARATHON-- WHAT ABOUT US?
HA HA HA HA HA
LAUGH IT UP, FUZZBALLS! MAYBE I'LL JUST WATCH THE MARATHON BY MYSELF!!
FINE! THEN YOU CAN FORGET WINNIN' THE DEAD OBI-WAN COUPON, YOU BANTHA-BUTT!
YOU MISERABLE LITTLE TROLL! I FOUND THAT BAG, YOU--
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT! RELAX, JOSHULA!
NOW LOOK, GUYS-- WE ONLY GOT TWENTY MINUTES TO GET TO JOSH'S AN' SET UP!
SHIT! SO WE BETTER START JOGGIN'! C'MON!
ohhh.. shit!

11:58:10 AM
DOUSE THE LIGHTS!
AND SHUT THEM BLINDS!
PIZZA IN THE OVEN?
CHECK!
SODA IN THE FRIDGE?
CHECK!
CABLE--ON!
OKAY--THUNDERBIRDS are GO!
11:59:10 AM
JUST REMEMBER, GUYS--MY FOLKS DON'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE. SO WHEN THEY GET BACK TOMORROW NIGHT THIS PLACE HAS GOT TO BE SPOTLESS! UNDERSTAND?
Yeah, yeah! RELAX, JOSHENSTEIN!
11:59:35 AM
I'M SERIOUS! MY FOLKS'LL KILL ME IF THEY KNEW I HAD PEOPLE OVER! SO QUIT FUCKING AROUND, PETE. I'M NOT KIDDING!
O-KAY--WE HEARD YOU, JOSHULA!
STOP CALLING ME JOSHULA!
SURE, JOSHZILLA! JOSHASAURUS. MIGHTY JOE JOSH. JOSH-HO-TE--
11:59:50 AM
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!
HEY! GET OFFA ME!
OW!
HEY!
CUT THE SHIT! IT'S STARTIN'!
12:00 PM!
WELCOME TO THE SCI-FI CHANNEL'S EXCLUSIVE TWILIGHT ZONE MARATHON!
YEEEAAAH!
WE'RE ENTERING ANOTHER DIMENSION!!
PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR 36 HOURS of SPINE-TINGLING, THOUGHT-PROVOKING SCI-FI FROM THE MIND OF ROD SERLING--
WE'RE PREPARED!
NOW START THE FUCKIN' MARATHON!
OKAY--FIRST EPISODE! NOW REMEMBER, FIRST TO GUESS THE EPISODE TITLE BEFORE THE CREDITS GETS A POINT. WHOEVER GETS THE MOST POINTS WINS THE OBI-WAN FIGURE COUPON!
"THE HITCH-HIKER"! "WALKING DISTANCE"! "THE MONSTERS ARE DUE ON MAPLE STREET"!
NOT YET, YOU QUIFF! THE SHOW DIDN'T EVEN START YET!
SORRY... I'M JUST ALL EXCITED...
SHHH! IT'S ON!
UM--UHH... A GUY IN A ROOM--OH! "LAST NIGHT of A JOCKEY"!
NO WAY! THAT AIN'T MICKEY ROONEY! IT'S "NERVOUS MAN IN A FOUR DOLLAR ROOM"!
NUH-UH! LISTEN TO THE MUSIC--IT'S "THE FOUR OF US ARE DYING"!
FUCK!
OHH, RIGHT. THE GUY WHO CAN CHANGE HIS FACE! FIRST POINT IS JOSH'S!
AH, PASS THE COMBOS...

12:30 PM
"THE HITCH-HIKER"!
"RING-A-DING GIRL"!
=?=
STOP IT, JOSH!
DOESN'T MATTER! IT'S "MIRROR IMAGE," MY POINT, SUCKERS!
:tch: This one sucks.
1:00 PM
"HITCH-HIKER"!
I'M GONNA FUCKIN' KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT! IT'S "MIDNIGHT SUN," YOU DICK! ANY FOOL KNOWS THAT!
YEAH
:tch:
OH, YEAH! I LOVE THIS ONE! THIS IS WHERE THE EARTH'S MOVING TOWARDS THE SUN, BUT IT'S A DREAM AND IT'S ACTUALLY MOVING AWAY FROM THE SUN!
DUH, JOSH!
ACTUALLY, I THOUGHT THAT ONE WAS "THE HITCH-HIKER"!
HA! GOOD ONE, JER!
"Good one, Jer." FUCK YOU ALL!
WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE THE EARTH MOVE TOWARDS THE SUN OR AWAY FROM IT? IF YOU, LIKE, HAD TO MAKE A CHOICE.
I'D SAY... TOWARDS THE SUN. THAT WAY CHICKS WOULD GET NAKED TO ESCAPE THE HEAT. THE OTHER WAY THEY PUT MORE CLOTHES ON, 'CUZ IT'S FREEZIN!
I WAS GONNA SAY AWAY, BUT NOW I SAY TOWARDS.
ME, TOO.
1:30 PM
"A GAME of POOL"?
NAH, WRONG KLUGMAN--
"IN PRAISE OF PIP"?
NOPE!
"PASSAGE FOR TRUMPET"!
SHIT!! FUCKIN' KLUGMAN!
3:00 PM
"THE INVADERS"!!
I SAID IT FIRST!
I DID!
NO, I--
I FUCKIN' DID!
I DID!
3:30 PM
"THE MASKS"!
DAMN! I KNEW IT!
ME TOO!
HA! NO WAY YOU'RE BEATIN' ME ON A WILLIAM TUTTLE SHOW! THE MAN IS A FUCKING MAKE-UP EFFECTS PIONEER!
YEAH, YEAH.
5:00 PM
"THE HOWLING MAN"!
SHIT.
7:00 PM
uhh... "THE OBSOL"--
"MR. DINGLE, THE STRONG"! HA HA, MY POINT!
DAMN BURGESS MEREDITH. HE'S IN EVERYTHING! HE'S AS BAD AS THAT FUCK KLUGMAN.
9:00 PM
"HOCUS-POCUS AND FRISBY"!
FF F F!
HEY! YOU GUYS REALIZE WE'RE MISSIN' XENA AND HER TITS RIGHT NOW?!
EASY, JERRY. STAY THE COURSE.
10:30 PM
"WILL THE REAL MARTIAN PLEASE STAND UP"?
ow. my foot's asleep ...
FLUSH!
TACO BITES
BURRITOS
MIDNIGHT.
"WALKING DISTANCE"
FUCK. SHIT!!
JOSH'S POINT.
YAWWN
HEY! JERRY! NO YAWNING !!!


HEY-- SOMEONE GET UP! I WANT TO SIT ON THE COUCH NOW--
TCH = FUCK, NO, JOSH, YOU'LL KILL IT!!
HA HA HA HA
"KILL IT"!
BEWARE THE JOSH!
I'LL KILL YOU, YOU--
LOOK! LOOK! IT'S AN AD FOR THE JEDI RE-RELEASE PREVIEW!!! GOD BLESS the SCI-FI CHANNEL!
WOW! LOOK! NEW SHOTS OF the EMPIRE AND JABBA'S BAND! GOD BLESS GEORGE LUCAS!
OH, MAN! WE GOTTA GET TICKETS FOR OPENING NIGHT!
YES.
12:30AM
"NICK of TIME!" SHATNER, BAY-BEE!!
JOSH-- DID YOU EAT ALL THE SNICKERS? I DIDN'T EVEN GET ONE!
ME, NEITHER!
SORRY-- I NEEDED THE ENERGY FOR STAYING UP!
YOU'LL NEED A STOMACH PUMP, YOU GOD-DAMNED HOG!
1:00AM
HOLY SHIT! I DON'T HAVE A CLUE ON THIS ONE! THIS DISTURBS ME--
DIFFERENT OPENING-- SHIT! IT'S AN HOUR-LONG ONE! WOW!!
NO POINTS, BUT FUCK IT, WHO CARES? A TWILIGHT ZONE WE'VE NEVER SEEN! GENTLEMEN. THIS IS A MOMENT!
GOD BLESS the SCI-FI CHANNEL!
2:00AM
THAT WAS WEIRD... SEEIN' DENNIS HOPPER AS A YOUNG NAZI KID--
DIDN'T SURPRISE ME NONE.
I'M STILL NOT SURE HOW I FEEL ABOUT AN HOUR-LONG ZONE SHOW. KINDA LONG. = YAWN =
NO YAWNIN', JER! NO YAWNIN'! LOOK! IT'S ANOTHER HOUR-LONG!
3:00AM
THIS ONE... WITH THE PIGGY-FACED PEOPLE--
THEY MADE ONE ABOUT YOUR FAMILY, JOSH?
NO! IT'S "EYE of the BEHOLDER"! YES! ANOTHER WILLIAM TUTTLE SHOWCASE TRIUMPH!
TUTTLE WAS A FRIGGIN' GENIUS! HE WAS ONE SEMINAL MAKE-UP MASTER!
Y'KNOW, PETE, FOR A TOUGH GUY, YOU'RE SURE INTO MAKE-UP! YOU INTO BRAS AN' DOUCHES, TOO?
HEY, FUCK YOU, MAN! IT AIN'T MAKE-UP, YOU DICK! IT'S SPECIAL MAKE-UP EFFECTS!
HA HA HA
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE, Y'KNOW!
MAYBE TO A KING KONG FAGGOT--
THAT'S IT! FUCK'N WIT' ME'S ONE THING-- YOU DON'T FUCK WITH TUTTLE!
HEY! YOU'RE SPILLING THE SODA--
STOP IT! YOU'RE-- STOP!
3:18 AM
YOUR SHIRTS ARE IN THE WASHER. TRY NOT TO RUIN MY SHIRTS WHILE YOU'RE WEARING THEM, HUH, SLOBS?
WHAT'S AMATTA, AFRAID WE'LL STRETCH 'EM OUT?
= YAWN =
BUCK UP, JER! WE'RE DOIN' GOOD, OVER FIFTEEN HOURS DONE!
4:47 AM
6:21 AM
8:03 AM
MY stomach hurts.

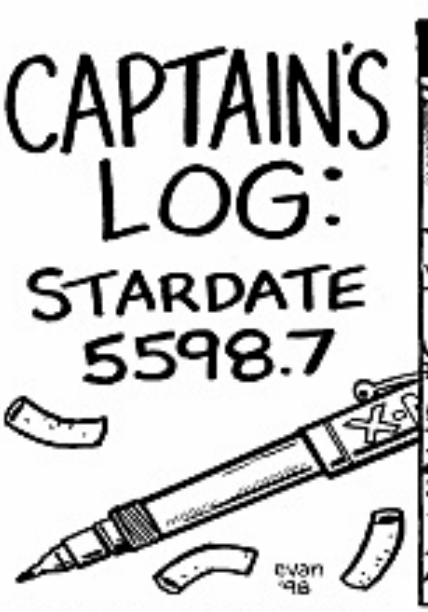
9:10 AM
guys... we're more than halfway there... an' I'm proud of you... but... I think we could all use a little pick-me-up. Josh... any Mountain Dew left?
NO.
Jolt cola?
you guys spilled it all...
okay then... I think it's time we break... the NoDoz out...
but we ain't got nothin' to take 'em with...
We can make the coffee we bought... we... can use the caffeine.
Josh... d'you know how to use the coffee maker?
no... do you?
no... I've never even tried the stuff...
fuck it, I'll make it. How hard can it be... coffee stuff an' hot water... right?
9:32 AM
UGGH! this shit is rank! tastes like asshole in a cup...
god... why do people drink this crap?
Don't look at me... it's s'posed to taste like this... it's coffee...
yeah, well... how many pills should we take...?
I dunno... still got like... thirteen hours to go... I'd say six or seven should do it...
ugh... these pills suck too...
I hope they work...
10:30 AM!
HEY! IT'S "THE FEVER"! I LOVE THIS ONE! WHOOO!
THIS IS GREAT! I'M JUST THRILLED TO BE ALIVE!
YEAH, ME TOO!
WE'RE GONNA DO THIS!
WE'RE REALLY GONNA DO THIS!
1:40 pm
2:20pm
need more pillsh...
ain't got no more pillsh...
cold showersh... take cold showersh...
yesh me firsht...
3:15pm
hey... Jerry's been in... the shower... a really long time...
oh... shit...
3:30pm
"Hitch-hiker"...
c'mon, Jerry... just walk it off...
no... I don't feel so good...
none've us do, Jerry... but we can't quit now...
4:03PM
I found some pills in my mom's medicine cabinet... think they're like NoDoz... only better...
4:46 PM

6:13pm
=coffe got...stay awake... stay wake ...only a few hours left...
I'M UP! I'M UP!
=beh=
JOSHUA.
Josh, get yer fat ass away from the TV! I can't see TALKING TINA! I can't see the Twilight Zone!
I ain't NO pussy! I'm UP! I'm UP like FUCK! 36 hours up is me!
=guh=
JOSHUA!
STOP IT STOP IT I'M NOT LISTENING I'M NOT--
JOSHHUAA!
the TV's talking to me again...
I'M UP! I'M UP! I'M UP!
is not! now shut up, you crazy fat fuck an' get down an' watch the twilight zone with us!
HEY--what the fuck?! they showed this one already!!
they sure as shit DID! It's the one with the twist ending!
they did not!
they all got twist endings, you dick!
Zzz
wish it away...wish it into the cornfield...
Where the fuck do these fucks get off showin' a repeat in our Twilight Zone marathon?
It's not a repeat, Pete! Now shut up an' sit down and let's do our job here!
I got half a mind to call up the fuckin fuck science fiction channel and ream 'em out...
who do they think they're dealin' with here ...buncha pussies?
Pete! It's NOT a repeat, see? It's the Monsters are due on Maple Street--see--? there's Claude Akins an' shit...
Jerry! gimme my point!
Jerry?
oh god -- it's on the WING!!
Jerry's asleep! He's a traitor, Bill! He's a traitor!
Jerry, you fuck! You can't do this! we all promised!
=?=
two feet tall-- two feet tall--
GET UP! GET UP! GET UP GET UP GET UP YOU FUCK YOU YOU FUCK! YOU'RE NOT RUINING THIS FOR US, YOU FUCK!!!
WAK
SSsorry! I sorry f'give me.

okay you
keep hittin' Jerry and I'll deal with the repeat fucks at the science fission channel!
We believed in you! We trusted you!
sorry
Venus
GLARF!
Hello? Operator? gimme science fission channel now. please
NO! PETE! STOP! You'll get us in trouble! they'll take away the sci-fi channel!
I don't feel so good
GET THE FUCK OFFA ME! THEY'RE GONNA PAY for FUCK'N WIT' THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB!
NO, PETE! You don't know WHAT You're doing! THEY'LL TAKE the TWILIGHT ZONE away from US! We'll FAIL!
AWOOOO! I'M the Howling man!
J-JUH-JERRY! YOU BASTARD! MY PARENTS-- THEY'LL-- YOU'RE A BAD MAN-YOU'RE A VERY BAD MAN!!
I'M GONNA WISH YOU INTO THE FUCKING CORNFIELD!
STOP IT, JOSH!! WE'LL NEVER make it to the end if you kill Jerry now!
You'll ruin everything! Just hit him!
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T STOP ME! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!
I KNOW!
I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU!

TO SERVE MAN!
IT'S A COOOK-BOOOK!
10:13 pm
HOUSE IS DARK-MAYBE JOSH WENT OUT.
PROBABLY. BUT I'M STILL GLAD WE DECIDED TO COME HOME A NIGHT EARLY.
IT JUST MADE ME SO NERVOUS THAT WE COULDN'T REACH JOSH ON THE PHONE FOR SO LONG.
SYLVIA, JOSH IS A BIG BOY. HE'S PROBABLY--
=SNIFF= DO YOU SMELL BURNT COFFEE?
STRANGE-- JOSH DOESN'T DRINK COFFEE
MY GOD, HARRY! THE KITCHEN IS A DISASTER!
THERE'S A TRAIL TO THE BASEMENT!
HOLD ON. I CAN'T FIND THE LIGHT SWITCH--
--OH MY GOD! JOSH!
=Snif=
It isn't FAIR...
IT JUST ISN'T FAIR...
There wasn't much time left... Not much time at all...
The best-laid plans of mice and men and something in between—namely, the Eltingville Club – the small boys in the unkempt comic book T-shirts who wanted nothing more than a good time—but instead found themselves in a living hell. The Eltingville Club, now just part of a smashed landscape, just four pieces in the rubble of their dreams...dreams found only—in the Twilight Zone...

# CAPTAIN'S LOG: STARDATE 5598.7



Woke up late, 11:30. Slept like SHIT. Had that nightmare again, only this time Bill held me down while Jerry and Pete kicked me until I coughed blood.
Wonder what it all means. Maybe it's something I ate.

Read the new Avengers (yes!) then had breakfast. Kraft Macaroni and Cheese (in the Batman box). Only 5 more proof of purchases and the free DC Superhero balancing toys are MINE!
MIGHT AS WELL BAG THE BOX. COULD BE WORTH SOMETHING!
CURRENT COMIC BAGS

I didn't move my Acclaim or Awesome comics into the "out of Business" section yet. Technically they're still around. Man, I hope they can bounce back. This industry needs books like Supreme & Quantum & Woody!
Unfortunately Penthouse Comix is now officially dead, so I moved my complete run over (put them up front so I could get to them easily for "reference purposes").

After my intense bagging session, I took care of a bunch of business --

① Wrote some detailed letters to DC (10 pgs) and the CBG (8) about What I think they should do to fix the Legion of Superheroes.

② Worked on my online review of Lost in Space (Heather Graham is hot, but it needed more Robot).

③ Worked on my proposal to the Sci-Fi Channel for my proposed AUTOMANIMAL AND MACHINE series idea. (It's going well!)

④ Logged this first report of the day.

For lunch I had 2 boxes of Kraft Macaroni and Cheese (bringing me to 15 proofs!). I guess it was too much because I started to gag. Didn't puke though, just spit up a little.
AW SHIT!
MAYBE I CAN SELL IT TO BILL?
Unfortunately, I gurved on my Danger Girl Chromium edition -- which sucks like the MIB salt-vampire. Glad I got 2 copies!

Afterwards I went to fill out summer job applications. I still need $300 to pay my share of the damages to the house after the Twilight Zone marathon.
It's been two weeks and my folks still won't let me hang out with the club. Hope they let up before Godzilla premieres.
$
$

Blockbuster wasn't hiring. Same for Barnes and fucking Noble. Filled out applications at McDonald's and Taco Bell (I was hoping you'd get a free meal when you apply, but no such luck).
I think the Taco Bell manager was impressed with my extensive knowledge of their Godzilla licensing plans.
HE'S COMING --!
GODZILLA
FIND GODZILLA AND WIN!
APPLICATION

I told him I didn't even bother applying to Burger King or to Wendy's because they had such crappy tie-ins set for this summer.

Anyway, hope they call soon. Can't wait to get first crack at those Godzilla toys!

Only 15 days until G-day!!! CAN'T WAIT!!

They better not fuck it up!!)

Toys R Us told me they were out of applications and to come back. Yeah, right!! They were out of applications like they're out of 12" Han Solo/Tauntaun 2-packs! I know those bastards have them piled up in the stock room but they won't put them out just to screw me over!!
Anyway, the good news is that nobody's discovered our Elfinville "secret stash" yet!
FREDDY
FREDDY
Everything was where we left it. I picked up my Batgirl figures & stashed some Lost in Space die-casts for safe keeping. Fuck Toys R Assholes, the blind fools!

The best was when I was getting rung up this little brat was crying to his mom about how he couldn't find any 9" posable Spider-Mans.

Ha! If only he knew Bill had 4 of them stashed away in our deposit box!

No one can compete with the Ettingville Club! We rule aisles 7C and B!!

Went to Joe's next:

Joe would never hire me. He hates me. I can tell by the way he crinkles my comics when he rings me up. I've never gotten a mint copy of anything from that greasy-fingered gut bucket.

Today the bastard was eating Chicken McNuggets. If only I had superpowers.

Wish there were other comic shops left in town, because that's the job for me!! Nothing to do all day but sit around and talk about comics and play Magic. Man.

Someday... SOMEDAY.

In the meantime, FUCK JOE! I feel no guilt whatsoever shoplifting from him. (Today's booty--Hellboy sculpted magnet, spirited away in the safety of my pants!)

Got home around 8. Went to get a Penthouse comic and discovered I'd bagged all those comics upside down! I always do that! When will I learn? I could've used the time spent rebagging on my Babylon 5 fan site! SO STUPID! THINK, JOSH! THINK!!

Tried hard to finish a box of M&C (WW box) for dinner. Rough going, but it got me to 16. Don't know how much more I can take, even for DC balancing toys.

NCC-1701

Missed not role-playing tonight like usual. Then again, Pete's been pissing me off in his e-mails lately. Why's he always got to call me a fag all the time? It's not funny. Especially when he's the one with the Christopher Lee and Bela Lugosi posters on his wall.

He's like queer for vampires if you ask me.

I don't care how hard he hits.

Something's just not right with that.

Felt a bit queasy, so I decided to take it easy and go online. Got some hot new pics off the net--Gillian Anderson doing some grays, Sabrina and her aunts. Xena doing Callisto looked pretty fakey, though.

SHIT!

Couldn't download the Jetsons orgy (w/Astro!). Kept crashing my computer. I'll try again tomorrow.

Ran into my old enemy Greedo 318 while I was in a Buffy chat room.

TAP TAP TAP

A-ha! My old nemesis GREEDO318--so we meet again!

He tried to attack the Angel story arc predictions I posted to the forum (stardate 51983) but I fended him off with my pointed observations and extensive Buffy knowledge. As if Greedo 318 could ever hope to best B Wayne 172!

Checked my main account and Jerry e-mailed me--Pete, Bill and him all got their 18 proofs today! They all ripped 18 boxes open and threw the pasta away--the lucky BASTARDS!

Why didn't I think of that?! What is wrong with me?!

I don't feel so good. I'm signing off now to go to sleep.

Capt. Josh A. Levy --over and out

CAPTAIN'S LOG: SUPPLEMENTAL

2AM

Can't sleep.

uhhhh ...

Got painful diarrhea.

It was filled with little macaroni Bat-symbols and lightning bolts and stuff.

I couldn't even look at the DC comics I brought into the can with me, not after squeezing out all their trademark symbols like that.

Life is so unfair. I was having such a good day.

I just hope Taco Bell calls tomorrow. I can't wait for those Godzilla toys. Man, they better not fuck that movie up.

Capt. Josh A. Levy, signing off.

THE ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, and ROLE-PLAYING CLUB IN
UNSTABLE MOLECULES!
WELL, GUYS, IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT ALL THE STUFF WE NEED TO MAKE OUR OUTFITS FOR WIZARD'S HALLOWEEN COSTUME CONTEST!
WE'D BETTER. I'M BROKE!
ME TOO! AND OUR PHOTO ENTRIES NEED TO BE IN THE MAIL TOMORROW TO MAKE THE CONTEST DEADLINE!
WIZARD
PARTY CITY
HOUSE PAINT
HOUSE PAINT
MICHAEL'S CRAPTS
FLOUR
GOODWILL
ELTINGVILLE FISH MARKET
GREEN HAIR DYE
IT'S NOT OUR FAULT WE'RE STARTING LATE! TODAY'S THE FIRST DAY IN MONTHS WE'RE NOT ALL GROUNDED!
RELAX, GUYS! HOW LONG CAN IT TAKE TO MAKE A HALLOWEEN COSTUME?
I DUNNO-- TWO, THREE HOURS?
COOL! WE CAN BE DONE IN PLENTY OF TIME TO CATCH SLIDERS! SO LET'S GET MOVING, MEN-- WE HAVE A COSTUME CONTEST TO WIN!
WIZARD COSTUME CONTEST
ELTINGVILLE ASSEMBLE!!
I'M GONNA BE THE JOKER-- CLOWN PRINCE OF CRIME! HOW ABOUT YOU, PETE?
ahh, SOME KINDA SPAWN. WHICHEVER'S EASIEST TO MAKE.
WELL, ALL I KNOW IS I'M GONNA BE IRON MAN! WHOOSH!!
HAIR DYE
BANG
IRON MAN?
BUT-- I'M GONNA BE IRON MAN!!
WHAT? YOU CAN'T BE IRON MAN, JOSH! YOU'RE FAT!
AM NOT! AND SO WHAT IF I WAS?
SO, YOU CAN'T HAVE A FAT IRON MAN! WIZARD'LL TAKE ONE LOOK AT OUR PHOTO AN' SAY, "WHOOPS! BIG FAT IRON MAN! YOU LOSE!"
WIZARD CONTEST
THEY WILL NOT! WE COULD TAKE THE PICTURE IN PERSPECTIVE OR SOMETHING--
PERSPECTIVE?! WE COULD TAKE IT IN THE DARK AND THEY'D STILL KNOW YOU'RE YOUR OWN MULTIVERSE!!
C'MON, JOSH, PICK SOMEONE ELSE... SOMEONE THICKER.
HA HA HA
I KNOW! WHY DON'T YOU JUST TAKE YOUR SHIRT OFF AN' BE THE BLOB?! YOU'D BE PERFECT!!
WHY DON'T I JUST FUCKIN' KILL YOU AND YOU CAN BE DEADMAN, YOU FUCK!
GUYS! STOP! THIS IS AMERICA! YOU CAN BOTH BE IRON MAN!!
AAK: my trachea.
YEAH! THERE'S PLENTY OF IRON MANS TO CHOOSE FROM-- JUST LIKE SPAWN!
Fine> COFF: we'll both be Iron Man-- modern age and fat age... sure :coff: whatever...
NOW THAT THAT'S SETTLED-- LET'S GO WIN THIS CONTEST IN THE MIGHTY ELTINGVILLE MANNER! COSTUMES-- HO!!!
IRON MAN
HAIR DYE

MORE THAN FIVE HOURS LATER...
BOY AM I HAVING TROUBLE SEWING UP THIS RAGGY OLD THRIFT-SHOP SUIT!
FUCK SEWING!! SEWING'S FOR CHICKS, SISSIES AN' SWEATSHOP WORKERS!
REAL MEN USE PAPER-MACHE!
FLOUR XXX
I'M NOT A SISSY.
Nah, YOU'RE A WIZARD, JERRY. KEEP UP THE MAGIC.
SO WHAT SPAWN ARE YOU MAKING?
I'M THINKIN' SPAWN 2, NUCLEAR SPAWN OR ZOMBIE SPAWN. I'M IMPROVISING, JUST LIKE JACK PIERCE AN' ALL THEM OLD HOLLYWOOD MAKEUP MASTERS OF YORE!
JACK PIERCE DIDN'T USE PAPER-MACHE!!
SAYS WHO? YOU?! THE MORON IN THE WOODEN IRON MAN COSTUME? THE INVINCIBLE CARDBOARD MAN?
ANOTHER HOUR LATER...
I SURE HOPE THIS HAIR DYE WASHES OUT--OH CRAP!
WHAT'S WRONG? LET ME GUESS, JOSH WANTS TO BE HARLEY QUINN--
SHUT UP!
JOKER LIPS! I FORGOT RED LIPSTICK!
Ah, USE SOME RED PAINT! IT CAN'T HURT YA!
SPSS!
MAKE-U
HAIR DYE
HAIR GE
Hey, GREAT IDEA, BILL! THANKS!
"GREAT IDEA, BILL!" JERK!
DID BILL THINK TO WIRE HIS IRON MAN COSTUME TO MIMIC THE GOLDEN AVENGER'S MIGHTY REPULSOR RAYS? NO! ONLY I HAVE THE VISION! THE INGENUITY! TONY STARK WOULD BE PROUD!!!
HOPE I WIRED THIS RIGHT... STUPID CONFUSING INSTRUCTIONS...
RADIO SHACK STARTER WIRING KIT
AGES 10 AND UP
BACK
TWO HOURS OF PAINTING, FIXING AND FIGHTING LATER...
COMBO SPAWN?!
Yeah, well--I KINDA GOT ALL MESSED UP. SO I FIGURED I'D BE LIKE, PART ZOMBIE SPAWN, PART VIKING SPAWN, PART NINJA-- BASICALLY, I AM ALL THAT WHICH IS SPAWN--
COMBO SPAWN?!
'EY SHUTUP! IF YOU AN FATSO THERE CAN BOTH BE IRON MAN--
COMBO SPAWN
MADE IN CHINA
--THEN I CAN BE A BUNCH OF GODDAMN SPAWNS!!
Well, THE FAKE BLOOD'S A NICE TOUCH.
WHAT FAKE BLOOD? THESE FUCKIN' SPIKES ARE KILLIN' ME!
=sniff= PEEYOO! BY ODIN'S BEARD, WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
I DON'T SMELL NOTHIN'. I GOT MACHE UP MY NOSE.
IT'S JERRY'S SHITTY JOKER FISH! IT'S STARTIN' TO ROT!
I BLAME SHITTY JOSH! WE COULDA TAKEN THE PICTURE HOURS AGO IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIM!
JOSH! HURRY UP WITH YOUR SHIT COSTUME, YOU SILVER-AGE LARDASS!!
Yeh--hubby ub! Muh lips are startin to hurt real bab!
SHIT! SHUTUP! I'M ALL DONE! I NEED ONLY FLIP THIS SWITCH AND THE CONTEST IS OURS!
CLIK!
HA! THERE! REPULSOR RAYS--

ON!
POP
PFAPF!
UH-OH.
HOUSE PAINT
HOLY DORMAMMU! JOSH IS ON FIRE!
AAAAAGGH! HELP ME! THE PAINT'S ALL BURNING! AAAH!
NICE ONE, JOSH! GOTTA RUIN EVERY-THING, YOU FUCK!!
OH, GOD I'M BURNING UP!! MY SKIN'S BLISTERING! AARGH
I GUESS WE SHOULD GET SOME WATER AND PUT THE FAT FIRE OUT ...
I KNOW! JERRY--USE YER SQUIRTIN' FLOWER!
BUH I CAN HELP IRON MAM! I'M A VILLAIN!
WHAT?! SQUIRT THE FUCKIN' FLOWER, Y' FUCKIN CLOWN PRINCE A' STUPID!
AAAAAAAH
ITH NO GOOD! THERTH TOO MUTH FIRE!
AAAAAAAAAA!
=TSK= IF ONLY JOSH HAD THAT FLAME-RETARDED STUFF LIKE THE REAL IRON MAN...
SEE? I KNEW HE'D MAKE A CRAPPY IRON MAN!
GOD, WHAT A SUCK AVENGER HE IS--
THTOP HIM! HEETH COOKIN' MAH FITH!
CRASH
MOTHER-- my flesh!
FLASH!
STAR WARS
COMBO SPAWN
FUCK THE FISH! GRAB THE CAMERA!
FUCK THE CAMERA! HE'S MELTING MY MINT-ON-CARD STAR WARS COLLECTION!
JOSH, YOU FUCK! GO BURN OUTSIDE!
KA-BOOM!
HOLY LUGOS!! JOSH'S IRON MAN COSTUME BLEW UP!
HE'S ANTHONY STARK NAKED!
LEAST THE FIRE'S OUT...
my action figures... =SOB=
TWO MONTHS LATER...
NO! NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WHO SENT THE GODDAM PICTURES IN?!?
YOU DID, BILL! YOU SAID IT WOULD BE FUNNY--
FUNNY?! SHIT!!
WIZARD HALLOWEEN CONTEST WINNERS!
2nd PRIZE
JOSH LEVY AS THE HUMAN TORCH
FLAME ON!
"THAT LUCKY STIFF" WON SECOND PRIZE!
I ALREADY HAVE IT.
YOU WON!
KINGDOM COME NOVEL
HA HA! THE END!

# PETE!

FULL NAME:
PETER MICHAEL DINUNZIO

FAN AFFILIATION:

ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, AND ROLE-PLAYING CLUB

MEMBER #003

SECRETARY OF HORROR

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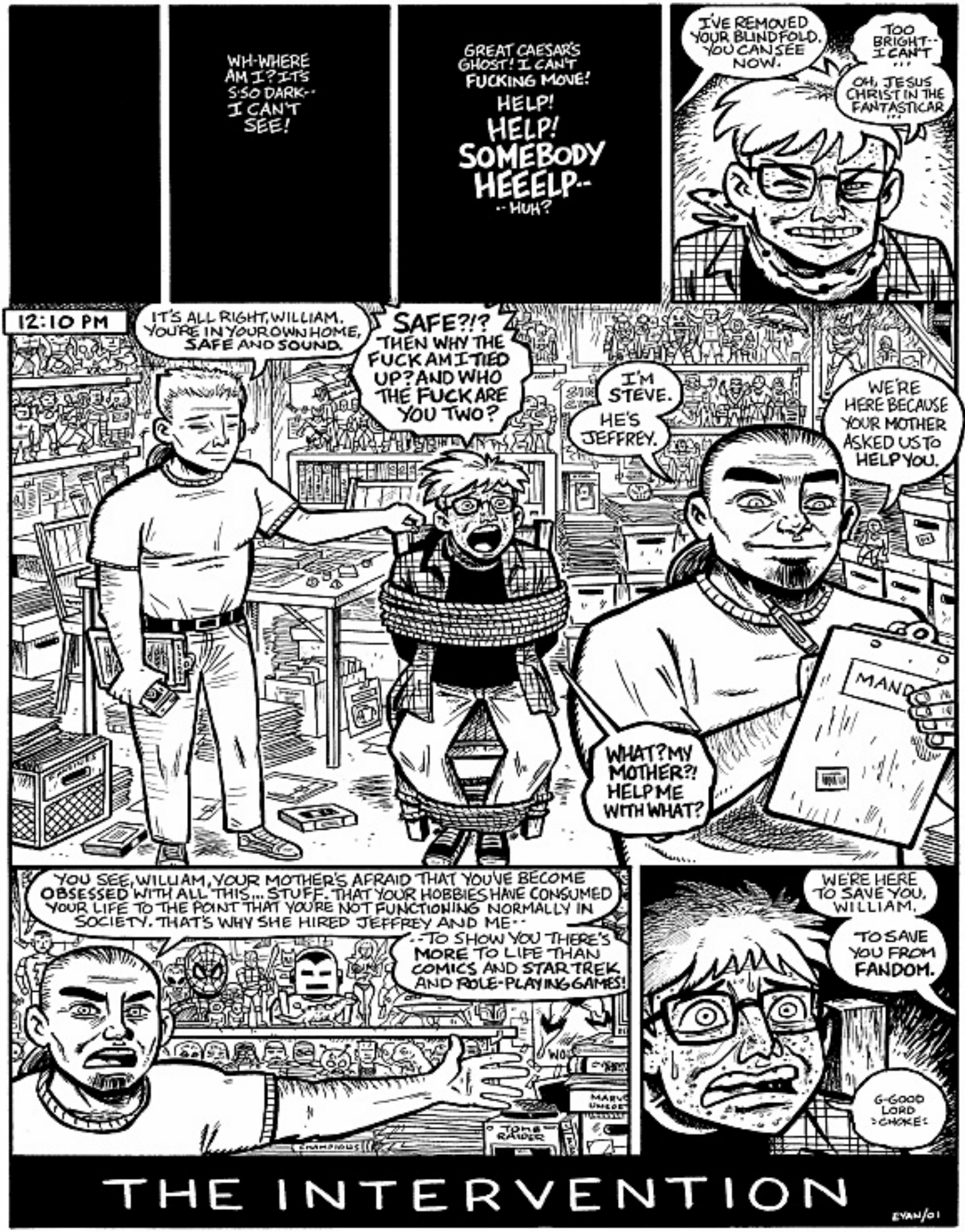
EXTREME GORE
MONSTER RESIN KITS
UNRATED VERSIONS
ASIAN HORROR
SLASHER FLICKS
FINAL GIRLS
CHILLER CON
WEREWOLVES
TITS
BORIS KARLOFF
TORTURE VARIANTS

ELTINGVILLE EC CLUB

FRIDAY, 11:18 AM
SO TELL US, BILL-- DID YOU GET THE ASSHOLE GENE FROM YOUR MOTHER OR YOUR FATHER?!
YOU'RE CALLING ME AN ASSHOLE?! YOU-- THE FAT FUCKIN' KING OF THE ASSHOLES?!
YEAH, WELL-- AT LEAST I'M KING!
YEAH, BILL-- JOSH MAY BE THE FAT ASSHOLE KING, BUT AT LEAST HE AIN'T NO FUCKIN' CHEATER!
FUCK YOU, PETE-- YOU HALF-A-HALF ORC YOU! I KEEP TELLING YOU, MY PERCENTILE DICE ARE NOT LOADED!
I JUST HAVE BETTER LUCK THAN YOU DR. SMITH LOSERS!
OH, YEAH? WELL MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HANG OUT WITH US LOSERS ANYMORE, HUH?
C'MON, GUYS. LET'S GO TO JOE'S LIKE WE WANTED TO IN THE FIRST PLACE.
HEY--! YOU CAN'T--
I WON THE ROLL FAIR AND SQUARE! AND I SAY WE GO TO TOYS R US!!
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YOU?! IT'S THE END OF THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB!! AND I'M SERIOUS THIS TIME!!
AH, GO SHOVE YER "LUCKY" DICE UP YER HOBBIT HOLE!
FINE! FUCK 'EM, THE LOUSY TRAITORS! WE'LL SEE HOW THOSE LEVEL-ONE FUCKWADS GET ALONG WITHOUT ME TELLING THEM WHAT TO DO! I'LL SHOW THEM, I'LL START A NEW ELTINGVILLE--
HEY! WHAT THE-- MMMFF-*
FERT!!
SLAM
SCREEEEE
STOP


WH-WHERE AM I? IT'S S-SO DARK-- I CAN'T SEE!
GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! I CAN'T FUCKING MOVE! HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY HEEELP-- -- HUH?
I'VE REMOVED YOUR BLINDFOLD. YOU CAN SEE NOW.
TOO BRIGHT-- I CAN'T ...
OH, JESUS CHRIST IN THE FANTASTICAR ...
12:10 PM
IT'S ALL RIGHT, WILLIAM. YOU'RE IN YOUR OWN HOME, SAFE AND SOUND.
SAFE?!? THEN WHY THE FUCK AM I TIED UP? AND WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU TWO?
I'M STEVE. HE'S JEFFREY.
WE'RE HERE BECAUSE YOUR MOTHER ASKED US TO HELP YOU.
WHAT? MY MOTHER?! HELP ME WITH WHAT?
YOU SEE, WILLIAM, YOUR MOTHER'S AFRAID THAT YOU'VE BECOME OBSESSED WITH ALL THIS... STUFF. THAT YOUR HOBBIES HAVE CONSUMED YOUR LIFE TO THE POINT THAT YOU'RE NOT FUNCTIONING NORMALLY IN SOCIETY. THAT'S WHY SHE HIRED JEFFREY AND ME--
--TO SHOW YOU THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN COMICS AND STAR TREK AND ROLE-PLAYING GAMES!
WE'RE HERE TO SAVE YOU, WILLIAM.
TO SAVE YOU FROM FANDOM.
G-GOOD LORD :CHOKE:
THE INTERVENTION
EVAN/01

THIS ISN'T HAPPENING. I'LL WAKE UP AND EVERYTHING'LL BE FINE--
THAT'S RIGHT, BILL! I CAN CALL YOU BILL, CAN'T I?
CALL ME WHATEVER YOU WANT, ZZUTAK, FIN FANG FOOM, GROOT, THE MONSTER FROM PLANET X-IT'S A NIGHTMARE. WHAT DOES IT MATTER...
BUT THAT'S JUST IT, BILL! WE'RE HERE TO END THE NIGHTMARE--THE NIGHTMARE OF WASTING YOUR LIFE AWAY!
WASTING MY LIFE--? YOU JERKS DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
OH, YES WE DO, BILL. BECAUSE WE'VE BAGGED THE COMICS, WE'VE MADE THE SAVING THROWS--WE FELL INTO THE QUICKSANDS OF FANDOM, BUT WE GOT OUT! WE SAW THE LIGHT!
BIG WHOOP. EVERYONE'S SEEN POLTERGEIST.
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, BILL.
BY CROM! WHO'RE THE TWIN JABBA THE BUTTS?!
"THAT'S US, BELIEVE IT OR NOT. BEFORE WE LEFT FANDOM AND TOOK CONTROL OF OUR LIVES.
BEFORE
FUUUCK... IS THAT AN ORIGINAL BOBA FETT IN THE BOX?
I USED TO BE JUST LIKE YOU, BILL. I HAD A SEVERE STAR WARS HABIT, AND A HEAVY DEPENDENCE ON X-MEN, TRANSFORMERS, G.I. JOE--YOU NAME IT, I WAS INTO IT.
BUT LUCKILY, ONE DAY SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT CHANGED MY LIFE FOREVER.
"IT HAPPENED DURING A ROUTINE CLEANING OF MY DC SUPER POWERS COLLECTION. I WAS PLACING PLASTIC MAN DOWN, WHEN HIS CUSTOM BASE KNOCKED OVER BRAINIAC--
"-- WHO THEN KNOCKED OVER GOLDEN PHARAOH--
"AND SO ON AND SO ON, UNTIL HALF MY COLLECTION WAS ON THE FLOOR. I LOOKED AROUND AT IT ALL--THE MASS OF PLASTIC AND NEWSPRINT, MY DIRTY CLOTHES, FAT BODY, AND FILTHY ROOM--AND SOMETHING INSIDE ME JUST SNAPPED!
MY GOD! WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING?!
"THE NEXT DAY I GAVE MY COLLECTION AWAY TO GOODWILL, MOVED OUT OF MY PARENTS' HOUSE, AND JOINED A GYM. AND I HAVEN'T LOOKED BACK SINCE."
AS FOR ME... I WAS HOOKED ON DC COMICS. I WAS ALSO A TREKKIE, AND I DABBLED IN BURROUGHS AND EARLY HEINLEIN BEFORE GETTING INTO THE HARDER STUFF AFTER MY PARENTS' DIVORCE.
ANYWAY, ONE DAY I MET THIS WOMAN AT K-MART, WHERE I WORKED. WE BEGAN A PHONE CORRESPONDENCE, AND, WELL, ONE NIGHT SHE CAME OVER TO MY FOLKS' HOUSE.
X-MEN
"AND, WELL, ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER, AND WE WENT INTO MY BEDROOM IN THE BASEMENT, AND "AND I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW SHE LAUGHED AT ME WHEN SHE SAW THE SIZE OF MY--"
"-- STAR TREK COLLECTION.

IT'S OKAY, MAN. IT'S OKAY--
=SNIF= L-LUCKILY I FOUND STEVE'S AD IN THE BACK OF THE COMICS BUYER'S GUIDE. IT WASN'T EASY, BUT HE GOT ME OUT OF THE LIFE... AND HELPED ME MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF.
NOW I HELP STEVE HELP THOSE OTHERS STILL TRAPPED IN THE ENDLESS TOY AISLES OF THEIR OWN MAKING.
WOW. DUDE. TO PARAPHRASE THE HORTA, "NO CARE I!" NOW WOULD YOU TWO ASSHOLES UNTIE ME?!?
YOU MIGHT NOT BELIEVE US NOW, BILL, BUT EVENTUALLY YOU'LL SEE WE ONLY WANT WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU. IT'S WHAT YOUR MOTHER WANTS, AND DEEP DOWN I BET IT'S WHAT YOU WANT, TOO!
WHAT I WANT? WHAT I WANT IS TO HULK THE FUCK OUT, BREAK THESE FUCKING ROPES--
--AND KICK YOUR BIG BROTHER ASSES TO MARS!!
YOU WANT FREEDOM? WE'RE OFFERING YOU THE ULTIMATE FREEDOM! FREEDOM YOU CAN'T GET FROM MARVEL OR LUCASFILM OR ANY OF THOSE FANTASY FACTORIES!
JUST GIVE US A CHANCE, BILL! GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE!
ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!
I'D RATHER GIVE WOOKIEE FISTING A CHANCE THAN THIS HORSESHIT!!
THIS IS CRAZIER THAN A DARIO ARGENTO MOVIE! AND IT'S PROBABLY TWELVE KINDS OF FUCKING CHILD ABUSE TO BOOT!
I SWEAR, YOU TRY TO ALIEN-PROBE ME OR ANYTHING AND I'LL CALL THE NEWSPAPERS ON YOU! I'LL CALL 20/20! I'LL CALL FUCKING WIZARD MAGAZINE! I'LL-I'LL CALL MY MOM!
MOMMEEEE--
SHE'S NOT HERE, BILL. SHE'S GONE AWAY. IT'S BEST THIS WAY--TOO OFTEN PARENTS INTERFERE--
=AHEM= I THINK NOW'S A GOOD TIME TO GO OVER OUR GROUND RULES.
FIRST OF ALL, YOU'LL REMAIN BOUND UNTIL WE FEEL YOU'RE READY TO COOPERATE. OF COURSE WE'LL FEED YOU AND ALLOW YOU TO GO TO THE BATHROOM. HOWEVER, YOUR BATHROOM BREAKS WILL BE CHAPERONED.
OH, NOW WAITAMINNIT--
THERE WILL BE NO TV, NO COMPUTER. AS THINGS PROGRESS, WE WILL REMOVE ITEMS FROM YOUR COLLECTION. WE WILL DO THIS SLOWLY, OVER TIME, TO HELP YOU ADJUST TO A LIFE WITHOUT COLLECTIBLES--
--AND TO PREVENT SHOCK FROM SETTING IN.
B-BUT--
THIS WON'T BE EASY, SON. AND IT COULD TAKE DAYS. AT TIMES YOU MIGHT THINK WE'RE MAD AT YOU--THAT WE'RE TRYING TO HURT YOU--OR TO KILL YOU, EVEN!
BUT ALL WE'RE DOING IS HELPING YOU TO MAKE THE JOURNEY FROM FANDOM--TO WHAT WE LIKE TO CALL--MANDOM.
THIS-THIS IS BULLSHIT! THE FUCKING RED SKULL WOULDN'T DO THIS--AND HE'S A NAZI SCUMBAG! I CAN HANDLE IT, THOUGH--YOU'LL SEE! YOU CAN'T BREAK THE BATMAN, YOU CAN'T MAKE CAPTAIN KIRK TAPOUT, AND YOU CAN'T TELL BILL DICKEY HOW TO LIVE!!
WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, WON'T WE?
IF MEMORY SERVES, I BELIEVE EVEN THE BATMAN LOST A FEW.

8:46 PM
PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME! WHATEVER MY BITCH MOTHER'S PAYING YOU--I'LL DOUBLE IT! I'LL TRIPLE IT!
JUST PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF ZOD, LET ME GO ONLINE!
:SOB:
BILL, CAN'T YOU SEE HOW SICK YOU ARE? YOU'RE MORE WORRIED ABOUT A FICTIONAL ONLINE GAMING PERSONA THAN YOUR OWN SELF!
EW LIFE
CASE UPDATE--AFTER A LONGER THAN USUAL ORIENTATION PERIOD, WE'VE FINALLY ENTERED INTO THE INITIAL EROSION PROCESS.
FOR THE PAST SEVERAL HOURS, STEVE HAS BEEN FEELING OUT THE SUBJECT'S FANDOM IMMERSION LEVELS WHILE CONFRONTING HIM WITH THE DEBILITATING AND CONFLICTING NATURE OF HIS FANTASY LIFE.
MAND
:SOB: YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND -- IF I DON'T GO ONLINE, ALL MY EVERQUEST CAMPAIGN FRIENDS WILL TRY TO KILL ME AND STEAL MY SHIT!
STEVEN'S EFFORTS HAVE BEEN PAYING OFF. SUBJECT'S DEFENSE MECHANISMS HAVE WEAKENED ON SCHEDULE ACCORDING TO THE STANDARD TIMETABLE. IF THIS PATTERN CONTINUES, WE SHOULD REACH THE PRE-MALLEABLE CRITICAL POINT WITHIN A FEW HOURS, ALLOWING US TO BEGIN THE FANDOMESTICATION PROCESS.
YOU BASTARDS CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I HAVE STONE TROLLS TO KILL!!
THPAK
AAAAGH!
UHMM, WE, UH, MAY HAVE TO PUSH BACK OUR TIME FRAME--SEEING AS OUR SUBJECT HAS JUST HEADBUTTED STEVE...
JEFTHY! GETH THE FIRTH AIV KITH!
9:22 PM
--LOOK AT YOURSELF, BILL. YOU'RE PALE, SPINDLY, GREASY-HAIRED, ALREADY DEVELOPING A POT BELLY AT YOUR AGE. LOOK AT WHAT THE LIFESTYLE'S DONE TO YOU!
AT LEAST I GOT ALL MY TEETH! HA HA--
ARE YOU HAPPY WITH THIS?
YOU'VE GOT CANCER OF THE SOUL, MAN! IT'S LIKE SMOKING, OR DRINKING--YOU'RE BEING POISONED BY YEARS OF EXPOSURE TO THIS JUNK! IT SEEPS INTO YOUR VEINS, CLOGS YOUR ARTERIES AND FOGS YOUR BRAIN!
THAT'S BANTHA-SHIT!
ARE YOU HAPPY WITH THIS?
I FEEL LIKE A MILLION CUBITS! AND I HAPPEN TO LOVE MY JUNK!
IT'S AN EMPTY LOVE, MY FRIEND, A ONE-WAY STREET GOING NOWHERE, A LOVE THAT DOESN'T GIVE BACK! DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING, BILL?
CHRIST. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT JERKING OFF, AREN'T YOU?
OH, ISN'T THIS JUST FUCKING FINE AND DANDY?! MY COCKSUCKING MOTHER HIRES TWO FUCKING PERVERTS TO TIE ME UP, TREAT ME LIKE SHIT, AND TELL ME HOW TO LIVE "NORMALLY"! GEE, MOM, THANKS A LOT!!
:SIGH: JEFF, COULD YOU GET US SOME MORE COFFEE?
YES, STEVE.

SATURDAY, 12:20 AM
--AND FORGET THE ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT, DO YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF SLAVE WAGES THEY PAY THE CHINESE WORKERS TO MAKE THIS GARBAGE?
OH, FUCK THAT!
K-DUNK
THOSE LUCKY BASTARDS GET FIRST CRACK AT EVERYTHING! CAN YOU IMAGINE THE COLLECTIONS THOSE RICE EATERS MUST HAVE OVER THERE?!
BILL'S OLD LIFE
SHIT, I'D TAKE THAT JOB IN A BARRY ALLEN SECOND!
=YAWN= SUBJECT STILL EXHIBITS AN UNHEARD-OF LIFESTYLE COMMITMENT LEVEL. HIS HOSTILITY LEVELS HAVE, IF ANYTHING, INCREASED, PROMPTING STEVEN'S DECISION TO INTRODUCE OUR FIRST LEVEL-TWO STRATTAGEM- A "FOOD EXCHANGE."
MANDOM
12:42 AM
=SNIFF= FOOD! THANK THE MAKER! I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A DORSE!
YES, FOOD! BUT IF YOU WANT TO EAT, THEN YOU MUST GIVE UP SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE. LIKE, THIS MODEL--
OH, C'MON! DON'T FUCK AROUND! THAT GUNDAM TOOK ME A HALF-HOUR TO SHOPLIFT AN' A DAY TO BUILD!
YOU HAVE TO LEARN THAT TO OBTAIN WHAT'S NECESSARY IN LIFE, SOMETIMES WE NEED TO MAKE SACRIFICES. FOOD IS NECESSARY, RIGHT, BILL?
Y-YEAH, BUT--
BUT A PLASTIC CHILD'S TOY ISN'T. AND YOU'RE NOT A CHILD, BILL, SO TAKE THAT FIRST STEP FROM BEING A FAN TO BEING A MAN!
OKAY... OKAY, YOU BASTARDS. JUST LET ME EAT SOMETHING.
THAT'S THE WAY, BILL!
GOOD FOR YOU!
CLUNK
CHOMP CHEW GULP
NOW, THAT WASN'T SO BAD, WAS IT?
HEY, SLOW DOWN! YOU'LL MAKE YOURSELF--
--SICK.
UGHHGLARF!
HA-HAAA! FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL, I THROW UP ON THEE!
OH, GOD-- STEVE, I--=CHOKE= =GURGLE=
NO, DON'T DO IT, JEFFREY! YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL!
ACT LIKE ONE!
JEFFREY! NOOO
BLEAARGH!
TEACH YOU TO FUCK WITH A MAN'S GUNDAM..

2:06 AM
Y'KNOW, WHILE YOU WERE CLEANING UP, I'VE BEEN DOING SOME THINKING.
THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR, BILL. WHAT ABOUT?
ABOUT THE FACT THAT MAYBE YOU TWO PULL THIS SHIT BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T CUT IT IN FANDOM.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
IT MEANS YOU WIMPS PROBABLY COULDN'T AFFORD THE LIFESTYLE ANYMORE, OR YOU COULDN'T FUCKING HANDLE IT, OR YOU WEREN'T BIG ENOUGH IN COLLECTORS' CIRCLES, SO YOU CHUCKED IT! TURNED YOUR BACKS! PUSSIED OUT! QUIT!!
NOW YOU WANT EVERYONE ELSE TO QUIT, BECAUSE YOU'RE FUCKIN' JEALOUS!
THAT'S BULLSHIT! WE'RE DOING THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
KIDNAPPING ME AND TYING ME UP IS FOR MY OWN GOOD? HA! WHICH REMINDS ME--WHY'D YOU SNATCH ME OFF THE STREET JUST TO BRING ME BACK TO MY OWN HOUSE? SHIT, TALK ABOUT BIZARRO!
OH, THAT. WELL, TO BE HONEST, THE VAN'S OUR FAVORITE PART. IT'S KINDA LIKE JAMES BOND OR--
JEFFREY!
SORRY, STEVE. DID I CRACK OUT OF TURN?
YOU CERTAINLY DID. NOW LET'S KEEP IT PURE FOR THE BOY'S SAKE. NO REFERENCES UNLESS MAKING A POINT.
GUESS I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
GOOD. WE NEED TO REGAIN CONTROL RIGHT HERE AND NOW. YOU'LL HELP ME DISMANTLE THE EASTERN WALL OF HIS COLLECTION.
B-BUT THE RISK! HE COULD GO INTO SHOCK--!
THAT'S A RISK WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE.
2:21 A.M.
CRACK
TEAR
NOOOO! STOP! NOT MY CTHULHU PLUSH! NOOOOO--
BAM
REND
SNAP
RRRRIIP
THUD
2:42 AM
YOU MONSTERS--HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING?
:HUFF: ALL WE'VE DONE IS CLEAR A BLANK SLATE FOR YOU TO WRITE A NEW FUTURE ON! :HUFF: A FUTURE WHERE THE LOSS OF SOME BRIC-A-BRAC ISN'T EQUATED WITH THE LOSS OF A LOVED ONE! WHERE LIFE IS FOR LIVING, NOT WATCHING ON TV!
TESTIFY!
5:10 AM
HOW MUCH LONGER DO I HAVE TO STARE AT THIS SHITTY FUTURE OF MINE?
UNTIL IT SINKS IN, BILL. UNTIL IT ALL SINKS IN ...
COMICS KILLED WALLY WOOD--DON'T LET THEM KILL YOU!
YOU CAN'T BAG AND BOARD FRIENDS
YOU
LIFE HAS NO PRICE GUIDE!
10:43 AM
TH-THEY THINK THEY GOT ME, HUH? WELL, THINGS ALWAYS LOOK BAD FOR THE HERO AT FIRST...
...BUT THEN SOMEHOW, SOME WAY-- BIFF! BAM! POW! THE TABLES ARE TURNED! BECAUSE JUSTICE ALWAYS TRIUMPHS! GOOD GUYS ALWAYS WIN, AND YOUR PUNK-ASS JEDI MIND TRICKS WILL NOT WORK HERE!
:COFF: :COFF:
:COFF:

8:10 PM
...WEBO OF CRIME...SUPERSTITIOUS AN' COWARDLY LOT... M-M-MANDOM--N-NOT F-FANDOM
STEVE! DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT'S TAKEN HOLD!
HALLELUJAH! AT LAST! NOW JUST ONE LAST TASK AND WE CAN BEGIN TO RELEASE HIS INNER ADULT!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET US SOME MORE COFFEE, JEFFREY. I KNOW HOW MUCH THIS PART... BOTHERS YOU.
Y-YES, STEVE. THANK YOU.
SO, TELL ME BILL--HOW DO THE KIDS AT SCHOOL FEEL ABOUT YOU?
H-HUH?
WHAT--?!
THE KIDS AT SCHOOL. THEY DON'T LIKE YOU VERY MUCH, DO THEY?
THEY LIKE ME OKAY, I GUESS. WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?
OH, C'MON BILL! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIE TO ME!
MANDOM
I'M NOT LYING!
I BET THEY MAKE FUN OF YOU. THEY PROBABLY HATE YOU.
THEY DO NOT--
THE GIRLS LAUGH AT YOU, DON'T THEY, BILL?
MANDOM
NO.
THE JOCKS KICK YOU AROUND A LITTLE BIT? KICK THE COMIC BOOK GEEK AROUND SOME, HMMM?
SHUT. UP.
IT HURTS, BILL, DOESN'T IT? IT HURTS WHEN THEY CALL YOU A GEEK, HUH?!
SHUT UP!
WHAT ELSE DO THEY CALL YOU, BILL?
P-PLEASE SHUT UP--
NERD?
DWEEB?
SH-SHUT THE FUCK UP--
DORK?
LOSER?
SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!
FAGGOT?
THEY CALL YOU A FAG, BILL?
FUCK YOU, YOU MOTHER-FUCKING BASTARD!!!

:SOB:
:CHOKE:
I KNOW, BILL. WE BOTH KNOW. IT'S NOT MUCH FUN BEING THE LOCAL "COMIC BOOK GEEK," IS IT? THE "STAR TREK NERD." THE "ROLE-PLAYING GAME LOSER." DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU ROLE-PLAY, BILL? BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE YOURSELF. YOU DON'T LIKE BEING BILL DICKEY.
:SNIF:
THAT'S WHY YOU NEED YOUR LITTLE DICE AND YOUR LITTLE LEAD FIGURES AND YOUR LITTLE ONLINE GAMES--SO YOU CAN BECOME SOMEONE YOU DO LIKE, SOMEONE WHO GOES PLACES, DOES THINGS, DATES!
THERE'S ANOTHER WAY, BILL! A WAY TO DO THOSE THINGS FOR REAL!
MAN
WE CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO BE SOMEONE YOU WANT TO BE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK! SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T NEED TO HIDE IN THE PAGES OF A COMIC BOOK, IN THE DARKNESS OF A MOVIE THEATER OR IN THE GUISE OF A WIZARD!
THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER, BILL! NO MORE DAYDREAMS! NO MORE FANTASIES! JUST LIFE! PURE, SIMPLE, WONDERFUL LIFE! YOURS FOR THE TAKING!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS OPEN YOUR EYES AND LET US SHOW YOU THE PATH TO GLORY! WE'LL WALK BESIDE YOU, HOLD YOU UP WHEN YOU FALTER--BUT YOU HAVE TO TAKE THE FIRST STEP!!
MANDOM
MANDO
SO WHADDAYA SAY, BILL?
WHAT DO I SAY?
I SAY KLAATU BARADA NIKTO!
I SAY IT WASN'T THE AIRPLANES, IT WAS BEAUTY KILLED THE BEAST!
I SAY HELP ME OBI-WAN KENOBI--YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE!
AND I SAY FUCK THE BOTH OF YOU BASTARDS 'CAUSE I AIN'T LISTENIN' TO ANY GODDAMNED THING YOU BODYSNATCHING, PUPPETMASTERING INVADERS FROM MARS MOTHERFUCKS HAVE TO SAY!
♫ SPIDER-MAN, SPIDER-MAN, ♫ DOES WHATEVER A SPIDER CAN! SPINS A WEB, ANY SIZE--CATCHES THIEVES, JUST LIKE FLIES! LOOK OUT! HERE CO DER-MAAA
MY GOD--STEVEN, I'M SCARED!
DON'T BE! WE'VE DONE IT, MAN!
BUT LISTEN TO HIM--HE'S WORSE THAN THAT FURVERT COUPLE IN TACOMA!
IS HE STRON LISTEN, BUD HE'S GOT RADIO-ACTIVE BLOOD--♫
ALL I HEAR IS THE DEATH CRY OF A FANBOY WHO KNOWS HIS LIFETIME MEMBERSHIPS JUST BEEN CANCELLED!
REMEMBER YOUR EPIPHANY? YOU SCREAMED KLINGON DEATH THREATS AT ME UP UNTIL THE VERY MOMENT OF YOUR DELIVERANCE!
YOU'LL SEE--IN A FEW HOURS HE'LL BE HELPING US TAKE HIS SUPER POWERS COLLECTION TO THE GOODWILL.

11:49 PM
BILL! FOR GOD'S SAKE, STOP THIS INSANITY BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF!
IN THE CHILL OF NIGHT--
AT THE SCENE O
THE CRIME--LIKE
STREAK OF LIGH
HE ARRNES JU
IN TIIME--
BILL!
SUNDAY, 2 AM
--THESE PEOPLE YOU WORSHIP AS HEROES ARE NOTHING BUT DREAM PROFITEERS! GEORGE LUCAS IS NO VISIONARY! HE STOLE FROM FLASH GORDON, KUROSAWA, KIRBY--
TO HIM-- LIFE IS A GREAT BI BANG-U
WHEREVER THER--
A HANG-UP, YOU'LL FIND THE SPIDEF
MAAAA!
TODD McFARLANE LEFT ONE CORPORATE HELLHOLE ONLY TO START HIS OWN CORPORATE HELLHOLE!
4:16 AM
AT LEAST HE STOPPED SINGING SPIDER-MAN. TH-THAT'S PROGRESS, ISN'T IT?
WHEN CRIMINALS I THIS WORLD APPEAR AND BREAK THE LAWS THAT THEY SHOULD FEAR AND FRIGHTEN ALL WH SEE AND HEAR THE CA GOES UP BOTH FAR AN NEAR FOR UNDE
SHUT UP AND PASS THE NODOZ ...
DOG! UNDER-DOG!
MAN
INDEP DOG
7:30 AM
S-STEVE! MRS. DICKEY'S ON THE PHONE! SHE WANTS TO KNOW HOW IT'S G-GOING!
WHEN CAPTAIN AMERICA THROWS HIS MIGHTY SHIELD-ALL THOSE WHO CHOSE TO OPPOSE HIS SHIELD MUST YIEEEI D!
TELL HER EVERYTHING'S FINE! WE JUST NEED MORE TIME! A DAY OR THREE!
HELLO?! WHO'S SINGING?
9:09 AM
--FANDOM IS BUILT ON A FOUNDATION OF GREED AND STUPIDITY! WHY DIDN'T JOR-EL BUILD A ROCKET BIG ENOUGH FOR HIS ENTIRE FAMILY?!
HERE HE HERE CO SPEED RA HE'S A DEMON ON WHEELS-
WHAT SANE MAN WOULD SEND HIS INFANT SON ALONE INTO SPACE?! IT'S CRAZY! AND SO IS LIVING A LIFE BASED ON SUCH INANITY!
10:52 AM
--BRUCE WAYNE'S MILLIONAIRE PARENTS TAKE THEIR YOUNG SON TO A LATE MOVIE AND THEN DECIDE TO WALK HOME TO THEIR MANSION HIGH IN THE HILLS?!
DOC BRUCE BANNER, PELTED BY GAMMA RAY, TURNS INTO THE HULK--
THROUGH A STREET CALLED CRIME ALLEY?!
THEY'RE RICH --CAN'T THEY AFFORD A CAB?!?
AND YOU DEVOTE YOUR LIFE TO THIS NONSENSE!
12:08 PM
--PETER PARKER FIGURES OUT A WAY TO SEW AN INTRICATE SPIDER-MAN COSTUME, DEVELOP AND MANUFACTURE ONE-WAY EYE LENSES, MECHANICAL WEB SHOOTERS AND A MULTI PURPOSE REVOLUTIONARY WEB-FLUID--
WE'RE OF TO OUT SPACE WERE L MOTHER TO SAVE T HUMAN RA OUR STAR BLAZERS!
--BUT HE CAN'T FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE ANY MONEY TO SUPPORT HIS AUNT? THAT'S BULLSHIT!
3:10 PM
C-CASE UPDATE... GOD I AM SO TIRED... AND-AND-- N-NOTHING'S WORKING! DEPRIVATION, ISOLATION, COLLECTION SCALE DOWN... ICON ASSAULT... GENRE DEBUNKING... IT'S-- IT'S...
GIGANTOR SPACE A ROBOT, HE'S AT COMMAN GIGANTOR
THEY'RE NOT ACTION FIGURES! THEY'RE DOLLS!!
3:12 PM
H-HEY, STEVE? 'MEMBER THAT STAR TREK TAPE RECORDER MEGO MADE? THE ONE THAT LOOKED LIKE A TRICORDER? GOD I LOVED THAT...
STOP A BULLET COLD, MAKE THE FAVS FE CHANGE THE MINDS, AND CHA THE WORRRLD! WONDER WOM
JEFFREY! STOP CRACKIN' OUTTA TURN! AND PASS THE DAMN AMPHETAMINES!!
6:14 PM
SPOCK'S BRAIN! SPOCK'S BRAIN! AND EWOKS! AND JAR JAR BINKS! DEFEND THAT SHIT, YOU CRAZY SON OF A BITCH, YOU!
T-T-TONY S-STARK MAKES YOU F-FEEL H-HE'S A C-C-COOL EXEC-Z =URRGK=
STEVE!! STOP!!
6:42 PM
CHARLES STARKWEATHER READ COMICS! SO DID TIMOTHY McVEIGH! I TELL YOU-- WERTHAM WAS RIGHT!!
J-JESUS STEVE-- I THINK HE'S DEAD!
HE'S NOT DEAD, YOU MORON! HE'S ASLEEP! THROW SOME WATER ON HIM!
YAAA-AAGH!
NOT THE COFFEE, YOU IDIOT!
OMIGOD-- I JUST REALIZED! WE FED HIM AFTER MIDNIGHT! AND NOW HE'S WET!
SSSSSS
CHRIST, JEFFREY! HE'S NOT A FUCKING GREMLIN! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

P-PLEASE, STEVE! -SOB- I NEED A BREAK -THIS IS TOO M-MUCH! I CAN'T F-FOCK-- I'M SH-SHAKIN' LIKE CRAZY, AND I'M S-STARTING TO SEE THINGS--
OH, YEAH? WELL, I'VE BEEN HALLUCINATING FOR HOURS AND YOU DON'T SEE ME CRUMBLING! YOU PATHETIC WEAKLING! PEOPLE HAVE STAYED UP FOUR DAYS TO WIN A STUPID TRUCK-- ELEVEN DAYS TO BREAK A FUCKING RECORD! AND YOU CAN'T PULL A FUCKIN' THREE-DAY SHIFT TO SAVE A CHILD'S SOUL?!
BUT THAT'S JUST IT! THAT THING OVER THERE DOESN'T HAVE A SOUL! IT ISN'T HUMAN-- IT LIVES ON COMICS AND TOYS AND-- OH, GOD, STEVE! DON'T YOU GET IT?! HE'S NOT TRAPPED IN HERE WITH US-- WE'RE TRAPPED IN HERE WITH HIM! TRAPPED WITH FANDOM ITSELF!!
DAMMIT, MAN! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! STEADY AS SHE GOES!
-COFF- WHAT- WHAT DID YOU SAY?
er, NOTHING. LET'S JUST--
YOU SAID, "STEADY AS SHE GOES"! JUST LIKE ON NEXT GENERATION! YOU CRACKED OUT OF TURN!
NONSENSE! IT'S JUST A PHRASE.
BUT YOU SAID IT JUST LIKE PICARD! YOU EVEN MIMICKED HIS VOICE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- YOU ACTUALLY CRACKED OUT OF TURN!
HE SURE AS SHIT DID!
BELAY THAT, THE BOTH OF YOU!!
"BELAY THAT"? AHAHA! YOU DID IT AGAIN--
YOU SON OF A BITCH! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BETRAY ME! YOU WERE A FANBOY PUSSY WHEN I FOUND YOU-- AND YOU'RE STILL A FANBOY PUSSY!
SPAP
-URK-
-UF- COMIC BOOK GEEK!
-OW- STAR TREK NERD!
GAMING DWEEB! -OOF-
BAG AND BOARD QUEEN!
RENAISSANCE FAIRY!
M-MY GOD! WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING?!
COFF!
COFF!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE DOING. YOU'RE TRYING TO BE SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT. JUST LIKE WHEN STEVE ROGERS QUIT BEING CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BECAME NOMAD. IT WAS BULLSHIT, AND HE KNEW IT, AND EVENTUALLY HE CAME TO HIS SENSES AND WENT BACK TO HIS TRUE COLORS, THE OL' RED, WHITE, AND BLUE! NOT THOSE SHITTY COLORS NOMAD HAD!
-SNIF- Y-YELLOW AN' BLUE ...
EXACTLY! SEE, YOU GUYS ARE CAPTAIN AMERICAS, NOT NOMADS!
WHY WANDER AROUND IN A STUPID FUCKING VAN WHEN YOU CAN BE HOME WATCHING THE SCI-FI CHANNEL, OR ONLINE KILLIN' OGRES, OR READIN' A COMIC OR A FANTASY NOVEL, AND LETTIN' IT TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE BETTER THAN REALITY?! WHO NEEDS REALITY? REALITY'S A FUCKIN' MESS! SURE, THE GRAPHICS ARE GOOD, BUT THERE'S NO RULES OR SAVES OR EXTRA LIVES! REAL LIFE IS PAIN AND SADNESS-- IT'S ASSHOLES TYING YOU UP AND FUCKING WITH YOUR BELIEFS-- IT'S GETTING PUKED ON AND HEADBUTTED!
THIS IS REAL LIFE, RIGHT HERE!
AND IT SUCKS, DOESN'T IT?!
BUT FANDOM IS WHATEVER YOU WANT IT TO BE! IT'S UNITY! COMMUNITY! AND ABOVE ALL, IT'S A TEAM, LIKE THE JUSTICE LEAGUE, OR THE AVENGERS! AND WHEN HAWKEYE QUITS THE TEAM LIKE AN ASSHOLE, THE AVENGERS ALWAYS TAKE HIM BACK BECAUSE DEEP DOWN HE'S ONE OF THEM! AND YOU'RE ONE OF US! YES, BENEATH THE MUSCLES AND BULLSHIT YOU'RE STILL FANS!! ONE OF US, ONE OF US, GOOBLE GOBBLE, ONE OF US!!
SO WHAT DO YOU SAY, EFFENDI? CAPTAIN AMERICA-- OR NOMAD?
WILL YOU FACE FRONT AND LIVE LONG AND PROSPER, OR COVER YOUR EYES WITH THE VEIL OF FUCKING TEARS KNOWN AS A "NORMAL LIFE"!
JUST SAY THE MAGIC WORD, BROTHERS! SAY THE WORD WITH ME!!
EXCELSIOR!

EXCELSIOR! OH, GOD YES, EXCELSIOR! H-HOW COULD WE BE SO WRONG, SO BLIND? WE LOST OUR WAY IN A HAZE OF STEADY JOBS AND RELATIONSHIPS, EXERCISE AND HYGIENE! BUT BLESS YOU, BILL--YOU'VE OPENED OUR EYES AND SHOWN US THE LIGHT!!
E-EXCELSIOR! I--I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN REBORN! L-LIKE A GIANT SWITCH WAS THROWN, FILLING ME WITH LIGHT! LIKE I WAS THIRTEEN AGAIN, SEEING STAR WARS FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE LOEW'S ASTOR PLAZA--IN FULL DOLBY SOUND!
BLESS YOU, BILL, BLESS YOU--
THAS'OKAY... ANYTIME, Y'KNOW? SO, I GUESS YOU CAN UNTIE ME NOW, RIGHT?
:SNIF: WELL, UHH, NOTHIN' PERSONAL, BUT NOW THAT WE'RE BACK IN THE FOLD, WE GOT A LOT OF COLLECTING TO CATCH UP ON!
YEAH, AND THIS IS JUST TOO GOOD AN OPPORTUNITY TO PASS UP!
WHAT THE--YOU GOTTA BE FUCKIN' KIDDIN' ME!! COME BACK HERE WITH MY STUFF, YOU BASTARDS!!
DUDE, LET'S RAID THE KITCHEN BEFORE WE BOOK! THEY GOT COMBOS AND DORITOS IN THE PANTRY!
OOOH, DORITOS! IT'S BEEN TOO FUCKING LONG!
MANDOM
SPIDER-MAN, SPIDER-MAN FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAAAN--♫
ALL RIGHT, FINE! FUCK YOU TWO INGRATES!
JUST REMEMBER--I WON! I BEAT YOU!
YOU MAY HAVE ABUSED ME, STOLEN MY STUFF, AND LEFT ME HERE TO ROT IN MY OWN PISS AND SHIT AND FILTH--
--BUT KNOW YE THIS! I HAVE TRIUMPHED!! I HAVE VANQUISHED MY ENEMIES, SLAIN DRAGONS, AND LAID LOW THE EVIL FORCES OF HYDRA, AIM, AND SPECTRE!
AND LIKE TOKYO AFTER A GODZILLA RAMPAGE, I'LL REBUILD MY COLLECTION, BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER--EVEN IF I HAVE TO STEAL FROM MY FRIENDS' COLLECTIONS TO DO IT!!
BECAUSE, UNLIKE YOU FUCKS, MY FAITH IN FANDOM NEVER WAVERED! I REMAIN, ALWAYS AND FOREVER, A KEEPER OF THE FLAME! A REAL FRANTIC ONE! A TITANIC TRUE BELIEVER!!
'NUFF SAID!!
:COFF: NOW, IF I COULD ONLY FREE MYSELF... I STILL MIGHT BE ABLE TO :COFF: SALVAGE MY EVERQUEST CAMPAIGN...
THINK, BILL--WHAT WOULD MISTER MIRACLE DO... IN THISH...
THISH...
ZZZZZ
8:37 PM
CHRIST! NOBODY CAN GET NEAR THE RACKS WITH THOSE TWO SMELLBAGS HOGGIN' THE AISLE!
I WISH BILL WAS HERE. HE'D KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THOSE JERKS!
--BUT STEVE, YOU ALREADY GOT ONE! GIMME!!
MANDOM
DRAGON BALL Z
THE EVER-LOVIN' END!

OUR NEXT ITEM, FOLKS, IS THIS SPECIAL-EDITION FIRST APPEARANCE OF SPIDER-MAN, FEATURING THE ORIGIN OF THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN--
MALL
#7765 Stan Lee Signed Spiderman Comic
Our best deal today! MSRP: $50 Our price:
$25
plus s&h
only 1897 left!
MARVEL MILESTONE EDITION
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
AMAZING FANTASY
SPIDER-MAN
--AND SIGNED BY THE LEGENDARY CREATOR OF SPIDER-MAN, STAN THE MAN LEE!

IT WAS $50, BUT WE HAVE IT FOR ONLY $25, FOLKS! CAN'T GET IT ANYWHERE ELSE, AND AS YOU KNOW, SPIDER-MAN IS RED HOT RIGHT NOW!
MALL
#7765 Stan Lee Signed Spiderman Comic
Our best deal today! MSRP: $50 Our price:
$25
plus s&h
only 1635 left!
THAT'S LOT 7765, THE STAN LEE-SIGNED SPIDER-MAN FIRST APPEARANCE! AND YOU MIGHT WANT TO JUMP ON THIS--THEY'RE MOVING FAST!

WE ALSO HAVE JUST A FEW ALEX ROSS-SIGNED ITEMS LEFT, INCLUDING THE SPIDER-MAN LITHOGRAPH, AND THE EXCLUSIVE BATTLE FOR THE PLANETS SNOWBOARD!
MALL
#7765 Stan Lee Signed Spiderman Comic
Our best deal today! MSRP: $50 Our price:
$25
plus s&h
RUMOR HAS IT THAT ALEX'S SIGNING HAND IS STARTING TO NUMB--
-- SO SIGNED ITEMS MIGHT BECOME SCARCE SOON--AND YOU HEARD IT HERE FIRST, FOLKS!

OKAY, I'M GETTING THE SIGNAL FROM CORY THAT THEY'VE FIXED THE PROBLEM WITH THE PHONES--
THE MALL
you're watching
Pow! Bam! Cash!
with Scottie Harmon
-- SO LET'S TAKE A CALL FROM ONE OF YOU OUT THERE WHO'S TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF OUR INCREDIBLE OFFERS!

HI, WHO AM I SPEAKING WITH TONIGHT?
HEY, SCOTTIE!
you're watching
Pow! Bam! Cash!
with Scottie Harmon
AMAZING FANTASY
ORDER NOW! 1-800-5
THIS IS JOSH LEVY, FROM ELTINGVILLE, NEW YORK!

AS SEEN ON
TV
EVAN DORKIN, MMII

HUH. SAY, JOSH, DIDN'T I SPEAK TO YOU ON LAST MONTH'S SHOW?
SURE DID, SCOTTIE! I NEVER MISS A SHOW--I EVEN GOT 'EM ALL ON TAPE!
FAMILY GUY
POPOT
WELL, UH, THAT'S GREAT TO HEAR, JOSH! SO TELL ME, WHAT GREAT COLLECTIBLES DID YOU ORDER TONIGHT?

WELL, I GOT THE ALTERNATE SIGNED VARIANT VERSION SPIDER-MAN MOVIE POSTER--
PRETTY TERRIFIC, HUH? ONLY A FEW OF THESE BABIES LEFT--
MALL
#5849 Signed Spiderman Movie Poster
Alternate variant! MSRP: $200 Our price:
$120
plus s&h
only 85 left!
SPIDER-
AMAZING FANTASY
--AND I GOT THE SIGNED, LIMITED WITCHBLADE STATUE, AND THE SIGNED ALEX ROSS AQUAMAN SHOWER CURTAIN--

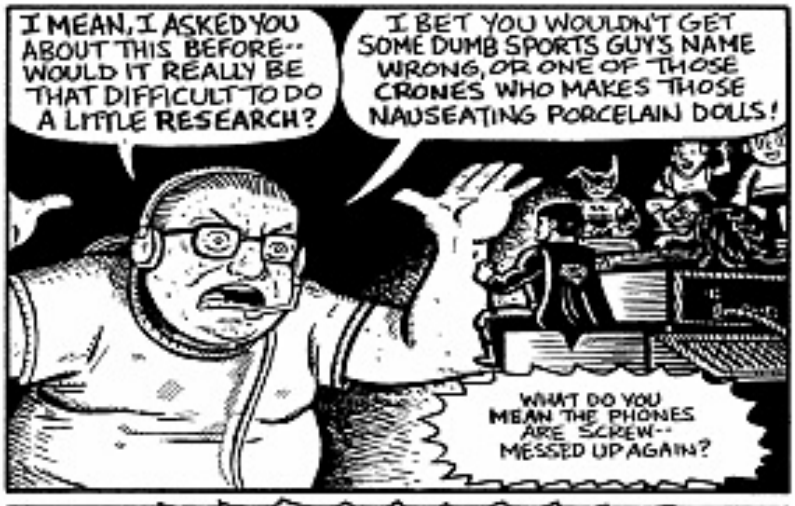
WELL JOSH, YOU CERTAINLY SOUND HAPPY WITH YOUR PURCHASES--
THE MALL
#5849 Signed Spiderman Movie Poster
Alternate variant! MSRP: $200 Our price:
$120
plus s&h
only 81 left!
UH, SCOTTIE? CAN I JUST SAY SOMETHING?
ORDER NOW! 1-800-
UHH... SURE.
LL

BECAUSE I HAVE A LITTLE BONE TO PICK WITH YOU.
Y'SEE, WHEN YOU SAID STAN LEE CREATED SPIDER-MAN, YOU WERE ONLY HALF RIGHT.
YOU LEFT OUT STEVE DITKO WHO CO-CREATED SPIDER-MAN IN 1962.
#5849 Signed Spiderman Movie Poster
Alternate variant! MSRP: $200 Our price:
$120
plus s&h
only 72 left!
OH. OKAY.
W! 1-800
WELL, THANKS FOR POINTING THAT OUT, JOSH--

YOU ALSO MISPRONOUNCED A FEW NAMES. IT'S "BUSCEMA," NOT "BOO-SKEEMA." AND IT'S "JIMMY PALMIOTTI." NOT "JIMMY PALMOTTI." ALSO CAPTAIN MARVEL'S NAME HAPPENS TO BE "CAPTAIN MARVEL," NOT "SHAZAM." IF YOU WERE A LITTLE BETTER INFORMED, YOU WOULD KNOW THE REASON--

--THEY HAVE TO PUT "SHAZAM"--
RIIIGHT.. WELL, JOSH, WE HAVE TO MOVE ON, AND I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP BEFORE SCHOOL TOMORROW--
MALL
#5849 Signed Spiderman Movie Poster
Alternate variant! MSRP: $200 Our price:
$120
plus s&h
only 59 left!
WELL, Y'SEE, THAT'S JUST IT, SCOTTIE.
1-800-555-M
THIS IS MY SCHOOL.

THAT'S WHY I FIND IT A LITTLE IRRITATING WHEN YOU CONTINUALLY MISPRONOUNCE PEOPLE'S NAMES AND GET YOUR FACTS WRONG. IT'S UNPROFESSIONAL, AND AN INSULT TO THE CREATORS WHOSE WORK YOU SELL, AS WELL AS THE FANS WHO BUY IT!
Signed Spiderman Movie Poster
Alternate variant! MSRP: $200 Our price:
$120
plus s&h
only 43 left!
ORDER NOW! 1-800-55
UH, CORY? CAN WE-- Y'KNOW?


I MEAN, I ASKED YOU ABOUT THIS BEFORE-- WOULD IT REALLY BE THAT DIFFICULT TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH?
I BET YOU WOULDN'T GET SOME DUMB SPORTS GUY'S NAME WRONG, OR ONE OF THOSE CRONES WHO MAKES THOSE NAUSEATING PORCELAIN DOLLS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE PHONES ARE SCREW-- MESSED UP AGAIN?

YOU JUST DON'T SEEM...COMMITTED LATELY. MAYBE YOU SHOULD STEP ASIDE AND LET A REAL FAN TAKE OVER--
WELL, CAN'T YOU JUST KILL THE LINE? I'M DYING HERE!
WHAT? YOU GOT IT?
OKAY. GREAT. TERRIFIC.

SORRY ABOUT THAT FOLKS. ANYWAY, NEXT UP, FROM DC COMICS AND THE PAGES OF SUPERMAN--
MALL
#2238 Bottled City of Candor
Great gift idea! MSRP: $175 Our price:
$99
plus s&h
only 843 left!
ORDER NOW!
-- WE HAVE THIS BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF THE FAMOUS BOTTLED CITY OF, UH, KANDOR. ISN'T THIS JUST STUNNING?

NOW, LOOK HERE ON THE BACK-- THE DETAIL IS JUST AMAZING!
WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT HERE IS A BEAUTIFUL, ONE-OF-A-KIND COLLECTIBLE BASED ON A VERY IMPORTANT ASPECT OF THE SUPERMAN MYTHOS!
#2238 Bottled City of Candor
Great gift idea! MSRP: $175 Our price: $99 plus s&h only
YOU FOLKS KNOW SUPERGIRL, RIGHT? SUPERMAN'S SISTER?
NOW! 1-8
WELL, UH, KANDOR IS THE CITY THAT SUPERGIRL LIVED IN AFTER KRYPTON EXPLODED.
NOW, Y'SEE, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
SUPERGIRL'S FROM ARGO CITY, NOT THE BOTTLE CITY OF KANDOR--WITH A "K"!
AAAAAH!
SPASH
729 left!
ORDER NOW! 1-800-555-MALL
AND SHE'S NOT SUPERMAN'S SISTER! GOD, ARE YOU HIGH?
HE'S STILL HERE! CORY--HE'S STILL HERE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GET AWAY WITH CALLING YOURSELF A COMICS EXPERT--
UHH... ANYBODY KNOW IF WE HAVE ANOTHER BOTTLED CITY OF KANDOR?
664 left!
ORDER NOW! 1-800-5
YOU WOULDN'T LAST ONE ROUND IN A TRIVIA-OFF!
I BET YOU DON'T EVEN READ COMICS!
LISTEN, KID... I NEVER SAID I WAS AN EXPERT ON COMIC BOOKS. I HAPPEN TO HAVE A LIFE, OKAY?
#2238 Bottled City of Candor
Great gift idea! MSRP: $175 Our price: $99 plus s&h only
598 left!
UHHH, SCOTTIE? JUST RELAX, OKAY? WE'RE FIXING THE PROBLEM--
ORDER NOW! 1-800-555-MALL
K-CLICK!
THE TV MALL
WHAT WAS THAT?
I HEARD A "CLICK." DID WE--
THAT WAS MY PHONE, SCOTTIE-- HOLD ON A SEC, OKAY?
#2238 Bottled City of Candor
Great gift idea! MSRP: $175 Our price: $99 plus s&h only
562 left!
ORDER NOW! 1-80
I GOT ANOTHER CALL.
THE TV MALL
#2238 Bottled City of Candor
Great gift idea! MSRP: $175 Our price: $99 plus s&h only
543 left!
ORDER NOW! 1-800-555-MALL
I THINK WE LOST HIM THIS TIME.
I REALLY DO.
#2238 Bottled City of Candor
Great gift idea! MSRP: $175 Our price: $99 plus s&h only
542 left!
ORDER NOW! 1
SHOULD I GO ON TO THE NEXT--
ALL
OKAY, I'M BACK!
AAAAH! STOP THAT!
HOLD ON A SEC. MY FRIEND BILL CALLED. I'M PUTTING HIM ON THREE-WAY.
#1965 Green Lantern Power Battery
Goes with our rings! MSRP: $250 Our price: $199 plus s&h only
678 left!
ORDER NOW! 1-800-555
K-KRAK
KISH
NO! DON'T DO THAT! PLEASE--!

HEY, SCOTTIE, THIS IS BILL DICKEY. I JUST WANTED TO SAY THAT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A FAN OF THE SHOW--
WELL, UH, THANKS, BUT--
--THAT IS, UNTIL TONIGHT.
I MEAN, YOU'RE REALLY DISRESPECTING COMICS, MAN! NOT TO MENTION US FANS!
YOU KNOW THERE'S ALREADY SIX ON LINE POSTINGS FROM FANS RIPPING YOU A NEW ONE ON THAT SUPERGIRL SCREW-UP?
CORY, WOULD YOU PLEASE, PLEASE, CUT THESE GEEKS OFF ALREADY?! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
SCOTTIE! DON'T CALL THEM GEEKS ON THE AIR!
Battery
Goes with our ring! M&RP: $250 Our price:
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ORDER NOW!
WELL, WHAT SHOULD I CALL THEM-- CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY?
Y'KNOW, SCOTTIE, YOU DON'T GOTTA GET ALL DEFENSIVE AND INSULT PEOPLE JUST 'CUZ THEY KNOW MORE THAN YOU DO!
TELL'M, BILL!
OKAY, LOOK-- I ADMIT I MADE A FEW LITTLE MISTAKES. I'M SORRY. NOW COULD YOU JUST--
"LITTLE" MISTAKES?
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF SOME JERK ON TV GOT YOUR ORIGIN WRONG?
--OR GOT YOUR NAME WRONG AN' CALLED YOU SCOTTIE HARD-ON OR SOMETHING--
WHY, YOU--! CORY, DID YOU HEAR THAT? NOW WOULD YOU PLEASE GET RID OF THEM?!
GET RID OF HIM, CORY! HE DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT COMICS!
THEY CURSED! CORY! THEY--
YOU TELL'M BILL! THEY SHOULD GET ALEX ROSS TO DO THE SHOW!
Battery
Goes with our ring! M&RP: $250 Our price:
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plus s&h
only 670 left!
ORDER NOW! 1-800-5
HE'S GOTTA COME IN TO SIGN ALL THAT STUFF, ANYWAY!
YEAH, HE SIGNS MORE THAN A DEAF PERSON--
THAT'S IT! I'M DONE! I'VE HAD IT!!
HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH THESE PATHETIC LOSERS WHO HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN SIT AROUND IN THEIR UNDEROOS AND ORDER THIS WORTHLESS CRAP!
Green Lantern Power Battery
Goes with our ring! M&RP: $250 Our price:
$199
plus s&h
only 670 left!
ORDER NOW! 1-800-555-MALL
PHILISTINE! THOSE ARE VALUABLE PIECES OF COMIC BOOK HISTORY YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION, MR. EXPERT, WE DON'T WEAR UNDEROOS! THEY ONLY MAKE THEM FOR LITTLE KIDS! UNFORTUNATELY.
JOSHUA--? WHAT'S WITH ALL THE YELLING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT--?
GODDAMMIT, MOM! IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M DEFENDING ALL OF FANDOM ON NATIONAL TV!
GODDAMMIT, MOM!
NOW SHUT THE HELL UP AND GO TO SLEEP!
"VALUABLE COMIC BOOK HISTORY"? HA!
MOST OF THIS JUNK IS LEFTOVER CRAP THE PUBLISHERS COULDN'T SELL! SOME NOBODY SCRIBBLES ON IT AND SUDDENLY IT'S A COLLECTIBLE!
DOM! CUT AWAY TO MARY! NOW!

OH. UHH-- HELLO. EVERYONE.
I, UH, GUESS WE'RE STARTING THE TEDDY BEAR SO BEAUTIFUL SHOW A SMIDGEN EARLY TODAY.
SO YOU FOLK'S JUST SIT TIGHT AND GET READY FOR TWO HOURS OF THE MOST PRECIOUS--

DON'T YOU CUT ME OFF, YOU SON OF A BITCH!
LOOK OUT! HE'S GRABBED A COLLECTIBLE KNIFE!!
EEEEEEE--
SECURITY! SECURITY!

LISTEN TO ME, ALL OF YOU!
I'VE DONE FIFTEEN OF THESE GOD FORSAKEN MEDICINE SHOWS--
--AND EACH TIME I TELL MYSELF WHAT I'M DOING IS OKAY, BECAUSE YOU LOSERS DESERVE TO GET RIPPED OFF!
BUT IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT! YOU'RE SICK! YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELVES!
BUT I HAVE NO EXCUSE! NO EXCUSE FOR PUSHING THIS GARBAGE!

I CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP AFTER EVERY ONE OF THESE BATAAN DEATH MARCHES!
AND NO MATTER HOW MANY SHOWERS I TAKE--I CAN'T GET MYSELF CLEAN!
I EVEN HAD TO HAVE A DRINK BEFORE WE WENT ON TONIGHT--
--AND I'VE BEEN SOBER FOR TWO YEARS!
TWO YEARS, YOU SICK, CRAZY BASTARDS!

I GOT HIS ARM!
GET HIM!
=AAGH= P-PLEASE, I BEG OF YOU! SAVE YOURSELVES WHILE YOU STILL CAN! TURN OFF YOUR TELEVISION SETS RIGHT NOW--THEN GET RID OF ALL THAT USELESS SHIT I SOLD YOU!
BURN IT! BURY IT! DO ANYTHING, BUT FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, STOP THIS INSANITY! OW!

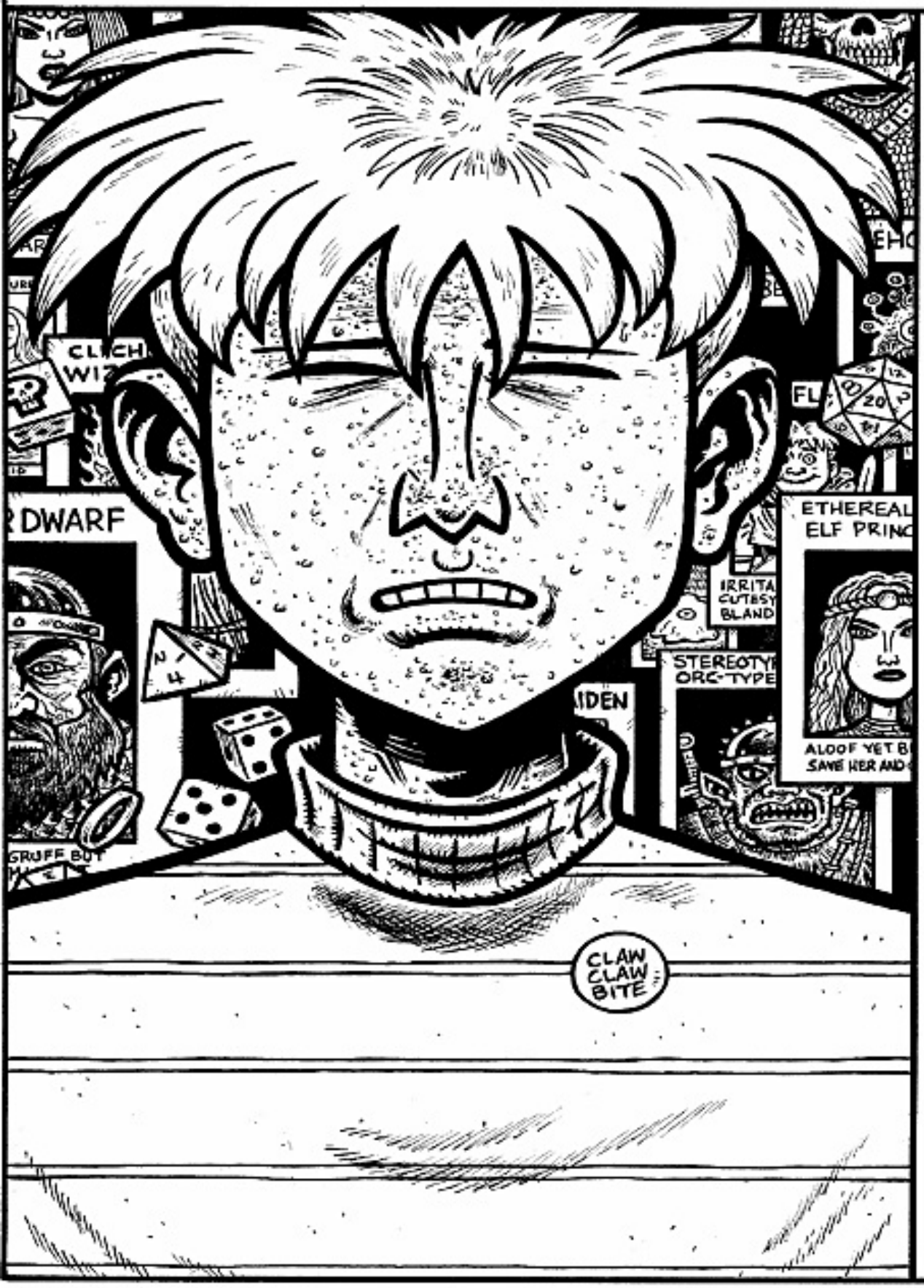
AAAGH! OW! STOP, YOU BASTARDS! STOP! I'M OKAY, NOW! REALLY I AM! JUST PUT ME BACK ON THE KNIFE SHOW-- OR THE BASEBALL SHOW! EVERYONE LIKES BASEBALL! IT'S THE NATIONAL PAS--
WOW. THEY'RE OFF THE AIR.
PLEASE STAND BY
FAMILY SIZE CHIPPOPOTOMUS
SERVES 'EM RIGHT. NEVER SEND A BOY TO DO A FAN'S JOB.

SHIT. I HOPE MY ORDER STILL GOES THROUGH.
AHH, I'M SURE IT WILL. HEY-- YOU TIRED?
NAH. NOT ANY-MORE. WHY?
PUT ON AMC.

HOLY SHIT! THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS!
AMC
Les Tremayne in
the Monster of Piedras Blancas
1958
B&W, 71 min.
YOU UP FOR IT?
FUCK, YEAH! WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?
SCOTTIE HARD-ON?

OFF THE AIR...

# JERRY!




FULL NAME:
JEROME TITUS
STOKES JR.

FAN
AFFILIATION:

ELTINGVILLE
COMIC BOOK,
SCIENCE-FICTION,
FANTASY, HORROR,
AND ROLE-PLAYING
CLUB

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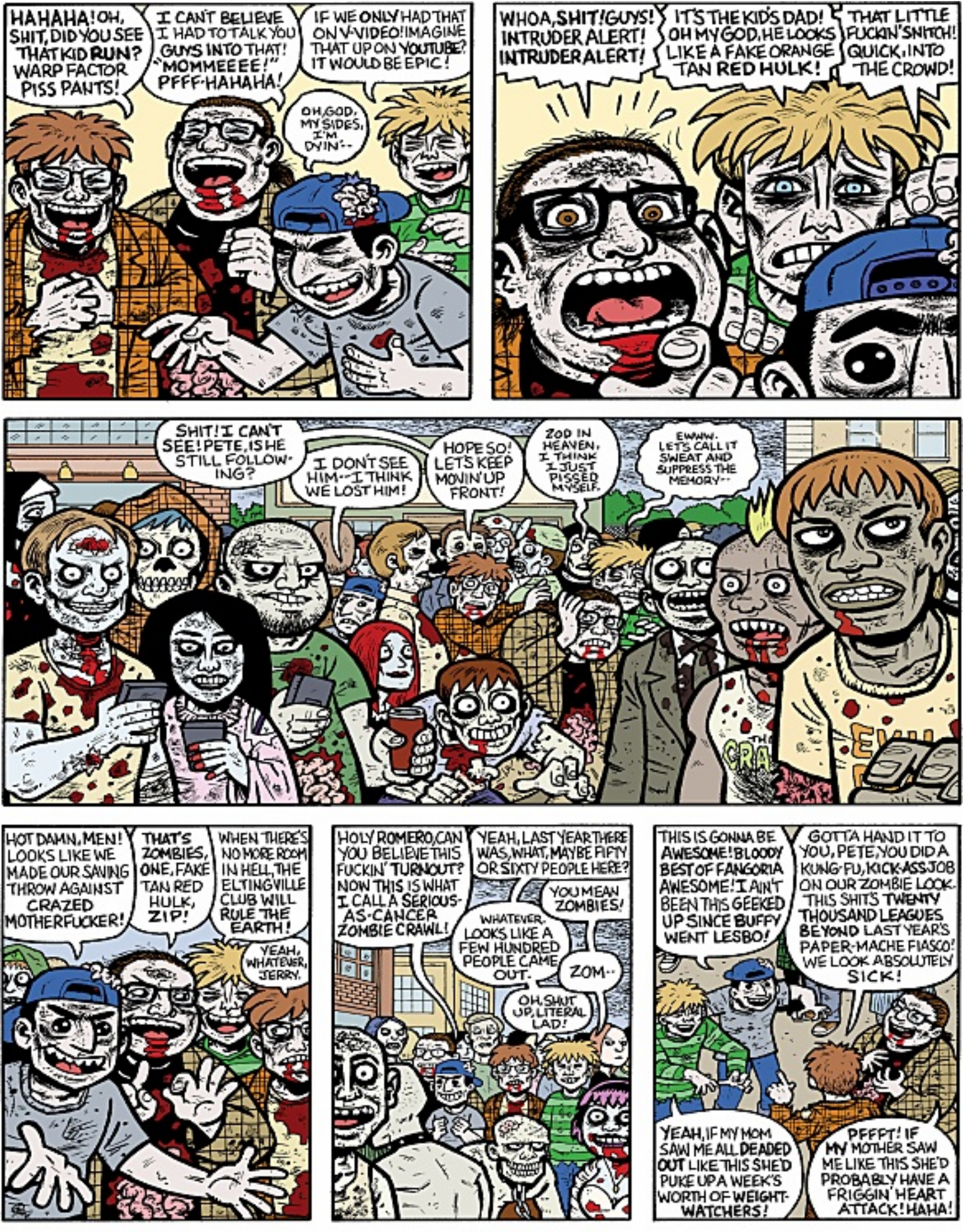
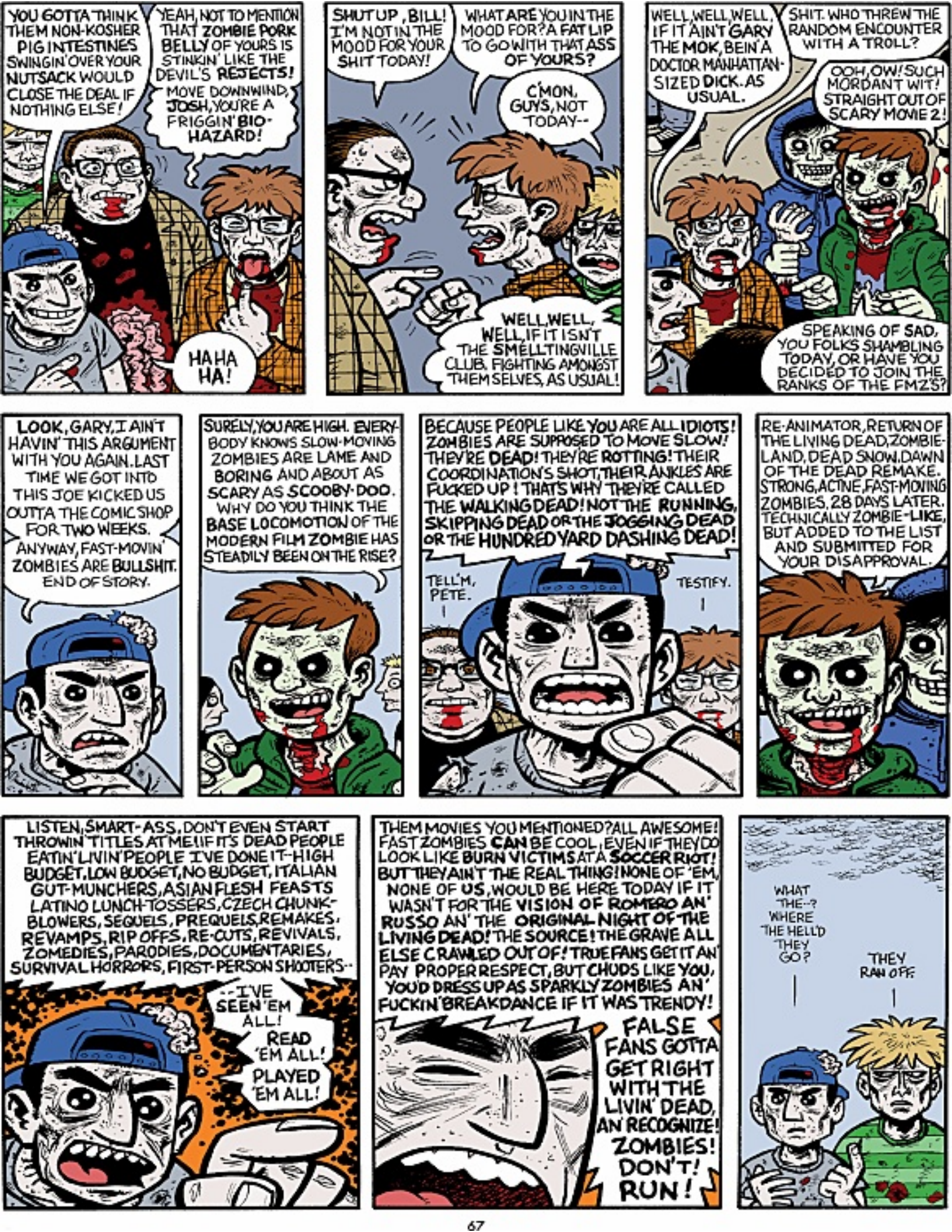
BIND THEM

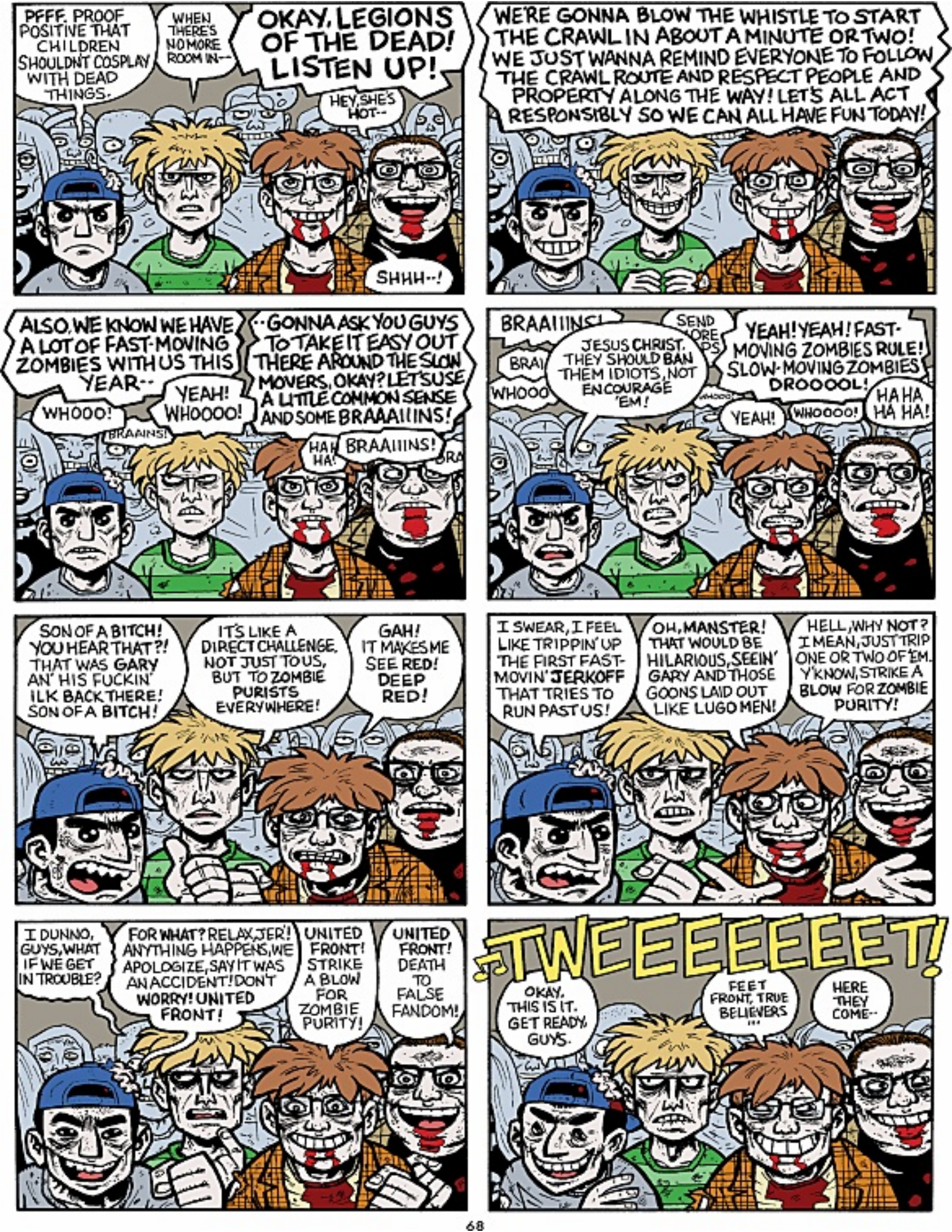
THE ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, AND ROLE-PLAYING CLUB

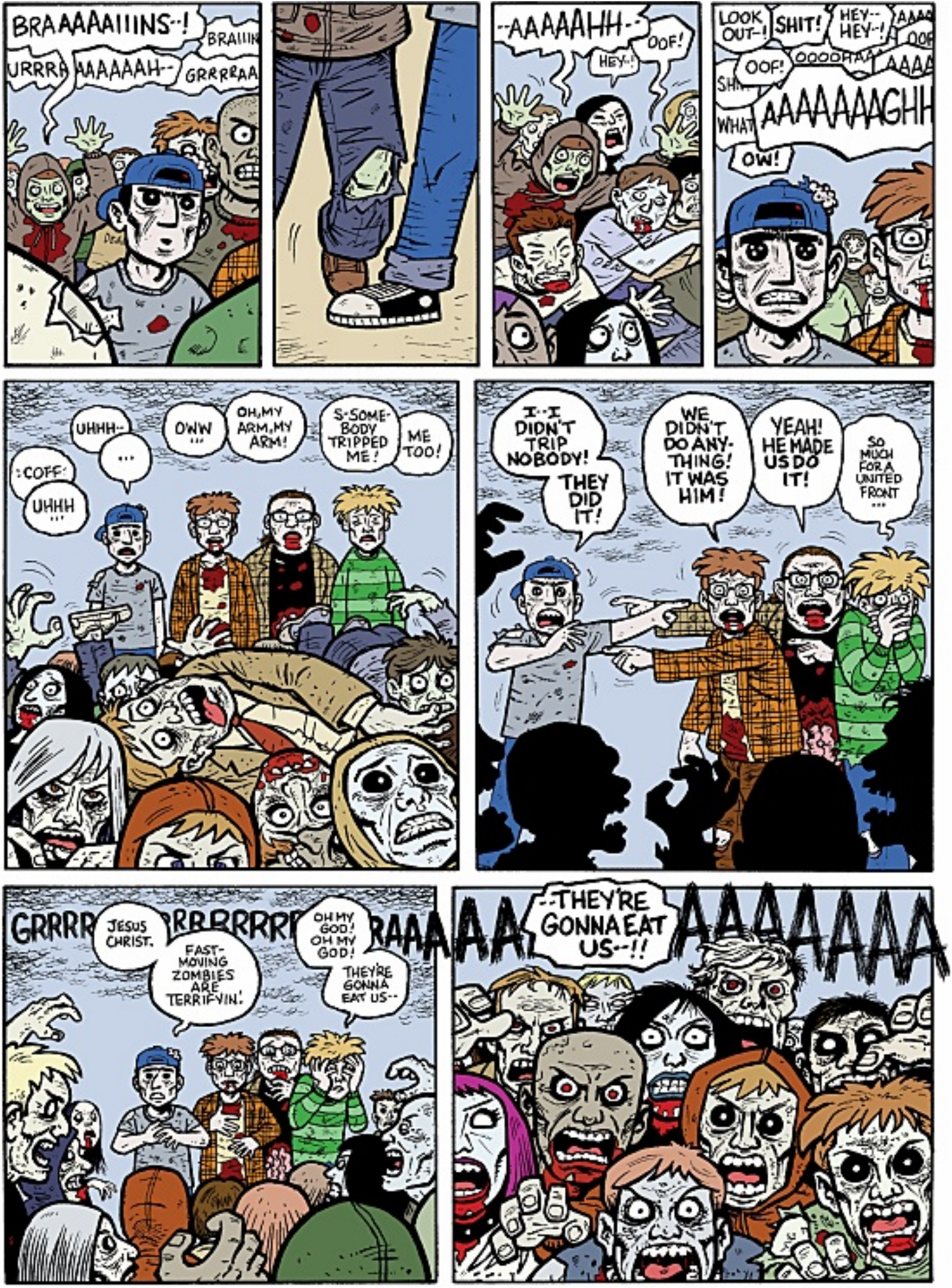
THEY'RE DEAD

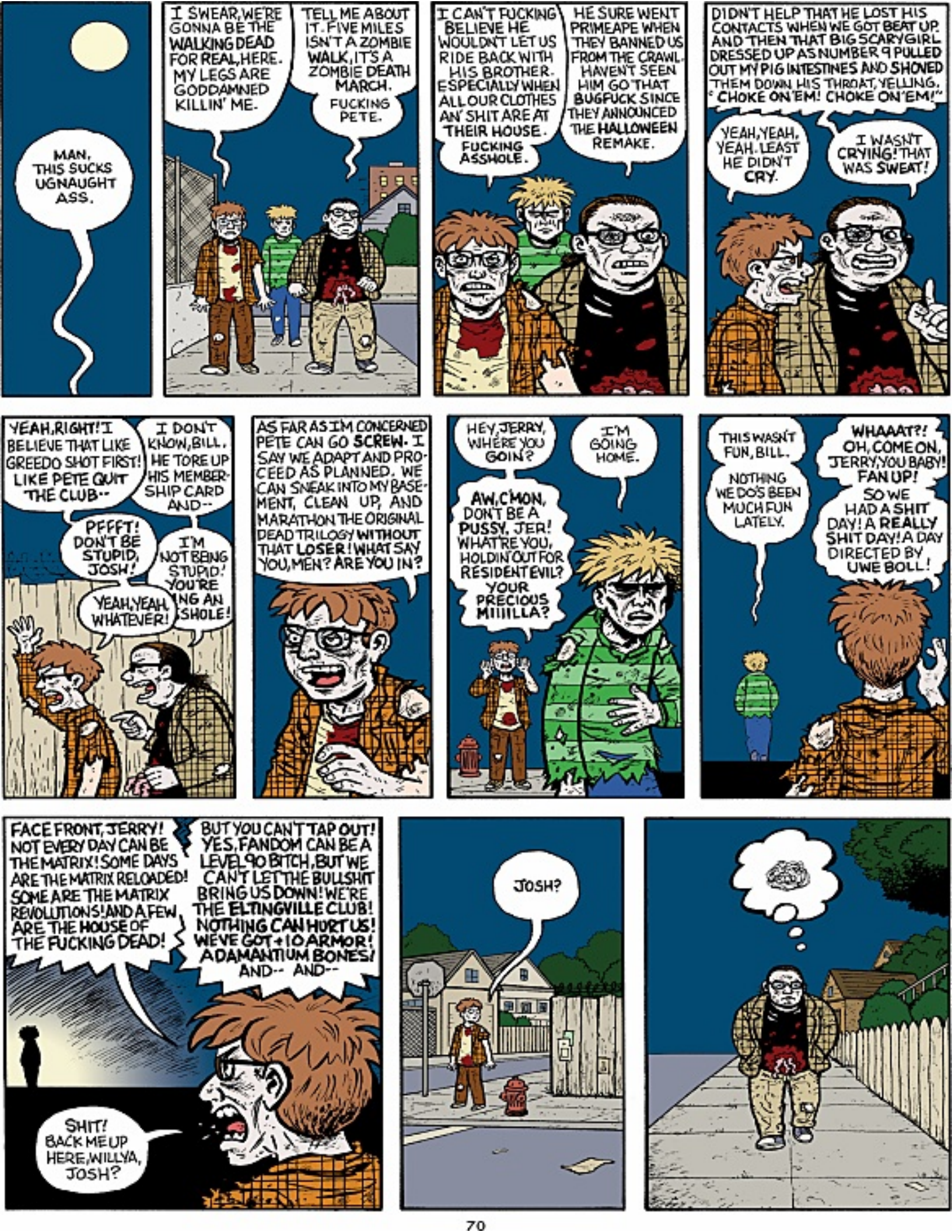
THEY'RE ALL MESSED UP


HAHAHA! OH, SHIT, DID YOU SEE THAT KID RUN? WARP FACTOR PISS PANTS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I HAD TO TALK YOU GUYS INTO THAT! "MOMMEEEE!" PFFF-HAHAHA!
IF WE ONLY HAD THAT ON V-VIDEO! IMAGINE THAT UP ON YOUTUBE? IT WOULD BE EPIC!
OH, GOD, MY SIDES, I'M DYIN'--
WHOA, SHIT! GUYS! INTRUDER ALERT! INTRUDER ALERT!
IT'S THE KID'S DAD! OH MY GOD, HE LOOKS LIKE A FAKE ORANGE TAN RED HULK!
THAT LITTLE FUCKIN' SNITCH! QUICK, INTO THE CROWD!
SHIT! I CAN'T SEE! PETE, IS HE STILL FOLLOWING?
I DON'T SEE HIM-- I THINK WE LOST HIM!
HOPE SO! LET'S KEEP MOVIN' UP FRONT!
ZOD IN HEAVEN, I THINK I JUST PISSED MYSELF.
EWWW. LET'S CALL IT SWEAT AND SUPPRESS THE MEMORY--
HOT DAMN, MEN! LOOKS LIKE WE MADE OUR SAVING THROW AGAINST CRAZED MOTHERFUCKER!
THAT'S ZOMBIES, ONE, FAKE TAN RED HULK, ZIP!
WHEN THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN HELL, THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB WILL RULE THE EARTH!
YEAH, WHATEVER, JERRY.
HOLY ROMERO, CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS FUCKIN' TURNOUT? NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL A SERIOUS-AS-CANCER ZOMBIE CRAWL!
YEAH, LAST YEAR THERE WAS, WHAT, MAYBE FIFTY OR SIXTY PEOPLE HERE?
YOU MEAN ZOMBIES!
WHATEVER. LOOKS LIKE A FEW HUNDRED PEOPLE CAME OUT.
ZOM--
OH, SHUT UP, LITERAL LAD!
THIS IS GONNA BE AWESOME! BLOODY BEST OF FANGORIA AWESOME! I AIN'T BEEN THIS GEEKED UP SINCE BUFFY WENT LESBO!
GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, PETE, YOU DID A KUNG-FU, KICK-ASS JOB ON OUR ZOMBIE LOOK. THIS SHIT'S TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES BEYOND LAST YEAR'S PAPER-MACHE FIASCO! WE LOOK ABSOLUTELY SICK!
YEAH, IF MY MOM SAW ME ALL DEADED OUT LIKE THIS SHE'D PUKE UP A WEEK'S WORTH OF WEIGHT-WATCHERS!
PFFFT! IF MY MOTHER SAW ME LIKE THIS SHE'D PROBABLY HAVE A FRIGGIN' HEART ATTACK! HAHA!


YOU GOTTA THINK THEM NON-KOSHER PIG INTESTINES SWINGIN' OVER YOUR NUTSACK WOULD CLOSE THE DEAL IF NOTHING ELSE!
YEAH, NOT TO MENTION THAT ZOMBIE PORK BELLY OF YOURS IS STINKIN' LIKE THE DEVIL'S REJECTS!
MOVE DOWNWIND, JOSH, YOU'RE A FRIGGIN' BIO-HAZARD!
HA HA HA!
SHUT UP, BILL! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR YOUR SHIT TODAY!
WHAT ARE YOU IN THE MOOD FOR? A FAT LIP TO GO WITH THAT ASS OF YOURS?
C'MON, GUYS, NOT TODAY--
WELL, WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE SMELLTINGVILLE CLUB, FIGHTING AMONGST THEMSELVES, AS USUAL!
WELL, WELL, WELL, IF IT AIN'T GARY THE MOK, BEIN A DOCTOR MANHATTAN-SIZED DICK. AS USUAL.
SHIT. WHO THREW THE RANDOM ENCOUNTER WITH A TROLL?
OOH, OW! SUCH MORDANT WIT! STRAIGHT OUT OF SCARY MOVIE 2!
SPEAKING OF SAD, YOU FOLKS SHAMBLING TODAY, OR HAVE YOU DECIDED TO JOIN THE RANKS OF THE FMZ'S?
LOOK, GARY, I AIN'T HAVIN' THIS ARGUMENT WITH YOU AGAIN. LAST TIME WE GOT INTO THIS JOE KICKED US OUTTA THE COMIC SHOP FOR TWO WEEKS.
ANYWAY, FAST-MOVIN' ZOMBIES ARE BULLSHIT. END OF STORY.
SURELY, YOU ARE HIGH. EVERYBODY KNOWS SLOW-MOVING ZOMBIES ARE LAME AND BORING AND ABOUT AS SCARY AS SCOOBY-DOO. WHY DO YOU THINK THE BASE LOCOMOTION OF THE MODERN FILM ZOMBIE HAS STEADILY BEEN ON THE RISE?
BECAUSE PEOPLE LIKE YOU ARE ALL IDIOTS! ZOMBIES ARE SUPPOSED TO MOVE SLOW! THEY'RE DEAD! THEY'RE ROTTING! THEIR COORDINATION'S SHOT, THEIR ANKLES ARE FUCKED UP! THAT'S WHY THEY'RE CALLED THE WALKING DEAD! NOT THE RUNNING, SKIPPING DEAD OR THE JOGGING DEAD OR THE HUNDRED YARD DASHING DEAD!
TELL 'M, PETE.
TESTIFY.
RE-ANIMATOR, RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, ZOMBIELAND, DEAD SNOW, DAWN OF THE DEAD REMAKE. STRONG, ACTIVE, FAST-MOVING ZOMBIES, 28 DAYS LATER. TECHNICALLY ZOMBIE-LIKE, BUT ADDED TO THE LIST AND SUBMITTED FOR YOUR DISAPPROVAL.
LISTEN, SMART-ASS, DON'T EVEN START THROWIN' TITLES AT ME! IF IT'S DEAD PEOPLE EATIN' LIVIN' PEOPLE I'VE DONE IT-HIGH BUDGET, LOW BUDGET, NO BUDGET, ITALIAN GUT-MUNCHERS, ASIAN FLESH FEASTS LATINO LUNCH-TOSSERS, CZECH CHUNK-BLOWERS, SEQUELS, PREQUELS, REMAKES, REVAMPS, RIP OFFS, RE-CUTS, REVIVALS, ZOMEDIES, PARODIES, DOCUMENTARIES, SURVIVAL HORRORS, FIRST-PERSON SHOOTERS--
--I'VE SEEN 'EM ALL!
READ 'EM ALL!
PLAYED 'EM ALL!
THEM MOVIES YOU MENTIONED? ALL AWESOME! FAST ZOMBIES CAN BE COOL, EVEN IF THEY DO LOOK LIKE BURN VICTIMS AT A SOCCER RIOT! BUT THEY AIN'T THE REAL THING! NONE OF 'EM, NONE OF US, WOULD BE HERE TODAY IF IT WASN'T FOR THE VISION OF ROMERO AN' RUSSO AN' THE ORIGINAL NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD! THE SOURCE! THE GRAVE ALL ELSE CRAWLED OUT OF! TRUE FANS GET IT AN' PAY PROPER RESPECT, BUT CHUDS LIKE YOU, YOU'D DRESS UP AS SPARKLY ZOMBIES AN' FUCKIN' BREAKDANCE IF IT WAS TRENDY!
FALSE FANS GOTTA GET RIGHT WITH THE LIVIN' DEAD, AN' RECOGNIZE! ZOMBIES! DON'T! RUN!
WHAT THE--? WHERE THE HELL'D THEY GO?
THEY RAN OFF.


PFFF. PROOF POSITIVE THAT CHILDREN SHOULDN'T COSPLAY WITH DEAD THINGS.
WHEN THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN--
OKAY, LEGIONS OF THE DEAD! LISTEN UP!
HEY, SHE'S HOT--
SHHH--!
WE'RE GONNA BLOW THE WHISTLE TO START THE CRAWL IN ABOUT A MINUTE OR TWO! WE JUST WANNA REMIND EVERYONE TO FOLLOW THE CRAWL ROUTE AND RESPECT PEOPLE AND PROPERTY ALONG THE WAY! LET'S ALL ACT RESPONSIBLY SO WE CAN ALL HAVE FUN TODAY!
ALSO, WE KNOW WE HAVE A LOT OF FAST-MOVING ZOMBIES WITH US THIS YEAR--
WHOOO!
YEAH! WHOOOO!
BRAAINS!
--GONNA ASK YOU GUYS TO TAKE IT EASY OUT THERE AROUND THE SLOW MOVERS, OKAY? LET'S USE A LITTLE COMMON SENSE AND SOME BRAAAIIINS!
HA HA!
BRAAIIINS!
BRAAIIINS!
JESUS CHRIST. THEY SHOULD BAN THEM IDIOTS, NOT ENCOURAGE 'EM!
YEAH! YEAH! FAST-MOVING ZOMBIES RULE! SLOW-MOVING ZOMBIES DROOOOL!
WHOOO
YEAH!
WHOOOO!
HA HA HA HA!
SON OF A BITCH! YOU HEAR THAT?! THAT WAS GARY AN' HIS FUCKIN' ILK BACK THERE! SON OF A BITCH!
IT'S LIKE A DIRECT CHALLENGE. NOT JUST TO US, BUT TO ZOMBIE PURISTS EVERYWHERE!
GAH! IT MAKES ME SEE RED! DEEP RED!
I SWEAR, I FEEL LIKE TRIPPIN' UP THE FIRST FAST-MOVIN' JERKOFF THAT TRIES TO RUN PAST US!
OH, MANSTER! THAT WOULD BE HILARIOUS, SEEIN' GARY AND THOSE GOONS LAID OUT LIKE LUGO MEN!
HELL, WHY NOT? I MEAN, JUST TRIP ONE OR TWO OF 'EM. Y'KNOW, STRIKE A BLOW FOR ZOMBIE PURITY!
I DUNNO, GUYS, WHAT IF WE GET IN TROUBLE?
FOR WHAT? RELAX, JER! ANYTHING HAPPENS, WE APOLOGIZE, SAY IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! DON'T WORRY! UNITED FRONT!
UNITED FRONT! STRIKE A BLOW FOR ZOMBIE PURITY!
UNITED FRONT! DEATH TO FALSE FANDOM!
♪TWEEEEEEEET!
OKAY, THIS IS IT. GET READY, GUYS.
FEET FRONT, TRUE BELIEVERS...
HERE THEY COME--


BRAAAAAIIINS--!
BRAIIIN
URRRR
AAAAAAH--
GRRRRAA
--AAAAAHH--
HEY--!
OOF!
LOOK OUT--!
SHIT!
HEY-- HEY--!
OOF!
OOOOHAA
AAAAAAAGHH
WHAT
OW!
COFF
UHHH ...
UHHH--
...
OWW ...
OH, MY ARM, MY ARM!
S-SOME-BODY TRIPPED ME!
ME TOO!
I--I DIDN'T TRIP NOBODY!
THEY DID IT!
WE DIDN'T DO ANY-THING! IT WAS HIM!
YEAH! HE MADE US DO IT!
SO MUCH FOR A UNITED FRONT ...
GRRRR
RRRRRRR
RAAAAAA
JESUS CHRIST.
FAST-MOVING ZOMBIES ARE TERRIFYIN'.
OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!
THEY'RE GONNA EAT US--
--THEY'RE GONNA EAT US--!!
AAAAAAAA


MAN, THIS SUCKS UGNAUGHT ASS.
I SWEAR, WE'RE GONNA BE THE WALKING DEAD FOR REAL, HERE. MY LEGS ARE GODDAMNED KILLIN' ME.
TELL ME ABOUT IT. FIVE MILES ISN'T A ZOMBIE WALK, IT'S A ZOMBIE DEATH MARCH.
FUCKING PETE.
I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE HE WOULDN'T LET US RIDE BACK WITH HIS BROTHER. ESPECIALLY WHEN ALL OUR CLOTHES AN' SHIT ARE AT THEIR HOUSE.
FUCKING ASSHOLE.
HE SURE WENT PRIMEAPE WHEN THEY BANNED US FROM THE CRAWL. HAVEN'T SEEN HIM GO THAT BUGFUCK SINCE THEY ANNOUNCED THE HALLOWEEN REMAKE.
DIDN'T HELP THAT HE LOST HIS CONTACTS WHEN WE GOT BEAT UP. AND THEN THAT BIG SCARY GIRL DRESSED UP AS NUMBER 9 PULLED OUT MY PIG INTESTINES AND SHOVED THEM DOWN HIS THROAT, YELLING, "CHOKE ON 'EM! CHOKE ON 'EM!"
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. LEAST HE DIDN'T CRY.
I WASN'T CRYING! THAT WAS SWEAT!
YEAH, RIGHT! I BELIEVE THAT LIKE GREEDO SHOT FIRST! LIKE PETE QUIT THE CLUB--
I DON'T KNOW, BILL. HE TORE UP HIS MEMBERSHIP CARD AND--
PFFFT! DON'T BE STUPID, JOSH!
I'M NOT BEING STUPID! YOU'RE ING AN SHOLE!
YEAH, YEAH, WHATEVER!
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED PETE CAN GO SCREW. I SAY WE ADAPT AND PROCEED AS PLANNED. WE CAN SNEAK INTO MY BASEMENT, CLEAN UP, AND MARATHON THE ORIGINAL DEAD TRILOGY WITHOUT THAT LOSER! WHAT SAY YOU, MEN? ARE YOU IN?
HEY, JERRY, WHERE YOU GOIN?
I'M GOING HOME.
AW, C'MON, DON'T BE A PUSSY, JER! WHAT'RE YOU, HOLDIN' OUT FOR RESIDENT EVIL? YOUR PRECIOUS MIIIILLA?
THIS WASN'T FUN, BILL.
NOTHING WE DO'S BEEN MUCH FUN LATELY.
WHAAAT?! OH, COME ON, JERRY, YOU BABY! FAN UP! SO WE HAD A SHIT DAY! A REALLY SHIT DAY! A DAY DIRECTED BY UWE BOLL!
FACE FRONT, JERRY! NOT EVERY DAY CAN BE THE MATRIX! SOME DAYS ARE THE MATRIX RELOADED! SOME ARE THE MATRIX REVOLUTIONS! AND A FEW ARE THE HOUSE OF THE FUCKING DEAD!
BUT YOU CAN'T TAP OUT! YES, FANDOM CAN BE A LEVEL 90 BITCH, BUT WE CAN'T LET THE BULLSHIT BRING US DOWN! WE'RE THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB! NOTHING CAN HURT US! WE'VE GOT +10 ARMOR! ADAMANTIUM BONES! AND-- AND--
SHIT! BACK ME UP HERE, WILLYA, JOSH?
JOSH?

# LOCAL HOUSEWIFE RECOVERING AFTER "ZOMBIE ATTACK"

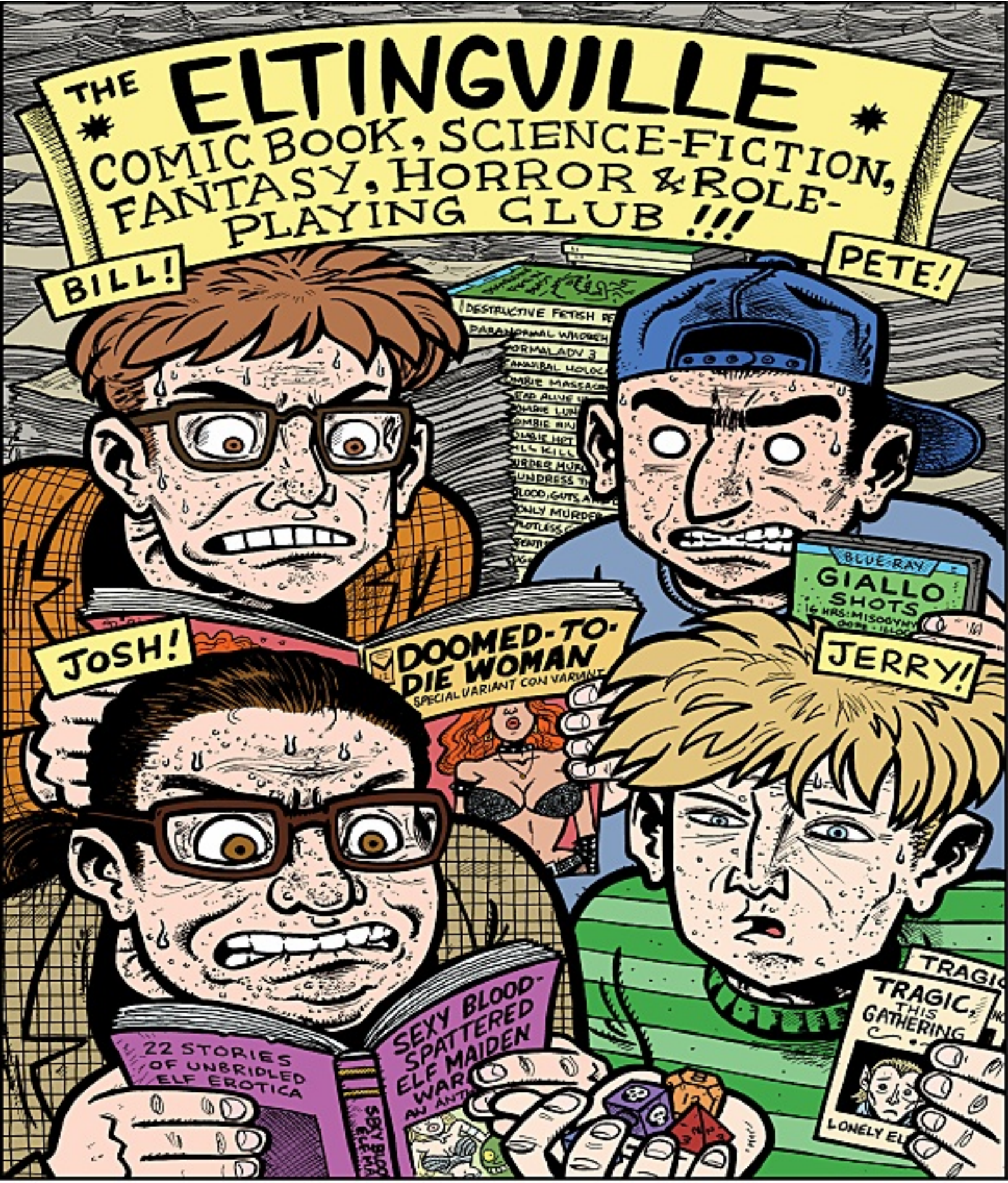
***Woman suffers heart attack after "dead" son returns home***

by RALPH CORDERO
ELTINVILLE COURIER

A real-life Walking Dead scenario was played out on the North Shore yesterday when Joshua Lavy, 17-year-old son of Sylvia Lavy, 57, returned home from a "zombie event" in full "living dead" make-up. His mother, unaware that he had been participating in the all-hallows event, got the "shock of her life" when she saw what looked like her dead son hobbling in through the front door of their home, covered in what appeared to be blood, and with what appeared to be his intestines spilling out from his stomach.

Mrs. Lavy collapsed to the floor, screaming so loudly that neighbors called 911. Paramedics arriving on the scene were startled to find what appeared to be a zombie kneeling over the victim. "I thought he was eating her!" said Anthony LaMonica, EMT. "It looked like something out of Resident Evil! The game, not the movie."

LaMonica's partner vomited when


THE ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR & ROLE-PLAYING CLUB !!!
BILL!
PETE!
JOSH!
JERRY!
DOOMED-TO-DIE WOMAN
SPECIAL VARIANT CON VARIANT
BLU-RAY
GIALLO SHOTS
22 STORIES OF UNBRIDLED ELF EROTICA
SEXY BLOOD-SPATTERED ELF MAIDEN
TRAGIC, THIS GATHERING

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"
featuring the ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, and ROLE-PLAYING CLUB!

C'MON!
C'MON C'MONNN!
C'MON, YOU BASTARD!
OPEN THE FUCK UP ALREADY!
DE'S FANTASY WORLD
COMICS- GAMES- COLLECTIBLES
KEEP OUT
SCREEK!
SKREEEEEEK!
HUH?
OH, RIGHT... IT'S YOU. WELL, COME ON IN.
DO ME A FAVOR AN' TRY NOT TO DRIP ON THE FLOOR TOO MUCH. I JUST GOT DONE CLEANIN' UP IN HERE.
SCRITCH SCRATCH
POSTERS
LOBO
10:05AM

UH, YEAH, I CAN SEE THAT, JOE -- BUT I'M KIND OF SOAKED HERE, Y'KNOW? AQUAMAN SOAKED, SUB-MARINER SOAKED, TRITON --
OKAY, OKAY, I GET IT! HOLD ON A SEC.
NO KIDS FORE 4 PM
HERE, STAND ON THESE MYLARS WHILE I GET YOU A SHIRT TO CHANGE INTO.
WHAT SIZE ARE YOU?
UHH, MEDIUM.
OKAY, LET'S SEE... LARGE, LARGE, LARGE ... XL, XL, XL, DOUBLE XL, XL, DOUBLE XL, TRIPLE XL, TRIPLE XL QUADRUPLE --
AH, HERE WE GO!
SHIRT OVER-SOCK
I, UH, THINK THIS IS A LARGE. AT LEAST ...
NOT FOR LONG! THEM COMIX DESIGNS SHIRTS ALL SHRINK LIKE RAY PALMER.
OH, COOL. THANKS, JOE.
DICK TRACY
COMICO
NO PROBLEM. LET'S SEE, THE SHIRT'S $16.95, NINE MYLAR SNUGS AT FIFTY CENTS EACH -- THAT'S, UHHH... TWENTY-SEVEN FIFTY, WITH TAX.
B-BUT..
DON'T SWEAT IT, KID. I'LL JUST TAKE IT OUTTA YOUR FIRST WEEK. NOW YOU JUST SIT TIGHT AN' DRY OFF WHILE I GO CHANGE.
HOLY SHIT.
I MADE IT.
I HAVE DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN.
HULK

HA-HA-HA-HAAAAA!! FINALLY, MY MASTER PLAN IS COMPLETE!
AND NOW, ONLY MERE MONTHS AFTER I BEGAN SERVING THAT FAT FUCK--
--THE COMIC SHOP IS MINE!!
VERILY, AN EVENT THIS EPIC DEMANDS CELEBRATION!
TO ME, MY COSPLAY WENCHES!!
THE GOD OF COMICS REQUIRES BLOWJOBS!
JUST MAKE SURE NOT TO GET ANYTHING ICKY ON THE COMICS, OKAY, GIRLS?
PIZZA
KID!
HEY, KID!
YOU LISTENIN' TO ME?
JESUS CHRIST.
OW!
FAP!
WHAT ARE YOU, ON FUCKIN' DRUGS OR SOMETHIN'? I'M TRYIN' TO TALK TO YOU HERE AN' YOU'RE DICKIN' AROUND IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
OH. SORRY, JOE.
I WAS JUST OVERWHELMED BY ALL OF THE AWESOMENESS.
JUST HIGH ON COMICS, Y'KNOW?
HUH.
YEAH, I REMEMBER THAT.

ANYWAY, BEFORE WE GET STARTED THERE'S A FEW THINGS I WANNA GET STRAIGHT BETWEEN US. FIRST OFF IS YOUR PAY AN' HOW THAT ALL WORKS, SO LISTEN UP.
YOU GET FOUR BUCKS CASH AN HOUR AN' FOUR BUCKS TRADE. PLUS ALL THE HEROCLIX DOUBLES YOU WANT AS LONG AS THEY AIN'T GOOD ONES OR ONES I WANT. GOT THAT?
YES.
TRADE AIN'T GOOD ON WALL BOOKS, STATUES, MAGIC CARDS, AN' A BUNCH OF OTHER STUFF. CASH IS GOOD ON EVERYTHING, HEH-HEH.
HEH-HEH.
ANY PROBLEMS WITH ANY OF THAT?
HUH? OH, N-NO, NO PROBLEMS AT ALL!

OKAY, NUMBER TWO. YOU DO NOT GO BEHIND THE COUNTER, EVER, UNLESS I TELL YOU, AN' I AIN'T GONNA TELL YOU, SO YOU DO NOT GO BEHIND THE COUNTER. EVER. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
I DON'T CARE IF GWEN STACY'S BACK THERE LIVE AN' IN PERSON SPREADIN' THE ROAST BEEF COUNTER OUT FOR FREE, YOU DO NOT GO BACK THERE.
UHHH... OKAY.
?!
IF A CUSTOMER NEEDS SOMETHIN' AN' I'M IN THE BACK OR ON THE CAN READIN' YOU TELL 'EM TO WAIT FOR ME. YOU DO NOT DEAL WITH CUSTOMERS. MOST OF 'EM ARE FUCKIN' CRAZY AN' GOTTA BE HANDLED LIKE MORONIC BABIES. SO I DEAL WITH THE CUSTOMERS.
GOT IT, F.A.B.!
NOW, THIS IS IMPORTANT. THE LAST KID I HAD WORKIN' HERE I CAUGHT STEALIN' FROM ME. I CATCH YOU STEALIN', AS GODZILLA IS MY WITNESS, I WILL KILL YOU DEADER THAN CEL ANIMATION.
DON'T WORRY, JOE. YOU WON'T.
CATCH ME, THAT IS!

I BETTER NOT. I GOT CUSTOMERS WHO'D EAT STAN LEE'S BARELY BEATIN' HEART TO TAKE YOUR PLACE. YOUR FAT FRIEND GETS UP MY ASS ASKIN' FOR A JOB EVERY TIME HE WADDLES IN HERE. THIS IS A ONCE IN A LIFETIME DEAL. DON'T FUCK IT UP.
I WON'T, JOE. I ABSOLUTELY WILL NOT FUCK THIS UP.
YEAH, YEAH. HELL, YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL I EVEN LET YOU IN THE STORE, LET ALONE WORK HERE, WITH ALL THE STUPID SHIT YOU AN' YOUR STUPID FRIENDS PULL. IF YOUR LITTLE CLUB DIDN'T SPEND SO MUCH OF YOUR PARENTS' MONEY HERE I'D HAVE KICKED YOUR PIMPLY ASSES OUT A LONG TIME AGO TO A SHITHOLE FAR, FAR AWAY.
HEH... HA-HA, GOOD ONE, JOE.
YOU THINK I'M KIDDIN'? HUH? I LOOK LIKE THE FUCKIN' JOKER TO YOU?
UMM... N-NO, JOE. SORRY.

ALL RIGHT, FORGET IT. TIME TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS. I HOPE YOU LIKE BAGGIN' COMICS--
YOU KIDDING? DOES AN EWOK SHIT UP A MOVIE? EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTER I'M DONE BITCHIN' ABOUT MY WEEKLY HAUL ONLINE I BAG, BOARD, AN' BOX THOSE BABIES UP TIGHTER THAN BLACK BOLT'S LIPS!
WELL, THAT'S GOOD, 'CUZ ALL THOSE NEED BAGS AN' BOARDS, TOOT-SWEET!
OH, FUCK!
JUST REMEMBER, YOU'RE ON MY TIME, SO NO READIN' SHIT LIKE YOU'RE HOME.
ALSO, WATCH THE TAPE. SMALL PIECES ONLY. AN' IF YOU TEAR A COVER YOU BUY THAT BOOK AT FULL GUIDE.
!
OH HEY, SPEAKING OF THE GUIDE, DO YOU WANT ME TO GRADE AND PRICE THESE?
EXCUSE ME? WHY DON'T YOU USE MY DICK TO PEE WHILE YOU'RE AT IT? I PRICE THE BOOKS IN MY STORE. YOU BAG!
BUT-- YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM ALL OUT OF THE BAG TO GRADE 'EM. WOULDN'T IT SAVE TIME--
WHOA, WHOA, KID! I AIN'T UN BAGGIN' SHIT. FUCK THAT. IN COMICS YOU CAN JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER. THAT'S HOW A PRO SAVES TIME!
BUT-- DON'T PEOPLE RETURN THEM AND COMPLAIN IF THEY'RE MESSED UP INSIDE?
PFFFT!! DO YOU?
I'M GONNA LEARN A LOT HERE, AREN'T I, JOE?
HEH-HEH. IF YOU'RE LUCKY, BUCKY.
YOU KEEP YOUR SHIT TOGETHER AN WATCH THE MASTER OPERATE, WHO KNOWS, MAYBE ONE DAY YOU'LL OPEN YOUR OWN SHOP.
JUST NOT ANYWHERE NEAR HERE OR I'LL DISCOUNT WAR YOUR ASS INTO THE GROUND. HEH-HEH.
PREVIEWS
RIGHT NOW, YOU JUST KEEP BAGGIN', BILBO. I GOT PROMOS AN' EXCLUSIVES AN' FREE ARTIST'S ALLEY SKETCHES TO PUT UP ON EBAY.
AFTER THAT, IF THE RAIN STOPS YOU CAN HELP ME DRAIN THE KIDDIE POOL.
FRIDGE FORCE
W.T.F?

"D-DRAIN THE KIDDIE POOL"? TH-THAT AIN'T SOME FREAKY COMIC SHOP SEX INITIATION, IS IT? I'M NOT SURE I--
WHAT'RE YOU, FUCKIN' PSYCHOTIC? THIS AIN'T BIG SAL'S, Y'KNOW! THERE'S A ROOF LEAK. I GOT ONE OF THEM PLASTIC POOLS UP IN THE CEILIN' TO CATCH THE WATER 'TIL I CAN TAKE CARE OF IT.
CHRIST, KID. I RUN A CLEAN SHOP HERE
JOE'S FANTASY WORLD
HOLY CRAP. BAGGING COMICS SUCKS.
BAG AND BOARD... MORE LIKE BAG AND WATERBOARD! ZOD IN HEAVEN! THIS IS TORTURE! MIND-NUMBING TORTURE! SOMEBODY CALL DARKSEID UP AN' TELL HIM I FOUND HIS ANTI-LIFE EQUATION!
HA-HA-HA! NOW YOU KNOW WHY I HIRED YOUR MINION ASS! I HATE BAGGIN' SHIT!!
HELLLP ME--! HELLLLP MEEE--!
GRADE: ASSHOLE, POOR
HEY, JOE-- HOW COME NEW COMICS THAT DON'T SELL ARE AUTOMATICALLY JACKED UP IN PRICE AS BACK ISSUES? I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT.
KICKERS INC
IT'S LIKE THE GROCERY STORE SELLIN' OLD BREAD A BUCK HIGHER. WHY NOT DUMP THE UNSOLD CRAP TO MAKE ROOM FOR BETTER CRAP?
JESUS. YOU REALLY DON'T GET IT, DO YOU?
C'MERE. I WANNA SHOW YOU SOMETHIN'.
YOU SEE UNSOLD COMICS-- I SEE UNSCRATCHED-OFF LOTTERY TICKETS. SOME OF THESE BABIES ARE GONNA PAY OFF ONE DAY, SOME SMALL, SOME BIG, AN SOME FUTURE SLAB MEAT, HOT AN' HIGH GRADED.
WOULD YOU TOSS OUT A LOTTERY TICKET WITHOUT KNOWIN' WHAT IT'S WORTH? YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME CRYIN' ABOUT HOW I THREW OUT A BOOK WORTH MONEY!
WOW. I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT LIKE THAT...
NO DUH. NOW GET BACK TO IT. STORE OPENS UP SOON AN' THAT'S ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH WITHOUT YOUR HORSESHIT.

12:20 PM
YEAH, JOE'S FANTASY WORLD. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHAT? WHAT'S THAT?
JOE'S FANTASY WORLD
NO, NO. WE AIN'T GOT THAT.
NO.
NO.
NAH.
YEAH, WELL, IT'S OLD, SO I CAN'T.
MM-HMM.
MMM-HMM.
YEAH, WELL, EVEN SO, I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S SOLD OUT--
YEAH, YEAH, LOOK, I GOT A CUSTOMER HERE, I GOTTA GO.
BOSS!
BIP
IDIOT.
12:42 PM
WOW. ALL THESE AUTOGRAPHED BOOKS... ALL BIG NAMES. DID YOU GET ALL THESE SIGNED AT SHOWS?
PFFT! YOU KIDDIN'? STANDIN' IN LINES FOR SUCKERS!
SO, WHERE DID YOU GET 'EM? THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE DF EDITIONS.
AHH, Y'KNOW, YOU GET THINGS IN THIS BUSINESS. WE GOT OUR WAYS.
HUH. THAT'S WEIRD. GRANT MORRISON MISSPELLED HIS OWN NAME. ONE "R," TWO "S"s"...
UHHHH... YEAH, WELL, UH, HE WAS PROBABLY ALL DRUGGED UP ON THE WIZARD SHIT, Y'KNOW?
ANYWAY, IT'S SIGNED, RIGHT? 'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
1:18 PM
DO YOU CARRY ARCHIE COMICS? I WANTED TO BUY SOME FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER.
ARCHIE, HUH? I GOT SOME BETTY AN' VERONICAS FROM THE FIFTIES IN DECENT SHAPE. RUN ABOUT FORTY BUCKS EACH.
OH, NO. THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN. DON'T YOU HAVE ANY NEW ONES?
NEW ONES? LADY, THEY STOPPED MAKIN' THEM A LONG TIME AGO!
BUT... I JUST SAW THEM IN A SUPERMARKET LAST WEEK!
WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU BUY 'EM, THEN?
ASS-HOLE!
HEY, WHOA, NICE MOUTH THERE! DON'T LET THE DOOR BREAK YOUR HIP ON THE WAYOUT, YA CHEAP, DRIED-UP OLD CUNT!
CHRIST. I'LL NEVER UNLOAD THESE FUCKIN' BOOKS.
1:34 PM
LOOK, LET ME TELL YOU HOW THEY SHOULD MAKE A WONDER WOMAN MOVIE SOMEONE WOULD ACTUALLY WANNA SEE.
OKAY.
BIG BUDGET PORNO, 3-D, HEAVY LESBO ACTION.
HA HA. THAT'D DO IT!
GET JAIMIE ALEXANDER OR THAT HAYWIRE CHICK. AN' GET LYNDA CARTER AS THE QUEEN MOM I'D LIKE TO LASSO!
ONLY WAY TO AVOID A CATWOMAN-LEVEL FIASCO. I MEAN, HONESTLY, WHO GIVES A MAN-SIZED SHIT AB
BREEP
BRE
HEY, JOE, YOUR PHONE--
FUCK 'EM, THEY'LL CALL BACK. ANYWAY, LIKE I WAS SAYIN'--

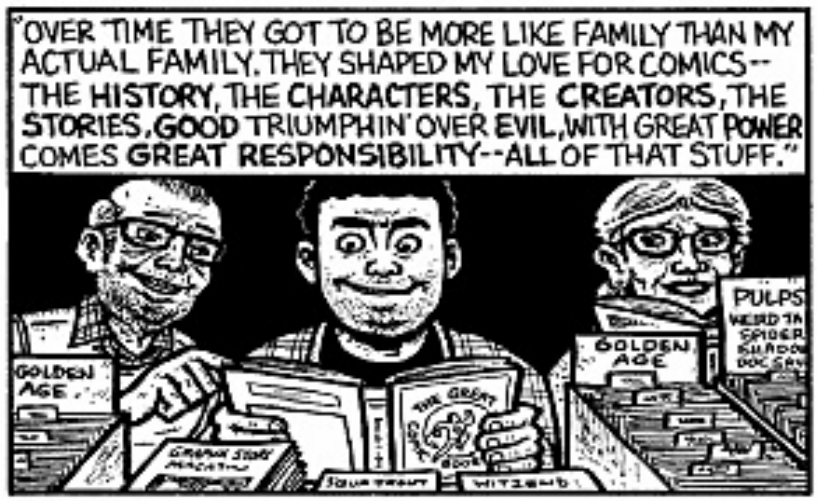
2:12 PM
'SCUSE ME? THERE'S NO PRICE TAG -- HOW MUCH IS THIS?
WHY, YOU GONNA BUY IT?
...
2:41 PM
WE DON'T CARRY MANGA. WE CARRY COMICS.
...
3:01 PM
OKAY, SEE WHERE THE LASER POINTER'S AT? 'S RIGHT THERE.
...
WELL, NOT RIGHT THERE, YOU GOTTA LOOK BEHIND THEM BOXES, BUT YOU CAN'T MISS IT.
3:39 PM
UH, HEY, DO YOU HAVE KING CITY?
UM, I GUESS.
NAH. THAT'S AN ALTERNATIVE COMIC, RIGHT?
YEAH, NOBODY ASKS FOR THAT.
I'M ASKIN' FOR IT--
YEAH, I KNOW. BUT YOU'RE ONLY ONE GUY. I CATER TO EVERY ONE GUY, I'LL GO BROKE ORDERIN' ONE GUY STUFF AN' WATCHIN' IT SIT ON THE RACKS LIKE TRIBBLE SHIT!
YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO ORDER STUFF EVERY MONTH FROM A CATALOG THE SIZE OF A BANTHA'S ASS? AN' ON TOP OF THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO PLAY GUESSIN' GAMES ABOUT WHAT SOME GUY MIGHT WALK IN AND ASK ME FOR.
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO GUESS IF I ASK YOU STRAIGHT OUT TO ORDER IT FOR ME--
OKAY, THAT SOUNDS REASONABLE, RIGHT? SO--I ORDER IT FOR YOU. AN' MAYBE YOU DISAPPEAR, AN' I GET DICKED.
I COULD PAY UP FRONT--
OH, SO THEN I GOTTA KEEP TRACK OF THAT, AN' THE NEXT GUY. AN' THE NEXT. LIKE I'M A BANK OR SOMETHIN'?!
SORRY, CHIEF, BUT I BEEN DOIN' THIS TWENTY-NINE YEARS AN' I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR MY BUSINESS. NO CHECKS, NO CREDIT CARDS, NO SPECIAL ORDERS, NO ARGUMENTS, NO PROBLEMS.
NO
- checks
- credit cards
- special orders
- chang
- Bathroom
cursing
Bronie
I'VE SEEN ALL THESE SO-CALLED "GOOD STORES" COME AN' GO WITH THEIR ALTERNATIVE COMICS AN' KID CRAP AN' BENDIN' OVER BACKWARDS FOR CUSTOMERS. THEY'RE GONE AN' I'M STILL HERE. HOW 'BOUT THAT, HUH?
ANYTHING ELSE I CAN HELP YOU WITH, PAL?
UH, NO. NO THANKS.
TAROT
PFFT! ALTERNATIVE COMICS.
Y'KNOW WHAT ALTERNATIVE COMICS ARE AN ALTERNATIVE TO?
MAKIN' MONEY! HA HA HA!
HA HA HA HA HA HA

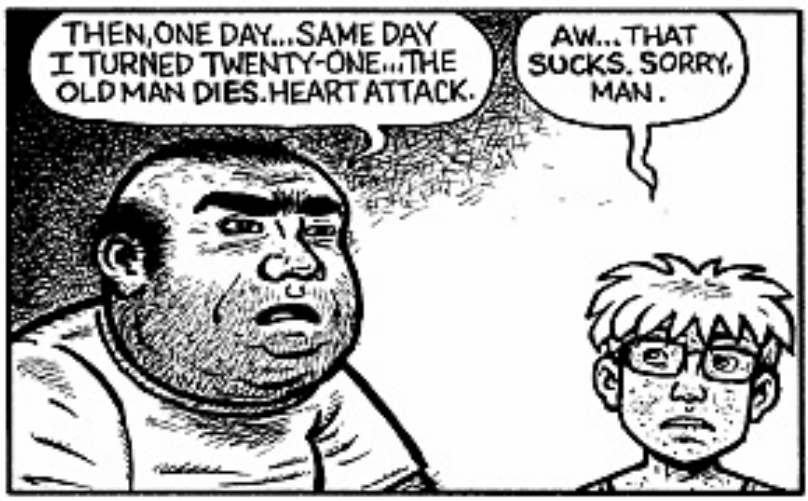
SEE, KID? WHAT I TELL YOU? CUSTOMERS! ALWAYS TELLIN' YA WHAT TO DO, LIKE THEY KNOW A GODDAMNED THING ABOUT RUNNIN' A SHOP!
I DIDN'T OPEN MY OWN PLACE TO TAKE ORDERS FROM NO ONE, NOT MARVEL OR DC OR DIAMOND OR THE I.R.S. OR SOME FAN-MITE FUCK OFF THE STREET!

HEY, JOE... WHAT MADE YOU WANT TO OPEN YOUR OWN STORE? I MEAN, OBVIOUSLY YOU WERE INTO COMICS--
INTO COMICS? HELL, I WAS INTO EVERYTHING! AN' THIS WAS BEFORE EVERYTHING WAS EASY TO GET A HOLD OF.

"LET ME TELL YA, BACK THEN SHIT WASN'T HANDED TO YOU ON A PLATE TWENTY-FOUR-SEVEN. YOU HADDA HUNT SHIT DOWN--COMICS, OLD MOVIES, MONSTER MAGAZINES, SCIENCE-FICTION PAPERBACKS--FANDOM WASN'T LIKE IT IS NOW. GUYS LIKE ME WERE PRETTY MUCH ON THEIR OWN.
SPOOKY
FAMOUS MONSTERS
HEAVY METAL

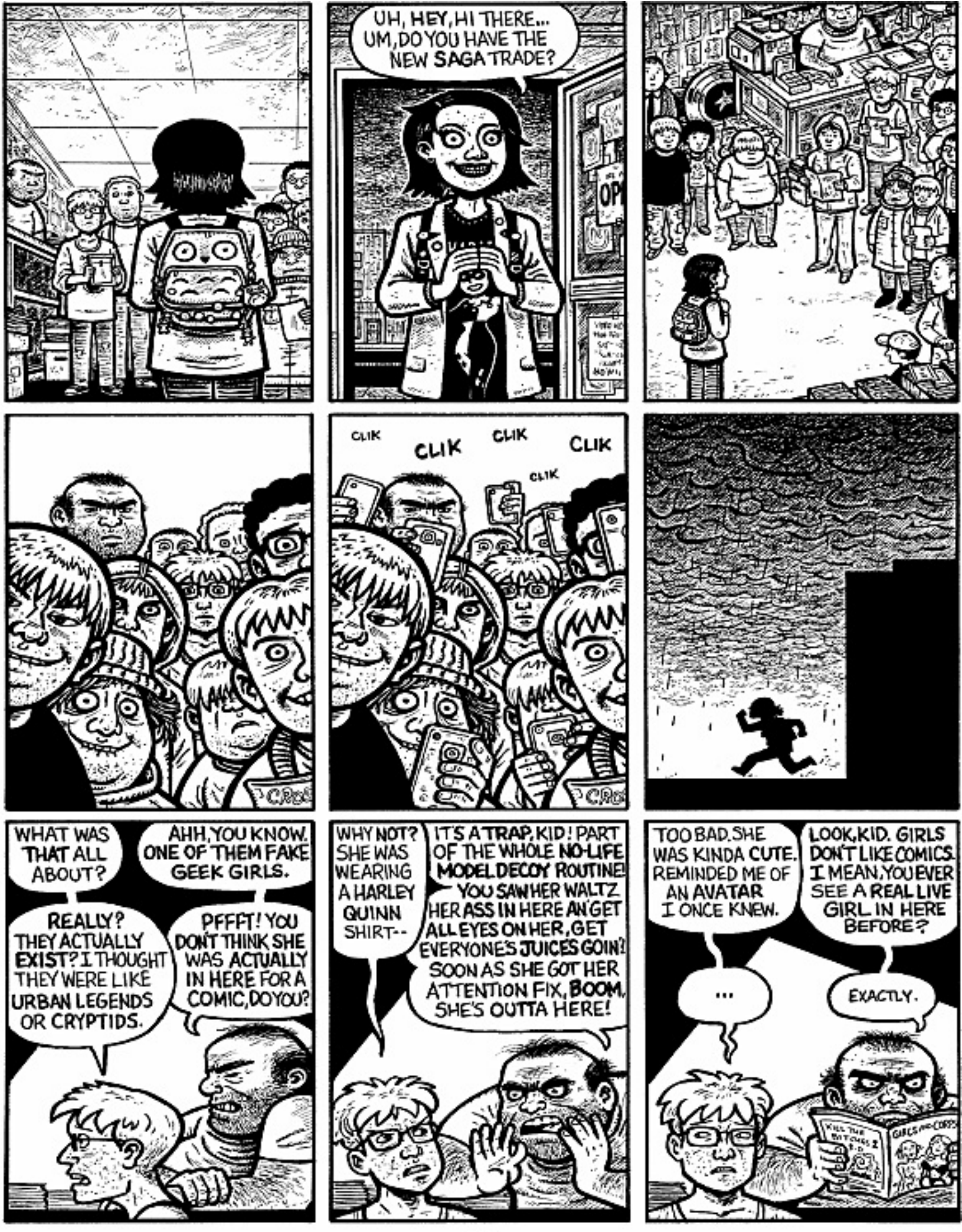
"ONE DAY I MET THIS OLD COUPLE SELLIN' COMICS AN' PULPS AN' STUFF AT A LOCAL FLEA MARKET. THEY KINDA TOOK ME UNDER THEIR WING AN' I STARTED HELPIN' THEM OUT SELLIN' BOOKS AT THE TABLE AND SOME CONS.
GOLD KEY DELL CHARLTON
MARVEL SOLAR DC
PULPS
FANZINES
FAMOUS MONSTERS


"OVER TIME THEY GOT TO BE MORE LIKE FAMILY THAN MY ACTUAL FAMILY. THEY SHAPED MY LOVE FOR COMICS--THE HISTORY, THE CHARACTERS, THE CREATORS, THE STORIES, GOOD TRIUMPHIN' OVER EVIL, WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY--ALL OF THAT STUFF."
GOLDEN AGE
PULPS
GOLDEN AGE


THEN, ONE DAY... SAME DAY I TURNED TWENTY-ONE... THE OLD MAN DIES. HEART ATTACK.
AW... THAT SUCKS. SORRY, MAN.

SORRY? SHIT, IT WAS THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME IN MY LIFE.
THE OLD BROAD WAS SUCH A FRIGGIN' WRECK I GOT HER TO SELL ME THEIR ENTIRE COLLECTION FOR PEANUTS!
THAT COLLECTION ENDED UP BANKROLLING MY COMIC SHOP!

WHY OPEN A STORE? YOU GOTTA ASK? WHO WOULDN'T WANT TO MAKE YOUR HOBBY YOUR LIFE? WHO WOULDN'T WANT YOUR OWN FANTASY WORLD TO RUN YOUR OWN WAY? PLUS, THE DISCOUNT ON--
HEY. HEY, KID! WAKE THE FUCK UP, I'M TALKIN' TO YA HERE--!


UH, HEY, HI THERE... UM, DO YOU HAVE THE NEW SAGA TRADE?
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
AHH, YOU KNOW. ONE OF THEM FAKE GEEK GIRLS.
REALLY? THEY ACTUALLY EXIST? I THOUGHT THEY WERE LIKE URBAN LEGENDS OR CRYPTIDS.
PFFFT! YOU DON'T THINK SHE WAS ACTUALLY IN HERE FOR A COMIC, DO YOU?
WHY NOT? SHE WAS WEARING A HARLEY QUINN SHIRT--
IT'S A TRAP, KID! PART OF THE WHOLE NO-LIFE MODEL DECOY ROUTINE! YOU SAW HER WALTZ HER ASS IN HERE AN' GET ALL EYES ON HER, GET EVERYONE'S JUICES GOIN! SOON AS SHE GOT HER ATTENTION FIX, BOOM, SHE'S OUTTA HERE!
TOO BAD. SHE WAS KINDA CUTE. REMINDED ME OF AN AVATAR I ONCE KNEW.
LOOK, KID. GIRLS DON'T LIKE COMICS. I MEAN, YOU EVER SEE A REAL LIVE GIRL IN HERE BEFORE?
...
EXACTLY.

4:30PM
--WAIT--WHAT? WHAT?! WHEN? SON OF A BITCH! WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME SOONER? WHATTAYA MEAN, YOU TRIED? I BEEN HERE ALL DAY! SHIT!!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT- FUCK. YEAH, OKAY. GIMME TIME TO-- YEAH, YEAH. OKAY.
SHIT!
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK--!
OKAY. OKAY...
TELL ME SOMETHIN', KID.
CAN I TRUST YOU?
I GOT A SITUATION HERE, AN' I NEED TO KNOW IF I CAN TRUST YOU TO MAN UP IN THE CLUTCH.
WHA--? I MEAN. YEAH, YOU CAN TRUST ME, JOE.
THAT'S GOOD. OKAY, NOW LISTEN. I JUST GOT A HEADS-UP FROM MY GUY AT TOYS-R-US.
HIS MANAGER'S GONNA CLEAR OUT THE BACK ROOM AN' IF I DON'T GET DOWN THERE IN TIME--
--ALL THE HIGH-DEMAND TOYS MY GUY'S PUT ASIDE FOR ME ARE GONNA END UP ON SHELVES WHERE ANY ASS-HOLE CAN BUY 'EM! KIDS, EVEN!
SO THAT'S WHERE YOU GET ALL THOSE RARE ACTION FIGURES YOU JACK UP--
LISTEN, WILLYA?! I AIN'T GOT TIME TO CLOSE UP AN' KICK EVERYONE OUT ON ACCOUNT OF I GOTTA CATCH A BUS, QUICK!
THAT MEANS YOU GOT THE CON WHILE I'M GONE, AN' THAT I'M TRUSTIN' YOU TO NOT FUCK ME OVER, HERE!
WAIT-- WHAT--? ME?! THE BUS?
DON'T TOUCH THE REGISTER OR THE PHONE, DON'T GO BEHIND THE COUNTER, DON'T DO ANYTHING FUCKIN' STUPID!
ANYONE WANTS ANYTHING, TELL 'EM TO WAIT UNTIL I GET BACK IN AN HOUR OR WHATEVER.
OKAY. LISTEN UP, PEOPLE! THIS GUY'S IN CHARGE WHILE I'M OUT! FUCK WITH HIM AN' YOU'RE BANNED!
REMEMBER, KID, I'M TRUSTIN' YOU HERE! ALSO REMEMBER I KNOW WHERE EVERYTHING IS! IF SO MUCH AS A PIZZA STAIN IS MISSIN' WHEN I GET BACK NO RETCON ON EARTH WILL SAVE YOUR ASS AFTER I'M DONE WITH YOU!
HOLY SHIT.
HOLY, HOLY SHIT.
I HAVE DIED AND TAKEN OVER HEAVEN.

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...
JOE SAID NOT TO GO BEHIND THE COUNTER.
HE ALSO SAID ANYONE WHO FUCKS WITH ME IS OUTTA HERE--
--SO SHUT YOUR GRIMA WORMTONGUE MOUTH, YOU GREASY LITTLE GORN FUCKER!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... ONLY ONE DAY IN AND ALREADY I'M JOE'S SECOND IN COMMAND AND HEIR APPARENT, THE RASCALLY ROY TO HIS SMILIN' STAN! AND IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I RULE THE WORLD OF COMICS RETAIL!
DICK TRACY
"THEY LAUGHED AT ME ON THE INTERNET! CALLED ME CRAZY! BUT I'LL SHOW THEM! THE FAN OF TODAY WILL BE THE MAN OF TOMORROW! AND THEN I'LL LAUGH!"
THERE'S BILL DICKEY! HE OWNS A COMIC SHOP!
HA HA HA HAA!
HMMM... NO WONDER JOE DOESN'T WANT ANYONE BACK HERE... HE'S BEEN HOARDING HOT BOOKS AND VARIANTS! ALL STUFF JOE SAID HE GOT SHORTED ON, THE FUCK.
OH, MY GOD-- SCORE! WHAT A MASSIVE STASH OF PIRATED COSPORN! I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF HALF THIS SHIT!
JUST-ASS LEAGUE
V FOR VAGINA
BATMAN: THE BRAVE AND THE BALLED
HUH. THIS NOTEBOOK IS VINTAGE-- I CAN'T BELIEVE JOE USED IT TO WRITE A--
--STORE LOG?!
SON OF A BITCH! IT'S A CUSTOMER SLAM BOOK! NICKNAMES, HABITS, IRRITATION RANKINGS --WHAT AN ASSHOLE!
HMM, THEN AGAIN...
"...IT'S GOTTA BE TOUGH BEING A RETAILER, DEALING WITH IDIOTS. I KNOW ALL THESE GUYS-- WHAT A BUNCH OF FUCKING LOSERS!"
I NEED A COMIC THAT STIMULATES ALL MY REGIONS.
#1 BIZARRO
WHAT'S THAT LOOK FOR? I GOT SOMETHIN' IN MY TEETH?
WEREWOLF BY SMELL
HE WHO TALKS TO BOOKS
I HEARD THERE'S GONNA BE AN ADVENTURE TIME TORTURE VARIANT. WANT.
PRINCE VARIANT
ARE THEY MAKING A MODEL OF THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON YET?
JOEY THE MODEL MANIAC
THEY HAVE DISRESPECTED THE LEGACY OF LEE FOR LINDA THE LAST TIME!!!
SUPERGIRL MAN
YO, IS SPIDER-MAN OUT? THOR? X-MEN? WHAT'S OUT?
FUCKING LOU
I'M BUYIN' A LOTTA STUFF. CAN YOU LOSE THE TAX?
DISCOUNT DRACULA
"WAIT A MINUTE-- HE'S GOT US IN HERE! THAT BASTARD! WHERE DOES THAT FAT FUCK GET OFF CALLING ANYONE NAMES? ESPECIALLY ME! I DON'T BELONG IN HERE!"
PRICK JONES
GIANT SIZE FAN-THING
YOG-JERKOFF
FLAIL SNAIL
"THE OTHER GUYS, SURE-- THAT I CAN UNDERSTAND!"
SPEAKING OF MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW CLUB MEMBERS, I WONDER WHAT THOSE ASSHOLES WOULD SAY IF THEY COULD SEE ME NOW?
LEAGUE OF EXTRA-HORNY GENITAL MEN

MAN, WHAT A PIECE OF SHIT THAT WAS! I BET MORE PEOPLE WORKED ON THE SCREENPLAY THAN WENT TO SEE IT.
SURE AS SHIT THE EDITOR DIDN'T WATCH THAT ABORTION! IT WAS CONFUSIN' EVEN WITH A PLOT WE'VE ALL SEEN A MILLION TIMES!
WELL, IT WAS THE FIFTH SEQUEL TO THE FIRST PIECE OF SHIT, SO--
SO, NOTHIN! IT WAS ALL SHIT! LAME KILLS, BAD CGI GORE, NO PRACTICAL EFFECTS, NO TITS, UGLY FINAL GIRL--
REALLY? I THOUGHT SHE WAS THE ONLY DECENT THING IN IT.
BLAAAH!! THAT'S 'CUZ YOU'RE A NO-TASTE JIZZ BRAIN WHOSE PARENTS THREW SHITTY WHEN THEY ROLLED YOU UP!
...
PETE'S RIGHT, JERRY.
THAT TURD SHOULD'VE BEEN DIRECT-TO-YOUTUBE!
Y'KNOW, WE KNEW FROM THE TRAILER WE'D HATE THAT MOVIE.
MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST START AVOIDING CRAP WE KNOW'LL SUCK?
ARE YOU SERIOUS, JERRY? WE'RE THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB! WE HAVE TO SEE EVERYTHING! GO HOME AND WATCH THE REAL HOUSEWIVES OF FUCKLEBURG IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE IT!
JESUS... IF WE DIDN'T STAY ON TOP OF EVERYTHING-- HOW THE FUCK WOULD WE HAVE ANY KIND OF LIFE? WHAT WOULD WE TALK ABOUT-- ARGUE ABOUT -- TWEET ABOUT? SPORTS? FUCK THAT SHIT! WE AIN'T NO SECOND-RATE, CASUAL FANS!
C'MON, GUYS, I WAS ONLY SAYING, Y'KNOW?
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GET ALL BILL DICKEY ON ME AND LECTURE ME ABOUT SHIT.

SPEAKING OF THAT ASSWIPE, BILL'S GONNA BE PISSED WE SAW THAT PIECE OF SHIT WITHOUT HIM.
FUCK THAT! WE SHOULD DO EVERY PIECE OF SHIT THING WITHOUT THAT COCKBUCKET. HE CAN GO FUCK HIMSELF.
EWW. WHAT IF HE REPRODUCED?
YEAH, ONE IS ENOUGH.
AHHH, PISS ON THAT GUY! A POX ON HIS ASS!
FUCKIN' JERK RUINS EVERYTHING!
I KNOW, RIGHT? HE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT TROUBLE LATELY--
LATELY? C'MON, JOSH, HE'S ALWAYS BEEN LOWER THAN A MOLE MAN'S SHITTER!
HE'S A BAD FAN. A VERY BAD FAN.
YEAH, TRUE, BILL'S ALWAYS BEEN A TOOL, BUT NOW HE'S LIKE A MASSIVE JACK KIRBY-DESIGNED TOOL.
EVERY TIME WE HAVE A MEETING IT'S CHAOTIC AWFUL.
WE GET IN DEEPER SHIT WHEN BILL'S AROUND. HE'S LIKE A WALKING DAMAGE MULTIPLIER -- A CURSED OBJECT!
YEAH, EVEN JOSHULA'S FUCK-DUMBEST IDEAS GET FUCK-DUMBER AFTER BILL GETS THROUGH WITH 'EM!
HEY, FUCK YOU! YOU'RE THE SUPER SAIYAN DICK WHO GOT US COMMUNITY SERVICE!
YEAH, WELL YOU'RE THE SUPER SAIYAN ASSHOLE WHO GOT US GROUNDED FOR A WHOLE SUMMER!
SUPER SAIYAN DICK!
SUPER SAIYAN ASSHOLE!
SUPER SAIYAN DICK!
SUPER SAIYAN ASSHOLE!
GUYS! GUYS! C'MON, ONE DICK AT A TIME! WE HAVE TO STAY ON TARGET!
JOE'S FANTASY WORLD
WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO ABOUT BILL--
WE BANISH HIS ASS. WISH HIM INTO THE CORNFIELD!
WELL, DUH! BUT EVERY TIME ANYONE TRIES TO KICK ANYONE OUT ALL IT LEADS TO IS A FIGHT SCENE!
MAYBE INSTEAD OF GANGING UP ON BILL WE JUST SIT DOWN WITH HIM AND TELL HIM HOW--
AH, C'MON, JERRY! YOU DON'T REASON WITH THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD! YOU ELECTROCUTE HIS ASS!
!
GKK--
HEY, LOOKS LIKE JOE CLEANED UP IN HERE.
UH-OH. JOSHZILLA'S THROWIN' SPARKS.
YO! JOSHANTUA! WHATSAMATTA, CTHULHU GOT YOUR TONGUE?
W-W-W-WORSE. M-M-MUCH... W-WORSE--

WELCOME TO DELOS, BITCHES! WHERE AB-SO-FUCKIN'-LUTELY NOTHING CAN GO WRONG!
DO NOT TOUCH
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOIN' BACK THERE?
BILL, ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU BETTER GET DOWN FROM THERE BEFORE JOE SEES YOU!
HEH HEH HEH...
JOE KNOWS I'M HERE. HE LEFT ME IN CHARGE WHILE HE'S OUT. BECAUSE I WORK HERE NOW.
N-NO--NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING -- IT'S SOME SORT OF PHILIP K. DICK THING--A COSMIC IMBALANCE!
WE STEPPED INTO AN ALTERNATE DIMENSION WHERE EVERYTHING'S FUCKED!
FUCK-WORLD! WE'RE TRAPPED ON FUCK-WORLD!
WAIT--THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! AND THAT DICK TRACY SHIRT-- YES! THAT'S IT! AN ILLUSION! THIS MUST BE AN ILLUSION!
I DISBELIEVE! I DISBELIEVE LIKE CRAZY!
ME, TOO!
DISBELIEVE ALL YOU WANT. IT'S NOT A HOAX. NOT A DREAM, NOT AN IMAGINARY STORY! AND THERE'S NOT A GUNDAM THING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!
...
BUT-- BUT--
AAAAAA AAAAH! FUCK! FUCK!! IT'S NOT FAIR!
I'VE BEEN ASKING JOE FOR A JOB EVER SINCE THE FIRST DAY I CAME HERE!!
I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE WORKING HERE!
ME!
NOT HIM! ME!
POOR JOSH. ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID OF FRANKENSTEIN, NEVER A BRIDE.
CAN'T BLAME HIM. THIS IS AN EXTREMELY FUCKED UP SITUATION. A CRISIS, YOU MIGHT SAY.
IT'S THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE. WORSE THAN WHEN BRAVE AND THE BOLD GOT CANCELED. WORSE THAN WHEN GRAMMY AN' POP-POP DIED IN A CAR CRASH.
BLACK KISS 2

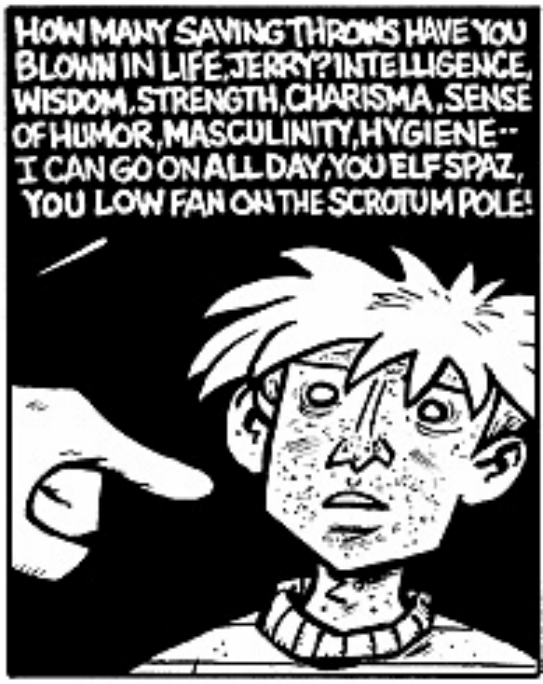
IT'S A SCREWJOB! A MONTREAL SCREW-JOB! YOU KNEW, BILL! YOU KNEW AND YOU STABBED ME IN THE BACK!
WHAT?! FIRST OFF, YOU DON'T STAB WHALES, YOU HARPOON THEM--
OH, HERE WE GO WITH THE FAT
OH, SHUT UP, JOSH!

JUST SHUT YOUR PLANETHOLE AND LISTEN! JOE HIRED ME, NOT YOU, YOU FAT UGLY FUCK!
HE'D NEVER HIRE YOU! EVEN THAT MORON KNOWS YOU'RE A ONE-MAN INFERIOR FIVE WHO SHITS UP EVERYTHING HE SWEATS ON!
A THING SO PATHETIC ITS OWN MOTHER HAD A HEART ATTACK TO TRY TO ESCAPE THE SUPERBOY-LOVING MUTANT HER CUNT SPIT OUT!

HEY, WHOA! OKAY, WE GET IT, BILL-- WITH A LITTLE POWER COMES A LITTLE DOUCHEBAG. YOU WON, OKAY? LAY OFF THE GUY!
OH, GIVE ME A FUCKIN' BREAK! LIKE YOU GIVE A RATTATA'S ASS ABOUT JOSH'S BIG FAT BABY HUEY FEELINGS!

ALL YOUR SLEESTAK BRAIN CARES ABOUT IS YOUR FAKE-ASS BLOOD-AND-GUTS BULLSHIT PARADE! YOU, AND THAT MODERN MASTERS OF HORROR CRAP ONLY A TENTACLE-FUCKED, STUPID PIECE OF SHIT LIKE YOU COULD GET OFF ON! YOU'RE DUMBER THAN A BOX SET OF LUCIO FULCI DVD'S AND TWICE AS NAUSEATING!

AND, YOU!
HUH--?! BUT I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING!
OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T, YOU GUTLESS WONDER TWIN, SHAPE OF A WIMP, FORM OF A PUSSY!


HOW MANY SAVING THROWS HAVE YOU BLOWN IN LIFE, JERRY? INTELLIGENCE, WISDOM, STRENGTH, CHARISMA, SENSE OF HUMOR, MASCULINITY, HYGIENE-- I CAN GO ON ALL DAY, YOU ELF SPAZ, YOU LOW FAN ON THE SCROTUM POLE!

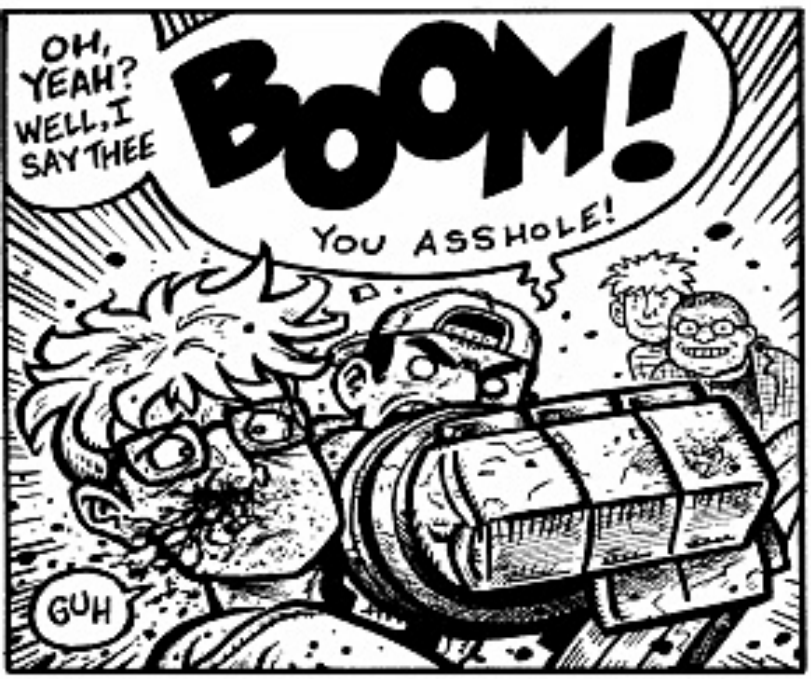
WELL... Y'GOTTA ADMIT, THE PRICKS MAKIN' A HELL OF A CASE FOR KICKIN' HIS CRAZY ASS OUTTA THE CLUB.
YEAH, HE'S BEEN ON THE ASS HOLODECK SO LONG HE ACTUALLY BELIEVES WE'LL KEEP PUTTING UP WITH HIS CRAP.
YES! FINALLY! LET'S VOTE THE BASTARD OUT RIGHT NOW!

OH, GO SHIT YOUR UNDEROOS AND DIE!! FACE IT, LOSERS, I HIT THE JACKPOT! I LEVELED UP! I UNLOCKED A MAJOR ACHIEVEMENT! I MADE IT TO THE NEXT STAGE! AND YOU NPC MINION FUCKS GOT LEFT BEHIND!!

I DON'T NEED YOU AND I DON'T NEED TO BE IN YOUR SAD FUCKING FAN CLUB! I'M NOT A NOTHING FAN ANY MORE! I'M A PROFESSIONAL! SO FUCK THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB AND FUCK YOU!

WOW. I MEAN ...WOW.
IF I'M A PIECE OF SHIT, BILL--YOU'RE THE WHOLE FUCKIN' PILE.
:SNRRK:
OOH, OWW, CRITICAL HIT, PETE! WIZARD NEEDS POTION, BADLY!
OH, HEY, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU--JOE SAID ANYONE WHO FUCKS WITH ME GETS TOSSED OUT AND BANNED FOR LIFE!
I'D CALL THIS FUCKIN' WITH ME, SOOO--
--YOU'RE OUTTA HERE! ADIOS, EX-AMIGOS!
TOO BAD THIS IS THE ONLY COMIC SHOP IN TOWN! SUCKS TO BE YOU, HUH?
N-NO! NO! I DISBELIEVE!
DON'T BAN ME, BILL! BAN PETE! HE'S THE ONE WHO SAID THAT PILE of SHIT STUFF!
YOU LAUGHED!
I DID NOT! I HAD A SINUS ATTACK!
WOULD YOU TWO CHUDS SHUT THE FUCK UP? HE'S JUST FUCKIN' WIT' US, HE CAN'T CHUCK US OUT!
OH, YOU THINK I'M KIDDIN', HUH? DO I LOOK LIKE THE FUCKIN' JOKER TO YOU?!
YOU'RE GONNA LOOK LIKE THE SHIT HALF OF HARVEY DENT IF YOU DON'T BACK THE FUCK OFF, ASSHOLE!
RIGHT. I FIGURED IT WOULD COME TO THIS.
I'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS TO LEAVE. JUST WALK AWAY. WALK AWAY AND I WON'T HAVE TO SMITE YOUR ASSES!
WHAT THE FUCK?! BILL, PUT THAT DOWN! YOU CAN'T SMITE PEOPLE WITH A THREE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PREMIUM MJOLNIR REPLICA!!
ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE NOT WORTHY TO WIELD IT!
IT'S A THREE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-DOLLAR DIAMOND EXCLUSIVE WITH THE ORIGINAL-APPEARANCE "THORR" TYPO, AND I CAN AND WILL SMASH YOUR FOUR-DOLLAR FACES IN WITH IT IF YOU DO NOT GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, JOSH. DON'T YOU MOVE A SWEAT GLAND.
THORR

I GOT THIS ASGARDIAN IGNORAMUS.
CREEP
PETE, GOD-DAMMIT!
YOU PUT THAT SHIT DOWN OR I'LL BUST YOUR HEAD OPEN!
YOU COME ONE STEP CLOSER AN' I'LL DO YOU LIKE MARVEL DID KIRBY.
SO BE IT!
YOU'VE BEEN ASKIN' FOR THIS FOR A LONG TIME, PETE--!
HAVE AT THEE, MOTHERFUCKER!!
CREEP
P-KLANG!


OH, YEAH? WELL, I SAY THEE
BOOM!
YOU ASSHOLE!
GUH

CHUP!
CREEP

YOU HURT MY FRIEND!
JOSH SMASH!
SHIT! I MEAN-- IT'S CLOB--

SKASH!

CLUNT!
DICK

CHOK

THAT'S IT! HOLD'M
BASTARDS! YOU WON'T RUIN MY PLANS!
I'LL RUIN YOUR FACE, YOU--!
GAGH- OWW!
FOR ASGARD!
HIT HIM! HIT HIM!
FUCK ASGARD
IMPERIUM REX!
FUCK!
FUP
POP
WAP
OW! SHIT!
SLAP
PISH
RIP
DUNT
SMEK!

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?!?
OPEN

ARE YOU SHITTIN' ME..?
YOU GOTTA BE FUCKIN' SHITTIN' ME...
YOU LITTLE BASTARDS
YOU LOUSY LITTLE BASTARDS
YOU KILLED MY STORE

TWENTY-NINE YEARS I BEEN HERE... THROUGH RECESSIONS, SNOWSTORMS, HURRICANES, RIOTS, COMPETITION, MARKET COLLAPSE, SPECULATOR COLLAPSE, DISTRIBUTOR WARS, MARVELUTION, BLACK-AN'-WHITE BOOM AN' BUST, VARIANTS, HOLOGRAMS, EMBOSSED FOIL, POLYBAGS, BAD GIRLS, POGS, BOOKSTORES, AMAZON, DIGITAL, DIABETES, AUDITS...
...BUT THIS... THIS TAKES THE SHIT CAKE.
THIS IS A KNIFE IN MY HEART.

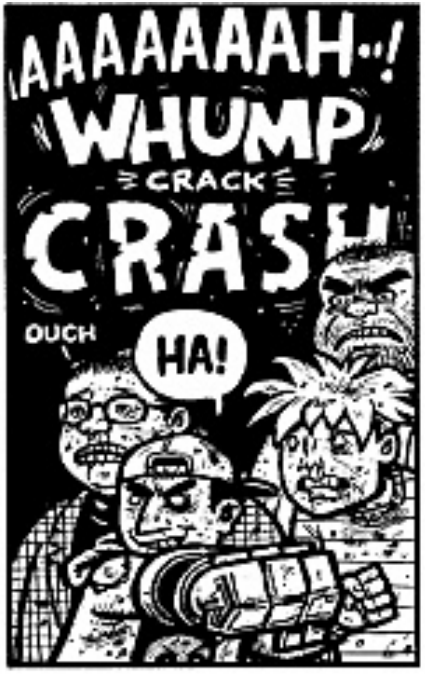
IT'S MY FAULT! I FUCKED UP!! I TRUSTED YOU!!!
AN' THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY ME? BY FUCKIN' UP MY STORE? YOU COULDN'T WAIT FIVE SECONDS TO GET YOUR ELTINGVILLE CLUB BITCH MONKEYS IN HERE TO FUCK UP MY FANTASY WORLD, HUH?!?

WE DIDN'T DO ANY-THING, JOE! IT WAS BILL! HE MADE US FIGHT!
IT WAS BILL! AND PETE, A LITTLE BIT, BUT MOSTLY BILL--
YEAH, AN'-- WHATTAYA MEAN A LITTLE BIT ME--?
WHO TRASHED THE POWER BATTERY? SINESTRO?!

L-LOOK, JOE! THIS ISN'T WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE! THESE GUYS WERE TRYING TO SHOPLIFT FROM US-- I WAS JUST TRYIN' TO STOP THEM AND THEY WENT CRAZY AND ATTACKED ME!!
OH, YOU LYIN' FUCK!

IT'S TRUE! THEY'VE BEEN STEALIN' FROM YOU AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN 'EM!
LOOK! THIS WAS IN PETE'S JACKET! HE STOLE THIS SIN CITY LIGHTER FROM YOU AGES AGO! HE SHOWS IT OFF WHEN YOUR BACK IS TURNED--
SIN CITY

SPOP
YOU LYIN' PICKPOCKET FUCK!


AAAAAAAH..!
WHUMP
CRACK
CRASH
OUCH
HA!

WHAT ON EARTH 2 IS FUCKIN WRONG WIT' YOU?

YOU STEAL FROM ME, YOU WRECK MY JOINT, AN' NOW YOU DISRESPECT MY ASS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME?!
YOU THINK I'M GONNA PUT UP WITH THAT?!?

I KILLL YOU!
JESUS CHRIST! HE'S HULKIN' OUT! HE'S REALLY HULKIN' OUT!
HE'S RED HULK HULKING OUT!
HE'S RED SHE-HULK HULKING OUT! RUN!

WHO-- WHERE AM I--?
OH-- RIGHT-- MUST'VE PASSED OUT-- AFTER PETE BOOMED ME INTO THE BAGGING TABLE...

CHEST HURTS BAD-- HEAD'S SPINNING--
--WHERE'S ALL THAT BLOOD COMING FROM--?
HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE-- FREE MYSELF--
IF ONLY I COULD LIFT THIS SHIT OFF ME--!

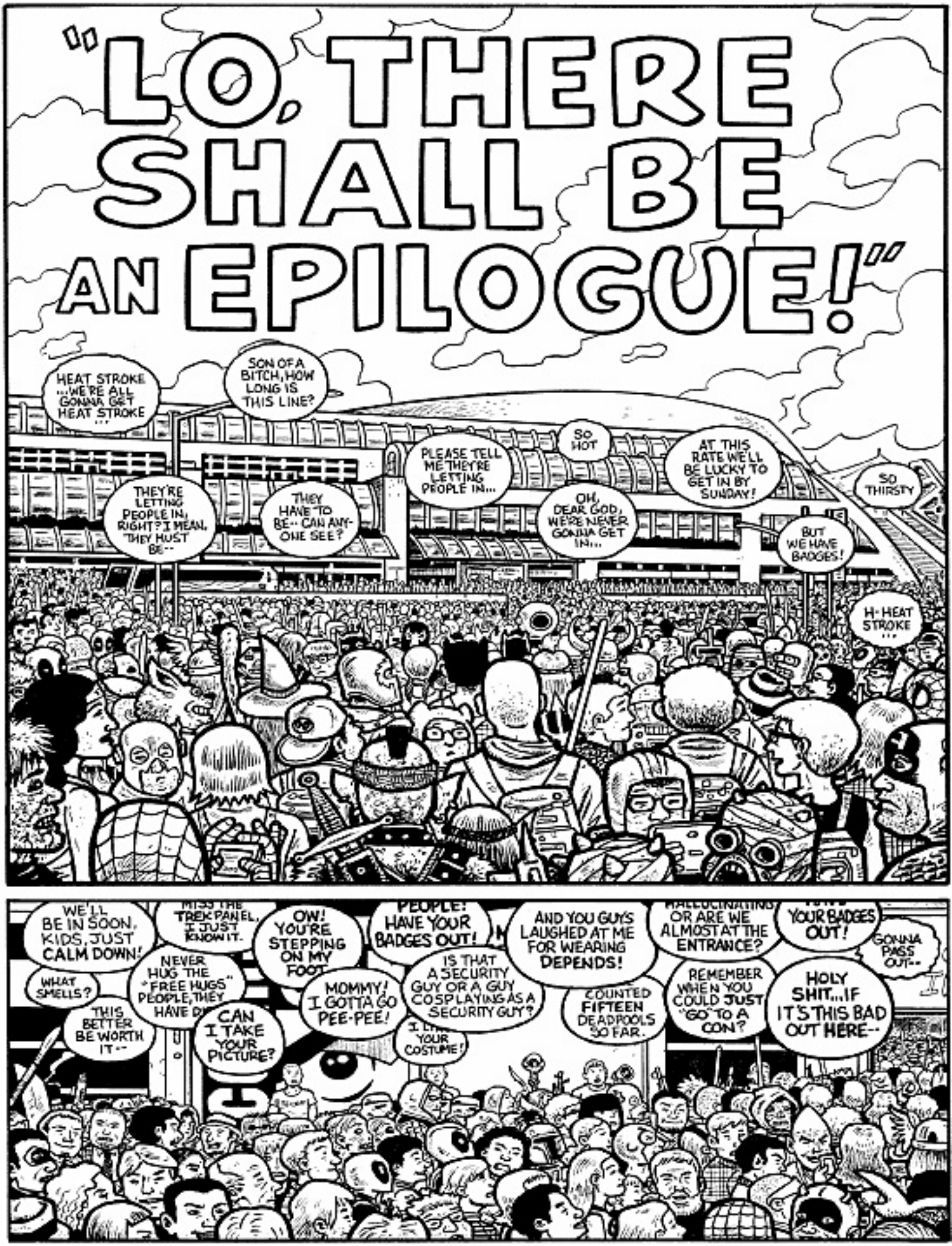
SON OF A BITCH! I CAN'T! TOO EXHAUSTED-- AFTER ALL THAT FIGHTING ...
HAVE TO FACE IT-- I'M TRAPPED-- BURIED-- BENEATH BACK ISSUES!

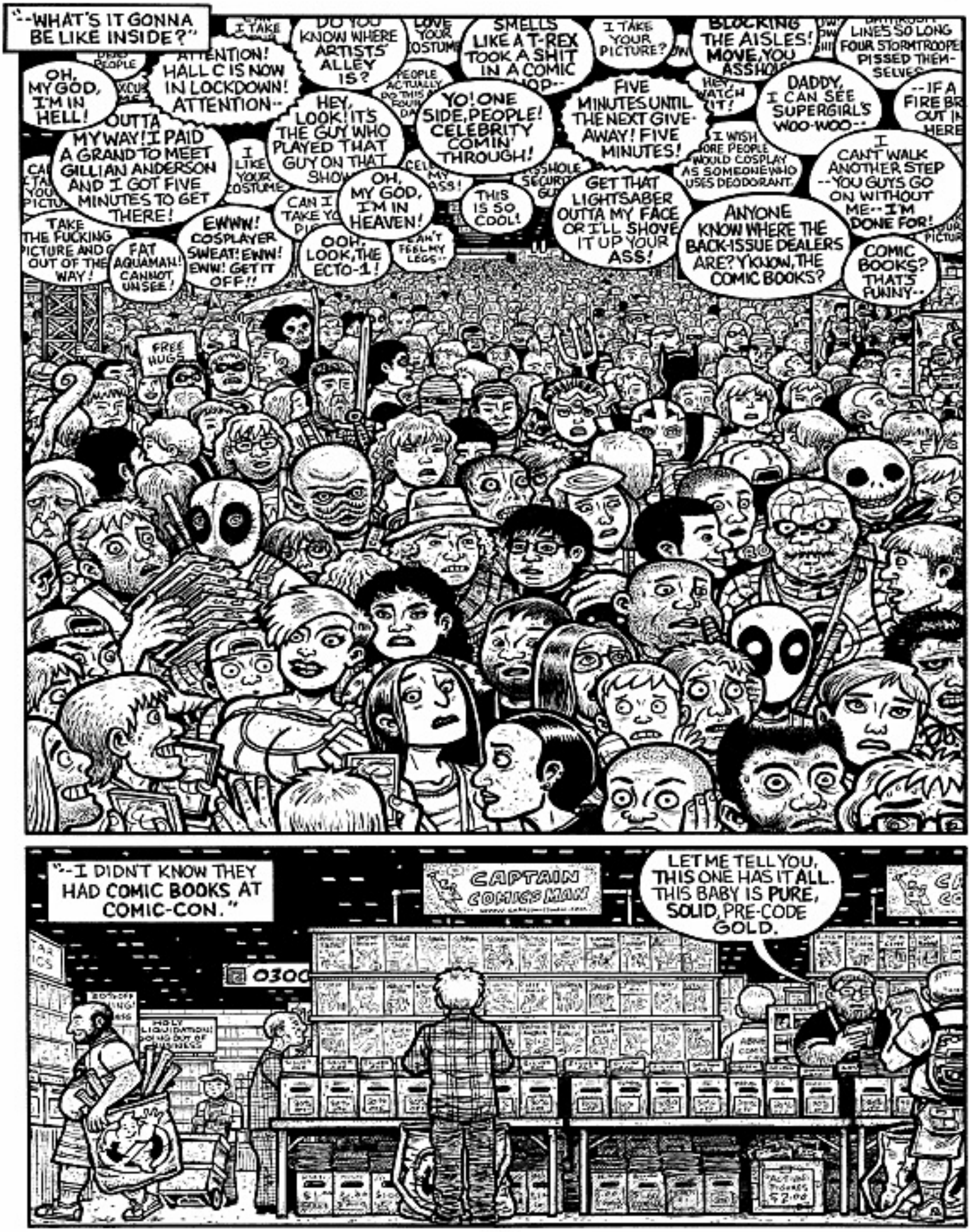
THERE'S NO WAY PAST HIM! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
WE'RE GONNA HAFTA KILL HIM IN SELF-DEFENSE! FIND COLLECTIBLE SHIT THAT'LL KILL! FIND CONAN SHIT!
PULSE-- POUNDING! SENSES-- SHATTERED! HOLD ON-- I MUST HOLD ON--!
PETE'S LIGHTER-- JUST LYING THERE --JUST BEYOND REACH, MOCKING ME--! TAUNTING ME--!
NOT THAT IT COULD DO ME ANY GOOD--
GOD. I FEEL DIZZY ...
WHO DO YOU THINK IS STRONGER, JOE OR THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB?
DUH, DUDE. IT'S LIKE THE BLOB VERSUS SOME SHITTY X-MEN. LIKE. THREE MADROXES.
HEY, I LIKE MADROX.
YOU WOULD.
IT CAN'T END HERE-- NOT NOW! NOT LIKE THIS--!
NOT WHEN THOSE THREE BASTARDS HAVE COST ME MY JOB-- MY DREAM --MY VERY FUTURE--!
IT'S ALL OVER FOR ME-- BUT THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT-- I WON'T LET THEM!
REVENGE--! YES--! REVENGE--! BUT FIRST-- I HAVE TO GET FREE--!
MUST CHANNEL ALL MY HATE OF THOSE FUCKS--ALL MY ANGER--AND--
LIFT--!
OW, SHIT!
LIFT--!
I DID IT! I'M FREE!
FREE--TO EXACT MY REVENGE!
HA HA HA HA!
S'TANG!
OW! SHIT!
SORRY, PETE! I COULD ONLY FIND HAWKMAN SHIT! IT'S HARD TO USE!
SON OF A BITCH! THAT'S FOR DISPLAY PURPOSES ONLY!
HEY!
YOU ASS-HOLES GOT A MINUTE?
I WANNA SHOW YOU SOMETHIN!

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOIN? CLOSE THAT THING UP, YOU CRAZY BASTARD!
WHAT AM I DOING? CAN'T YOU TELL?
I'M QUITTIN', JOE. CHECKIN' OUT.
AND I'M TAKIN' YOU SCUMBAGS DOWN THE BOOM TUBE WITH ME.
OH. SHIT.
NO KID! DON'T DO IT! THERE'S A TON OF CHARLTONS IN THAT PILE! THEY'LL GO UP LIKE FUCKIN' KEROSENE!
HUH. GOOD TO KNOW.
AND KNOWING IS HALF THE GO FUCK YOURSELF, FAT STUFF.
ALL NEW
FOOMSH!
HA HA HAA! BURRN!
HA HA HA HA!
HA
HA
HOT!
HOLY SHIT!
HOT!
I'M ON FIRE! I'M ON FIRE!
FLAME OFF! FLAME OFF!
YOU CHEAP FUCK, JOE!!
MY STORE WOULD'VE HAD A SPRINK--
KK-KRAK-?
BLOOSH!
OH, HEY.
KIDDIE POOL...

OH, MY GOD, DID YOU HEAR? THAT HORRIBLE STORE I WENT TO BURNED DOWN YESTERDAY! CRAZY, HUH?
WHERE AM I GONNA GO TO GET TREATED LIKE SHIT NOW?
I WAS THERE. BILL DICKEY LOOKED LIKE THE TARMAN FROM RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD WHEN HE CRAWLED OUT.
THEY ALL GOT ARRESTED. JOE'S STILL IN, THOUGH. DUNNO WHY.
JOE'S SUCKED BUT NOW THERE'S NOTHIN'.
I HEARD JOE RESET THE FIRE FOR THE INSURANCE.
THE WORST PART IS I LEFT MY COMICS BEHIND WHEN I RAN OUT!
I STILL SAY MADROX IS COOL.
WAIT-- JOE HIT A COP?
ALL THOSE COMICS GONE AND THOSE ELTINGVILLE CLUB ASSHOLES ARE ALIVE. SHIT.
HE SUCKS.
KIDDIE POOL?
I HOPE THEY GO TO PRISON AND GET BEATEN TO DEATH.
YEAH, MY KING CITY TRADE ARRIVED FROM AMAZON TODAY. FUCK THAT GUY.
KENNY LITO SAYS JOE WASN'T PAID UP ON HIS INSURANCE. I BELIEVE IT.
I WAS ALREADY THINKING OF DROPPING MY LAST FEW TITLES ANYWAY. MORE MONEY FOR GAMES.
YOU CAN STILL SMELL THE LONELINESS IN THE AIR--
THOSE JERKS ARE LUCKY THEY AREN'T EIGHTEEN YET. STILL, I'D HATE TO BE THEM RIGHT NOW. OR, LIKE, EVER.
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU, FOR GOD'S SAKES? WHERE DO YOU GET THESE IDEAS, WHAT GOES THROUGH YOUR MIND?
WE DO FOR YOU AND WE DO FOR YOU AND THIS IS WHAT WE GET? A SON WHO PUTS HIS MOTHER IN THE HOSPITAL? WHY DON'T YOU JUST STAB HER TO DEATH AND GET IT OVER WITH?
HERE, I'LL GO GET YOU A KNIFE. YOU CAN CUT MY THROAT, TOO, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT! WE'D BE BETTER OFF STABBED TO DEATH THAN TO HAVE SUCH AN UNGRATEFUL PUTZ OF A SON!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'VE GONE WRONG WITH YOU, BILL. I REALLY DON'T, BUT IT'S OBVIOUS I'VE DONE SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU HATE ME.
MAYBE IT WAS THE DIVORCE. LIKE THAT WAS MY FAULT. JESUS.
CHRIST. MOM, CAN'T THIS WAIT--? SHIT.
TRYING TO WATCH AGENTS OF SHIELD HERE ...
ANYWAY, I SPOKE TO MY SISTER IN MICHIGAN ABOUT US STAYING WITH HER FOR A WHILE AFTER THIS SHIT'S SETTLED--
AN' ANOTHER THING-- YOU'RE GONNA GET A JOB THIS SUMMER AN' YOU'RE GONNA LEARN TO ACT LIKE A FUCKIN' HUMAN BEIN', LIKE YOUR BROTHERS, GOT THAT?
NO MORE OF THIS BULLSHIT. YOU AIN'T A BABY, YOU DON'T NEED KID STUFF, TOYS AN' CRAP. ALL THIS SHIT GOES IN THE GARBAGE TOMORROW, YOU HEAR ME?
AN' IF YOU EVER GO NEAR THEM SO-CALLED FRIENDS OF YOURS AGAIN I'LL BREAK YOUR FUCKIN' LEGS FOR YOU, SO HELP ME.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, WE'RE VERY DISAPPOINTED WITH YOU, GERALD.
WHEN YOUR FATHER GETS BACK FROM HIS BUSINESS TRIP WE'LL HAVE MORE TO DISCUSS ABOUT THIS, AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT.
ALL I'LL SAY RIGHT NOW IS THAT WHEN WE'RE AT THE COURTHOUSE YOU MIGHT WANT TO SAY GOODBYE TO THOSE FRIENDS OF YOURS, BECAUSE IT'S THE LAST TIME YOU'LL EVER SEE THEM.

OKAY, GUYS, NOW THAT WE'RE ALL SWORN IN AND EVERYTHING'S OFFICIAL--
--I HEREBY CALL TO ORDER THE FIRST OFFICIAL MEETING--
--OF THE ELTINGVILLE COMIC BOOK, SCIENCE-FICTION, FANTASY, HORROR, AND ROLE-PLAYING CLUB!
HUZZAH!
I STILL SAY THE NAME OF THE CLUB IS TOO LONG--AND THE INITIALS DON'T SPELL OUT A COOL SECRET ORGANIZATION NAME LIKE SHIELD OR AIM OR SPECTRE--
AH, WHO CARES 'BOUT SOME DUMB INITIALS? THE REAL PROBLEM IS THAT "HORROR" SHOULD GO IN FRONT OF "FANTASY". HORROR MAKES YOU FACE YOUR FEARS AN' FANTASY'S JUST MADE-UP STUFF FULL OF ELF CRAP--
DON'T BE A JERK, PETE! YOU KNOW FANTASY'S MORE THAN ELF CRAP! THERE'S WIZARDS AND DRAGONS AND DWARVES--
DWARVES IS JUST BLUE COLLAR ELVES--
THEY ARE NOT!
C'MON, GUYS! DO YOU WANNA ARGUE ABOUT STUPID CRAP OR DO YOU WANNA HAVE FUN?
I MEAN, ISN'T THIS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT HAVING FUN?
BEE-DEE BEE-DEE BEE-DEE ...
"... IT'S THE END OF THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB, BUCK."


"LO, THERE SHALL BE AN EPILOGUE!"
HEAT STROKE ...WE'RE ALL GONNA GET HEAT STROKE ...
SON OF A BITCH, HOW LONG IS THIS LINE?
THEY'RE LETTING PEOPLE IN, RIGHT? I MEAN, THEY HUST BE--
THEY HAVE TO BE-- CAN ANY-ONE SEE?
PLEASE TELL ME THEY'RE LETTING PEOPLE IN...
SO HOT
OH, DEAR GOD, WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET IN...
AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE LUCKY TO GET IN BY SUNDAY!
SO THIRSTY
BUT WE HAVE BADGES!
H-HEAT STROKE ...
WE'LL BE IN SOON, KIDS, JUST CALM DOWN!
WHAT SMELLS?
THIS BETTER BE WORTH IT--
MISS THE TREK PANEL, I JUST KNOW IT.
NEVER HUG THE "FREE HUGS" PEOPLE, THEY HAVE DI
CAN I TAKE YOUR PICTURE?
OW! YOU'RE STEPPING ON MY FOOT
MOMMY! I GOTTA GO PEE-PEE!
PEOPLE! HAVE YOUR BADGES OUT!
IS THAT A SECURITY GUY OR A GUY COSPLAYING AS A SECURITY GUY?
I L YOUR COSTUME!
AND YOU GUYS LAUGHED AT ME FOR WEARING DEPENDS!
COUNTED FIFTEEN DEADPOOLS SO FAR.
OR ARE WE ALMOST AT THE ENTRANCE?
REMEMBER WHEN YOU COULD JUST "GO" TO A CON?
YOUR BADGES OUT!
GONNA PASS OUT--
HOLY SHIT...IF IT'S THIS BAD OUT HERE--


"--WHAT'S IT GONNA BE LIKE INSIDE?"
OH, MY GOD, I'M IN HELL!
ATTENTION! HALL C IS NOW IN LOCKDOWN! ATTENTION--
DO YOU KNOW WHERE ARTISTS' ALLEY IS?
SMELLS LIKE A T-REX TOOK A SHIT IN A COMIC SHOP--
I TAKE YOUR PICTURE?
BLOCKING THE AISLES! MOVE, YOU ASSHOLE!
LINES SO LONG FOUR STORMTROOPERS PISSED THEMSELVES
DADDY, I CAN SEE SUPERGIRL'S WOO-WOO--
--IF A FIRE BREAKS OUT IN HERE
OUTTA MY WAY! I PAID A GRAND TO MEET GILLIAN ANDERSON AND I GOT FIVE MINUTES TO GET THERE!
HEY, LOOK! IT'S THE GUY WHO PLAYED THAT GUY ON THAT SHOW!
YO! ONE SIDE, PEOPLE! CELEBRITY COMIN' THROUGH!
FIVE MINUTES UNTIL THE NEXT GIVE-AWAY! FIVE MINUTES!
I WISH MORE PEOPLE WOULD COSPLAY AS SOMEONE WHO USES DEODORANT.
I CAN'T WALK ANOTHER STEP --YOU GUYS GO ON WITHOUT ME--I'M DONE FOR!
OH, MY GOD, I'M IN HEAVEN!
THIS IS SO COOL!
GET THAT LIGHTSABER OUTTA MY FACE OR I'LL SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!
ANYONE KNOW WHERE THE BACK-ISSUE DEALERS ARE? Y'KNOW, THE COMIC BOOKS?
COMIC BOOKS? THAT'S FUNNY--
TAKE THE FUCKING PICTURE AND GET OUT OF THE WAY!
FAT AQUAMAN! CANNOT UNSEE!
EWWW! COSPLAYER SWEAT! EWW! EWW! GET IT OFF!!
OOH, LOOK, THE ECTO-1!
FREE HUGS
"--I DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD COMIC BOOKS AT COMIC-CON."
CAPTAIN COMICS MAN
LET ME TELL YOU, THIS ONE HAS IT ALL. THIS BABY IS PURE, SOLID, PRE-CODE GOLD.

YOU GOT YOUR GOOD-GIRL ART, YOUR HEADLIGHTS, YOUR INJURY-TO-EYE MOTIF, YOUR INJURY-TO-HEADLIGHTS MOTIF, RACISM, SEXISM, MURDER, TORTURE, BONDAGE, SADOMASOCHISM, EROTIC SPANKING, DRUG USE, ALCOHOL, CONTEMPT OF THE LAW, CONTEMPT OF AUTHORITY, SATANISM, OCCULTISM, CORPSE MUTILATION, BLOOD DRAINING, BLOOD DRINKING--I MEAN, WHAT'S NOT TO LIKE?
YEAH, WELL, LOOK, I--
YOU THINK I'M KIDDING?
THIS LITTLE NUMBER WOULD MAKE WERTHAM PUKE IN HIS GRAVE! IT MAKES EC LOOK LIKE DC! IT MAKES "MURDER, MORPHINE, AND ME" LOOK LIKE "SLAP FIGHTS, SODA POP, AND SOME SISSIES"!
THAT'S GREAT, BUT I'M LOOKING FOR ANIMAL COMICS, ESPECIALLY THE ISSUES WALT KELLY WORKED ON--
ANIMAL COMICS. HUH? WELL, WHATEVER FLOATS YOUR BOAT, TELL YOU WHAT--LET ME OPEN THIS BAD BOY UP, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF WE FOUND A LITTLE BESTIALITY IN THERE SOMEWHERE--
TREMBLING HORROR
LOOK, I'M SORRY, BUT I'M JUST NOT INTERESTED IN--
WELL, GET INTERESTED! DO YOU REALIZE THIS IS ONE OF ONLY SIX COPIES KNOWN TO EXIST THAT ISN'T DAMAGED, FADED, OR SPUNK ENCRUSTED?
UHH ...
AHEM
UH, EXCUSE ME--
BEEN SITTING AROU
UNTOUCHED LIKE A HOT BOX OF CANCER
I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!!

IT FELL, OKAY?! IT JUST FELL! JESUS CHRIST, HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN SOMETHING SLIP AND FALL INTO A BAG BEFORE? IT'S NOT LIKE BIGFOOT, FOR FUCK'S SAKE! IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY, EVERYDAY, COMMON OCCURRENCE YOU SEE AT EVERY CON I'VE EVER BEEN TO--
?
HOLY SHIT.
JERRY?
YOU SCARED THE SHIT OUTTA ME!
HA! I KNEW IT WAS YOU, BILL! OR AT LEAST YOUR DOPPELGÄNGER! SORRY IF I SCARED YOU, MAN.
HOLY CRAP. IT'S BEEN A WHILE, HUH?
WOW.
TEN YEARS, EFFENDI.
YEAH.
YOU, UH... YOU LOOK HEALTHIER. LIKE YOU LEVELED UP OR SOMETHING.
YEAH, WELL, I WORK OUT, TRY TO EAT RIGHT, ALL THAT STUFF. YOU LOOK GOOD. STILL ROCKIN' THE PLAID, I SEE.
NAH, I'M JUST COSPLAYIN' AS MY YOUNGER SELF.
HA HA! WELL, YOU NAILED THE OUTFIT, DUDE!
SO... WHAT BRINGS YOU ALL THE WAY OUT HERE TO NO FAN'S LAND?
OH, I'M JUST KILLIN' TIME BEFORE SOME MEETINGS WITH SOME PEOPLE. FIGURED I'D TRY TO HUNT DOWN SOME CONAN BACK ISSUES.
MEETINGS? HERE AT COMIC-CON? SHIT. SOUNDS LIKE THE BEE-DEE-BEE-DEE KID'S DOING OKAY.
AH, YEAH, I CAN'T COMPLAIN. HOW 'BOUT YOU? THINGS GOING ALL RIGHT?
YEAH, WELL... YOU KNOW. HAVEN'T BURNED DOWN ANY COMIC SHOPS IN A WHILE...

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
OW, MY STOMACH
HOLY SHIT, WHAT WAS UP WITH US?
YOU'RE ASKING ME? WE SHOULD'VE ALL BEEN ON FUCKING MEDS!
YEAH, JUST NOT JOSH'S MOM'S STASH!
OH, SHIT! DON'T EVEN! DON'T EVEN!
MAN, THIS IS TOO WEIRD. I MEAN, I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE EVEN TALKING TO ME.
DUDE, I DON'T HOLD GRUDGES. NEVER DID, NOT EVEN BACK THEN. I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HANG OUT WITH YOU GUYS OTHERWISE.
BESIDES, BACK THEN WAS BACK THEN. LONG TIME AGO, FAR, FAR AWAY.
YEAH, YEAH ...
HEY, YOU IN THE MIDDLE OF ANYTHING? I'VE GOT A LUNCH MEETING AT ONE O'CLOCK-- WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME?
WHAT? OH, UH, I-- I DON'T KNOW, JERRY.
I DON'T WANNA BE A FIFTH WHEEL ON THE BATMOBILE, Y'KNOW?
OH, NO, DUDE, BELIEVE ME, IT'S NOT A PROBLEM. THESE GUYS ARE COOL, IT'LL BE FINE, SERIOUSLY!
WELL ...
AW, C'MON, BILL! TEN YEARS!
OH, WHAT THE HELL. C'MON, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE--
GREAT! I'LL TEXT AHEAD TO LET THEM KNOW TO GRAB AN EXTRA SEAT.
TEN YEARS. JESUS.
PROBABLY TAKE US ANOTHER FIVE JUST TO GET THROUGH THIS GODDAMN CROWD.
"SOYLENT GREEN IS MADE OUT OF COSPLAYERS." REMEMBER? PETE USED TO SAY THAT--
HMM? YOU SAY SOMETHING, BILL?
AH, NOTHIN'.
SO, WHO YOU MEETING UP WITH, ANYWAY?
OH, Y'KNOW, INDUSTRY PEOPLE. DON'T WORRY, THEY'RE COOL.

ARE YOU FUCKIN' KIDDIN' ME? THIS SON OF A BITCH IS WHO YOU WANTED US TO SAVE A SEAT FOR? THE ONLY SEAT I'D SAVE FOR THAT WALKIN' VENEREAL DISEASE IS THE FUCKIN' ELECTRIC CHAIR!
TELL ME THIS ISN'T REAL! TELL ME THIS IS A SHITTY HOLOGRAM! SOME ASS-CLOWN COSPLAYING AS MY WORST NIGHTMARE! EVIL! PURE AND SIMPLE!
CAFE EXPRE
EXIT
THESE GUYS ARE "COOL"? HA! GOOMBA BOY AND FAT JACK, THE COMIC CRYPT? THOSE TWO ORCS WOULDN'T BE COOL IF THEY WERE SUCKIN' ON MR. FREEZE'S NUTSACK!
RESTR
OKAY, WAIT! EVERYONE JUST STOP, OKAY? PETE? JOSH? C'MON, GUYS, DON'T LEAVE--
DAMMIT, JERRY! IF YOU TOLD ME HE WAS COMIN', I'D NEVER HAVE AGREED TO MEET UP WITH YOU GUYS!
I'D NEVER EVEN HAVE GOTTEN BACK TO YOU ON FACEBOOK!
SHIT. YOU THINK I KNEW ABOUT THIS? I'D GARGLE SMAUG VOMIT BEFORE GOING NEAR YOU ASSHOLES ON PURPOSE!
AW, C'MON, GUYS--
NUH-UH! NO "C'MON, GUYS"! FUCK "C'MON, GUYS"! EVERY TIME YOU BUSTED OUT WITH THE "C'MON, GUYS," WE ENDED UP IN SOME SERIOUSLY DEEP SHIT!
BUT--
BUT NOTHIN', JERRY! WHAT WERE YOU FUCKIN' THINKIN'? YOU LET THE RED DEATH IN! YOU INVITED DRACULA!
I DON'T KNOW, PETE, I GUESS ...
...I GUESS I WAS THINKING IT WAS FATE, Y'KNOW? RANDOMLY ENCOUNTERING BILL RIGHT BEFORE OUR MEET-UP.
I GUESS I WAS THINKING THIS WOULD BE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR US TO SETTLE THINGS, BURY THE HATCHET, TALK OVER OLD TIMES.
MAYBE I WAS THINKING WE WERE GROWNUPS NOW, WHO DON'T NEED TO YELL AT EACH OTHER AND ACT LIKE DICKS IN PUBLIC.
MAYBE JERRY'S GOT A POINT. WE'RE NOT TEENAGE FANBOYS ANYMORE, ARE WE?
I MEAN, HE SAID, "OLD TIMES," AND NOT "YE OLDE TIMES," RIGHT?
HUH. HE DID, DIDN'T HE?
SEE? GOOD OMEN! C'MON, GUYS!
I DUNNO. I GOT A BAD FEELIN' ABOUT THIS--
TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL PAY FOR LUNCH, OKAY? WHAT DO YOU SAY?
SERIOUSLY? YOU TRYIN' TO BRIBE US WITH SHITTY, OVER-PRICED CON-VENTION FOOD?
YES.
WELL, I AM KINDA HUNGRY ...
AAH. WHAT THE FUCK. IF I CAN STILL TALK TO MY PIECE-OF-SHIT MOM, I CAN STOMACH YOUR ASSES FOR AN HOUR OR SO.
AWESOME!
JESUS WEPT.

-- SO, ANYWAY, I END UP WORKIN' FOR MY OLD MAN, AN' IT'S ONLY A WEEK BEFORE I'M LOOKIN' TO CHUG A FUCKIN' SIX-PACK OF DRANO.
THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT ME GOIN' WAS MY HORROR SHIT. ON WEEKENDS I'M HITTIN' MOVIES AN' FESTIVALS, THEN I START VOLUNTEERIN' AT LOCAL CONS.
EVENTUALLY I'M HELPIN' OUT AT CHILLER, AN' THAT IS WHEN SHIT GETS REAL. INSTEAD OF GETTIN' AUTOGRAPHS FROM TOM SAVINI AN' SON OF SON OF SVENGOOLIE, I'M HANGIN' OUT WITH THE FUCKIN' GUYS!
NICE.
I KNOW, RIGHT? ANYWAY, LAST YEAR AFTER THE CON I'M AT A PARTY TALKIN' WITH SOME PEOPLE AN' THE SUBJECT OF HORROR PORN COMES UP, WHICH, OF COURSE, I KNOW LIKE THE BACK OF MY DICK!
LEMME TELLYA -- THE MARK OF QUALITY HORROR PORN IS WHEN YOU WANNA JERK OFF TO THE GIRLS GETTIN' KILLED AS MUCH AS WHEN THEY'RE GETTIN' FUCKED!
RIGHT ON.
CHILL!
'SO, I'M SCHOOLIN' THESE YINKS, WHEN ONE OF 'EM DECIDES TO CHALLENGE ME.
"AN' I'M SURE YOU KNOW HOW THAT WENT."
PORN OF THE DEAD.
PFFT! SEEN IT.
LAST WHORE HOUSE ON THE LEFT.
SEEN IT.
PENTHOUSE PET SEMATARY.
SEEN IT.
I KNOW WHO YOU DID LAST SUMMER --
SEEN IT.
AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN YOUR ASS?
CAN'T UNSEE IT.
GAPE FEAR? I SPURT ON YOUR GRAVE? CREAM, BLACULA, CREAM? INTERCOURSE WITH THE VAMPIRE? SQUIRTERS IN THE RUE MORGUE?
YOU WANT CASTS AN' CREDITS?
RIGHT ON.
"HE TRIES TO TRIP ME UP, SWITCHIN' TO THE MORE OBSCURE, NON-PARODY STUFF, BUT I'M STILL KICKIN' HIS ASS WHEN HE SAYS --"
OKAY, HOW ABOUT BITCH PIT?
OH, CHRIST! NOT THAT SLOPPY PIECE OF SHIT! THE BOOM MIKE WAS IN IT SO MUCH IT SHOULDA GOT A FUCKIN' SCREEN CREDIT!!
BEST FUCKIN' THING IN IT, TOO --
"IT GETS REAL QUIET, AN', WELL, LONG STORY SHORT, I WAS TOO DUMB-ASS DRUNK TO RECOGNIZE BUTCHIE MOFO OF SICK MOFO PRODUCTIONS, WHO MADE BITCH PIT!"
BUT HERE'S THE KICKER -- HE SAYS I GOT BALLS AN' KNOW MY SHIT, AN' HE CAN USE A SHITWORKER WITH SOME BALLS. SO, LO AN' FUCKIN' BEHOLD, I AM NOW, OFFICIALLY, A SICK MOFO!
WOW!
COOL!
SICK MOFO
NO COMMENT.
I MOSTLY DO GRUNT SHIT, BUT I'M STARTIN' TO DO P.A. STUFF, AN' I'D CLEAN THE SET OF BITCH PIT 2 WITH MY TONGUE IF IT MEANT STAYIN' IN THE BUSINESS!
BESIDES... THERE ARE OTHER PERKS.
YEAH? LIKE WHAT?
LIKE, GETTIN' TO WATCH CHICKS COVERED IN FAKE BLOOD FUCK LIKE BEASTS.
HOLY SHIT. TELL ME YOU GET SOME OF THAT!
HELL, YEAH! YOU KIDDIN'?
SOME OF THEM SLITS ARE SO WHACKED OUT OR DESPERATE FOR AN IN THEY'LL FUCK ANYONE!
YOU SHOULD SEE HOW MY BOSS OPERATES. HA! NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL IT "EXPLOITATION CINEMA"!
'S LIKE WE SAY AT MOFO, "LIVIN' THE DREAM, MAKIN' GIRLS SCREAM"! HA HAA!

SO, WHAT ABOUT YOU, JOSH?
WELL, BASICALLY, AFTER WE MOVED, MY PARENTS INSISTED I GO TO COLLEGE. WORST FOUR YEARS OF MY LIFE.
THEY WANTED ME TO GET A BUSINESS DEGREE, LIKE MY DAD. PFFF!
"I THOUGHT I COULD AT LEAST TAKE SOME WRITING CLASSES THERE, BUT THEY WERE USELESS. PURE BULLSHIT."
MISTER LEVY--ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU WANT TO BE HERE? THIS IS AN INTRODUCTION TO WRITING COURSE--
--NOT TO SUPERHERO FAN FICTION. OH, AND MIGHT I ADD, I BELIEVE "SPIDER-MAN" IS HYPHENATED.
HA HA HA HA HA
THE FOOLS!
"I KEPT WRITING, THOUGH, EVEN AFTER COLLEGE, SENT STUFF TO PUBLISHERS, BUT NEVER HEARD BACK FROM THEM. I POSTED FANFIC ONLINE AND CAUGHT A SHIT BOMBING FROM THE PHILISTINES, INCLUDING MY NEMESIS, GREEDO318."
FROM: GREEDO318
RE: "Xena, Warrior Princess of Mars". Do fandom a favor. Burn all your so-called writing, delete all your so-called fanfic, and go and kill yourself, you no-talent
piece of shit. You obviously don't understand
about Xena
THE BLIND, FUCKING FOOLS!
SONY
OH, SHIT! THAT FUCKIN' GUY? I AIN'T HEARD FROM THAT SON OF A BITCH IN AGES!
LUCKY YOU. I STILL DEAL WITH THAT FUCK BECAUSE OF MY JOB.
HUH? WHERE DO YOU WORK? CYBER-STALKER DAYCARE?
NOT EXACTLY. BUT I WAS GETTING TO THAT.
SO, ANYWAY, YEAH--NO ONE WOULD LOOK AT MY WRITING, SO I FIGURED, FUCK IT!
--I'LL JUST DO WHAT EVERYONE ELSE WHO CAN'T BREAK IN DOES, AND START A WEBSITE ABOUT COMICS!
AND THE THING IS, IT FUCKIN' WORKED! I MEAN, IT TOOK YEARS AND I HAD TO LEARN SOME HARD LESSONS, LIKE. DON'T SAY ANYTHING THAT MIGHT PISS OFF SOMEONE YOU'D LIKE TO WORK FOR.
YEAH.
GREAT
BUT IT PAID OFF. I REVIEWED, I INTERVIEWED, I CUT AND PASTED PR. AND I GOT TO KNOW PEOPLE, GOT TO WRITE FOR OTHER SITES, AND GOT HIRED BY GREAT POWER, THE NUMBER-ELEVEN COMICS-RELATED SITE ON THE WEB!
AND, UNFORTUNATELY, A SITE FREQUENTED BY GREEDO FUCKING 318.
318
STILL, I'D PUT UP WITH GREEDO ONE THROUGH TEN THOUSAND AS LONG AS IT HOOKS ME UP WITH A FOUR-DAY PRESS PASS. NOT BAD, HUH? AND, IF ALL GOES WELL, NEXT YEAR IT'LL BE A PROFESSIONAL BADGE!
OH, YEAH? WHY'S THAT?
WELL, SEE, I'M ANGLING FOR A JOB AT DC COMICS--
PFTTH! AS WHAT, ART MODEL FOR BOUNCING BOY?!?
HA. HA. ACTUALLY, ANY LOW-LEVEL JOB'S OKAY AS LONG AS IT'S A STEP CLOSER TO EDITORIAL--
YOU? AN EDITOR? JANITOR, MAYBE--
HEY, C'MON, BILL! TRUCE, REMEMBER?
SORRY, SORRY. I JUST--I-I MEAN--YOU'VE READ HIS SHIT! AUTOMANIMAL AND MACHINE? HELLO?!
YEAH, AN' DON'T YA GOTTA KNOW GRAMMAR AN' SHIT TO BE AN EDITOR?
HELLO, THIS IS COMICS WE'RE TALKING ABOUT! DO ARTISTS NEED TO KNOW ANATOMY? DO WRITERS HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO ACTUALLY END A STORY? HOW HARD CAN IT BE WHEN YOU HAVE SPELL CHECK?

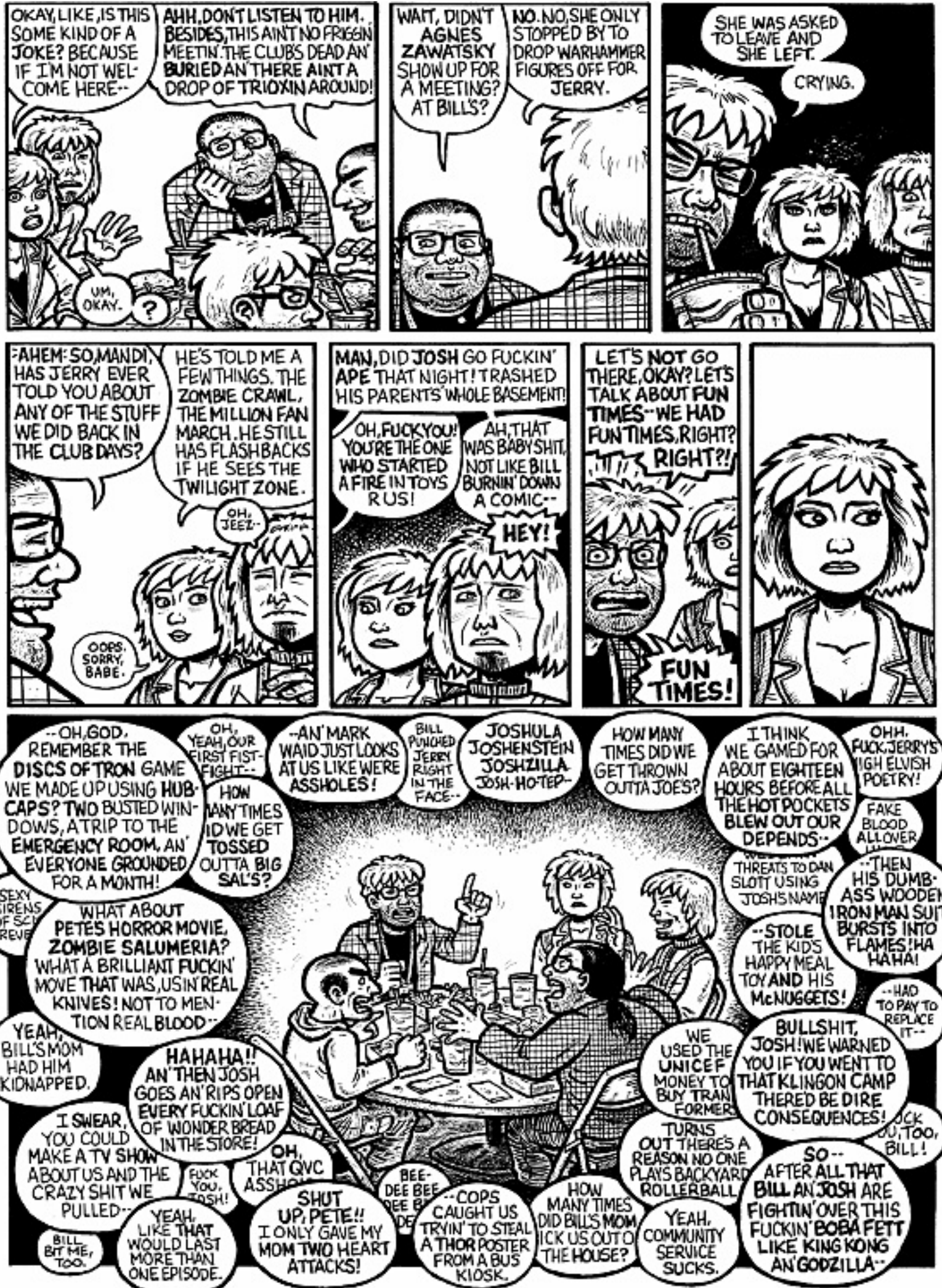
I KIND OF THINK THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT--
WHATEVER. DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S COMICS. YOU WING IT, LEARN AS YOU GO.
LOOK. THERE'S REALLY ONLY TWO REQUIREMENTS FOR GETTING A JOB IN COMICS.
FREE SHRINKS
ONE.
READ A LOT OF COMICS.
I'VE READ A LOT OF COMICS.
TWO.
HAVE SOME CONNECTIONS TO PEOPLE IN COMICS.
I'VE GOT CONNECTIONS.
SO DO MOST SEWERS ...
OH, HO. HARDY HAR HAR! KEEP TRYIN, BILLIKEN!
ANYWAY, WITH THE SITE, I DEAL WITH PROS AND PUBLISHERS, AND, Y'KNOW, YOU BASICALLY PARTNER UP, HELP OUT, PUSH CERTAIN THINGS. I MEAN, IT'S LIKE YOU PRACTICALLY WORK FOR THEM ALREADY!
AND THIS SHOW COULD BE A BIG BREAK--A GUY WHO OWES ME A FAVOR AT DC IS GONNA INTRODUCE ME AROUND, MAYBE EVEN GET ME INTO THE DC PARTY. NOT BAD, HUH?
THAT'S AWESOME, DUDE!
YEAH, NOT BAD, JOSH.
NO, NOT BAD. I JUST HAVE TO KEEP WORKIN' IT... EAT A FEW MORE YEARS OF SHIT UNTIL, ONE DAY, SHAZAM! THERE I AM IN THE BIG SANDBOX, FULL OF ALL THE BEST FUCKIN' TOYS EVER.
BATMAN. SUPERMAN. SUPERBOY. HAL JORDAN GREEN LANTERN.
MON-EL.
MON-EL.
THEN, I START ALL OVER AGAIN--ONLY FROM WITHIN, LIKE A CONQUERING VIRUS, UNTIL I'M IN A POSITION TO ESTABLISH MY SO-CALLED "SHITTY" FAN-FIC AS CANON.
THAT'LL SHOW EM. ALL OF 'EM! AND THE BUTTHURT LITTLE FANSHITS THAT DON'T LIKE IT CAN GO BAG, BOARD, AND SKULL-FUCK THEMSELVES!
WELL, THAT'S AWESOME, JOSH IS STILL CRAZY! I MEAN, GOOD LUCK WITH THE CRAZY PLAN AN' SHIT, BUT YOU'RE CRAZY, BRO!
NO... JUST WATCH. A FEW YEARS FROM NOW JOSH'LL BE HELPIN' TO RUIN COMICS FOR THE REST OF US.
AND LOVING IT.
I COULD CARE LESS IF JOSH RUINS COMICS. I QUIT READIN' 'EM YEARS AGO TO TAKE UP FUCKIN'.
THANKS FOR THE JEALOUS VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, BILL. LET ME GUESS, WHILE I'M "RUINING" COMICS, YOU'LL BE LOUSING UP A COMIC SHOP--OR DID THAT LITTLE DREAM OF YOURS GO UP IN FLAMES?
AS A MATTER OF FACT, JOSH, THE DREAM OF OPENING MY OWN STORE IS VERY MUCH ALIVE.
KINDA LIKE A PHOENIX RISING FROM THE ASHES, YOU MIGHT SAY.
YEAH, I'D RATHER NOT.
I ADMIT, IT'S A SLOW BUILD TO A BRICK-AND-MORTAR, BUT AT LEAST I'M NOT LOOKIN' AT YEARS OF SHIT EATING, LIKE SOME PEOPLE.
NICE TABLE TALK, BY THE WAY.
SEE, I DIDN'T GET A FREE RIDE HERE LIKE YOU AND PETE. I PAID FOR MY OWN BADGE, WITH MY OWN MONEY, WHICH I EARNED AS AN INDEPENDENT DEALER AND EXPERT IN COMICS AND COLLECTIBLES.

SO...YOU SELL SHIT ON EBAY?
HEY! THAT IS A GROSS MISREPRESENTATION OF MY BUSINESS MODEL! AS WELL AS AN IGNORANT SWIPE AT LEGITIMATE ONLINE VENDORS!
OOH, EXCUSE ME!
BESIDES, SELLIN' SHIT ON EBAY IS ONLY A SMALL PART OF MY INVOLVEMENT IN THE FAN-SERVICE MARKET--
FAN SERVICE--? WHAT, ARE YOU SELLIN' UP-SKIRT SHOTS ON THE PERVO SITES?!
NAH, HE'S GIVIN' HAND JOBS TO WARCRAFT SHUT-INS! HA HA HA HAAA--
LISTEN. YOU TROLLS, IT JUST SO HAPPENS I STARTED MY VERY OWN BUSINESS VENTURE--A VERY SUCCESSFUL COLLECTION-MAINTENANCE SERVICE CALLED PRISTINE MINT!
A HA HA HA HA
COLLECTION MAINTENANCE? YOU MEAN-- YOU'RE LIKE A JANITOR? FOR COMIC SHOPS?
NO, NO! JESUS CHRIST, WOULD YOU SHUT UP AND LET ME EXPLAIN? PRISTINE MINT WAS A SERVICE FOR THE COLLECTOR WHO HAD EVERYTHING, EXCEPT THE TIME TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR COLLECTION.
WHAT WE'D DO IS GO TO THE CLIENT'S HOME AND SEE TO IT THAT THEIR COLLECTION WAS KEPT IN TOP CONDITION. THAT MEANT PROVIDING A WIDE RANGE OF PROFESSIONAL SERVICES-- BAGGING, BOARDING, GRADING AND APPRAISING, CATALOGING, ORGANIZING, CLEANING, DUSTING, UNBOXING, BUILDING, SETTING UP, ARRANGING, REPAIRING, WHATEVER.
KINDA BRILLIANT, HUH?
RIGHT. SO, YOU AIN'T A NERD JANITOR. YOU'RE A MAID FOR GEEKS!
OOOOH. I FUCKIN' SWEAR, PETE--
HEY, HEY. C'MON, PETE, I THINK IT'S A REALLY INTERESTING IDEA--
INTERESTING? SHIT, BEFORE I SHUT DOWN WE WERE MAKIN' SERIOUS MONEY! I WAS THINKIN' OF HIRING MORE MINTERS, MAYBE EVEN FRANCHISING!
WHOA, WHOA!
IF THIS BUSINESS OF YOURS WAS DOIN SO GREAT, THEN WHY THE FUCK SHUT IT DOWN?
HUH? WELL, UHH, IT'S LIKE--
--YOU KNOW HOW COLLECTORS CAN BE, RIGHT? WELL, IT TURNS OUT HIGH-END COLLECTORS LIKE MY CLIENTS ARE EVEN BIGGER FUCKIN' OCD ASSHOLES. THEY'D BITCH AN' MOAN ABOUT EVERY LITTLE THING WHILE I WAS TRYING TO DO MY JOB. AFTER A WHILE I GOT SICK OF THEIR PETTY FUCKIN' BULLSHIT.
YOU MEAN I'VE BEEN PAYING YOU TO SIT ON YOUR ASS ALL DAY READING MY COMICS?!
N-NO! I-I'VE JUST BEEN ORIENTING MYSELF TO YOUR COLLECTION!
BESIDES, I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE BACK AT SIX!
PLEASE TELL ME THE FRAZETTA STATUE'S OKAY--
TH-THE MAHARA? MY KIRBY PAGE--?
OH, GOD. BUT YOU'RE INSURED, RIGHT? RIGHT?
BILL! THERE'S A CRAZY MAN ON THE PHONE SCREAMING ABOUT SOME MISSING HULK COMIC!
OH SHIT OH SHIT--
T-TELL HIM I'M NOT HOME, MOM!
SO I SAID, FUCK IT. THAT'S NOT HOW I WANT TO MAKE MY MONEY.
UNLIKE SOME PEOPLE, I'M NOT WILLING TO EAT SHIT, LICK SHIT, TAKE SHIT, KISS ASS, OR WATCH MY STEP. FUCK THAT NOISE.
I'M DOING BUSINESS HERE WITH SOME ASSOCIATES OF MINE--PEOPLE WHO RESPECT MY VISION AND ARE VERY INTERESTED IN BACKING MY SHOP.

I DUNNO, BILL, DUSTING ACTION FIGURES IS STILL DUSTING, AND THAT'S STRAIGHT-UP MAID SHIT--
FUCK THAT, WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS, WHY DIDN'T HE JUST HIRE SOME PEOPLE TO DEAL WITH THE ASS-HOLE CUSTOMERS? I--
HEY, ENOUGH ABOUT ME! I WANNA HEAR WHAT JERRY'S UP TO!
C'MON, JER, TELL US HOW YOU KEEP BUSY IN THE REAL WORLD!
WELL... MOSTLY, I PLAY MAGIC.
YEP, MAGIC: THE GATHERING. OR AS PETE USED TO CALL IT, "JERRY'S WIZARD SHIT."
I GUESS I'VE GOT THE CLUB'S BREAKUP TO THANK FOR IT. LEFT ME WITH A LOT OF FREE TIME ON MY HANDS--
--TIME I SPENT GETTING REALLY SERIOUS ABOUT THE GAME.
I PLAYED AND STUDIED OBSESSIVELY, WATCHED TOURNAMENTS, LISTENED TO PODCASTS, TALKED TO OTHER PLAYERS.
MY GOAL WAS TO BECOME GOOD ENOUGH THAT I COULD PLAY AND WIN ON THE PRO TOUR CIRCUIT.
AND BY HELIOD, THAT'S WHAT I DID.
THE MONEY ISN'T MUCH, I PLAY, I RUN WORKSHOPS, WRITE ARTICLES... I'VE GOT MEETINGS THIS WEEKEND WITH SOME POTENTIAL SPONSORS, SO WHO KNOWS?
BUT THE THING IS, MAGIC'S GIVEN ME A LOT, I'VE MADE SOME GOOD FRIENDS, I TRAVEL... I LOVE THE GAME, LOVE THE COMMUNITY. IT'S BEEN VERY FULFILLING. IT'S DONE A LOT FOR ME AS A PERSON.
YEAH, I COULD NEVER REALLY GET INTO MAGIC.
ME NEITHER.
TOO... MAGIC-Y.
YEAH.
WELL, ANYWAY, I GUESS WE'RE ALL KINDA LUCKY, HUH? I MEAN, DOING WHAT WE--
HOLY SHIT-- HEY, GUYS, CHECK OUT THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH OVER THERE!
HUH? WHERE?
THERE, SEE?
HOLY DOUBLE-PLUSUNGOOD. WAY TOO MUCH PLAY IN THAT COSPLAY!
SHE LOOKS LIKE TEN POUNDS OF OVERSTOCK IN A FIVE-POUND POLYBAG!
OH, HEY, IT'S A ZOMBIE GIRL! REAL ORIGINAL!
IT'S A GOOD CHOICE FOR UGLY CHICKS. GORES LIKE GRAVY, IT COVERS UP BAD MEAT.
OH, PLEASE! ZATANNA AIN'T MEXICAN!
AND IT'S FISH-NETS, NOT FISHING NETS, YOU COW!
HOW DO YOU SAY "FAT ASS" BACK-WARDS?
SSSA-TAAA--

OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WHO REMEMBERS LADY THOR? GIVE IT UP, SISTER, NO ONE GAVE A SHIT! GET YOUR ASS IN A REAL COSTUME, SOMETHING WORTH LOOKIN' AT LIKE VAMPIRELLA OR EMMA FROST!
EH. SHE AIN'T GOT THE BAGS FOR EMMA FROST.
HEY, WHAT ABOUT THAT ONE?
HUH. NOT TOO BAD. IF YOU SQUINT.
OUTFIT'S OFF MODEL-BELT'S WRONG. BOOTS SUCK. STILL, I'D DO HER.
PSHHH! YOU'D FUCK A PUDDLE OF VOMIT IF IT HAD A DECENT SHAPE.
I WOULD NOT!
SERIOUSLY, YOU THINK ANY OF THESE BIMBOS KNOW A DAMN THING ABOUT WHO THEY'RE DRESSED UP AS?
THAT PAIR OF TITS OVER THERE, YOU THINK SHE HAS ANY FRIGGIN' IDEA WHO CREATED SUPER-GIRL?
OTTO BINDER. CURT SWAN.
DAMN STRAIGHT. 'CUZ YOU'RE FOR REAL.
ELTING-VILLE ÜBER ALLES ...
UH HEY, GUYS--?
SON OF A BITCH-- IS THAT LEELOO OR DID SOMEBODY ROLL A PIG IN A CHARMIN TWELVE-PACK?
LOOK WHO SHE'S WITH! THAT'S NO MYSTIQUE-- THAT'S A MISTAKE!
GUYS?
UNBELIEVABLE. I MEAN, DON'T UGLY CHICKS LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND GET IT?
I KNOW, RIGHT? THEY SHOULD ONLY ALLOW CERTAIN PEOPLE TO COSPLAY. NO BIG-ASS BATGIRLS, PLUS-SIZE POISON IVYS, CHUNKY CHUN-LIS, OR SKANKY SLAVE LEIAS!
YOU EITHER LOOK EXACTLY LIKE THE CHARACTER, TOP TO BOTTOM, OR YOU STAY THE FUCK HOME.
THEY OUGHTA ADD THAT TO ALL THEM HARASSMENT POLICIES TO PROTECT OUR FUCKIN' EYES!
NO WOOD, NO GOOD.
ERECTION OR REJECTION.
HEY, GUYS, HOW ABOUT WE--
Y'KNOW WHAT'S THE WORST? CHECKIN' OUT A HOT CATWOMAN OR WHATEVER AND FINDIN' OUT IT'S ACTUALLY A FUCKIN' GUY!
UGH. THAT SHIT'S FUCKED UP. TURNS MY DICK TO SMOKE EVERY TIME.
IF I WAS AT DC I'D PUT A STOP TO THAT CRAP.
COME ON, GUYS. REALLY? PEOPLE ARE JUST HAVING FUN, Y'KNOW? WHY BE DICKS ABOUT IT, THEY PAID TO GET IN, THEY CAN DO WHAT THEY WANT!
OH, YEAH? WELL, WE PAID TO GET IN, WHY CAN'T WE DO WHAT WE WANT?
YEAH, WE'RE JUST HAVIN' FUN, JER! WHY YOU GOTTA BE A DICK ABOUT IT?
Y'KNOW, WE USED TO DRESS UP IN COSTUMES, NONE OF US LOOKED LIKE WE WERE DRAWN BY JIM LEE--
THAT'S DIFFERENT. WE NEVER COSPLAYED.
SURE WE DID!
WE DID NOT!
OKAY, WHATEVER. MY POINT IS, HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF--
WE NEVER COSPLAYED, JERRY!
IF YOU SAY SO--
WE NEVER COSPLAYED! UNDERSTAND? NEVER! WE NEVER PRANCED AROUND IN PUBLIC LIKE PATHETIC FUCKTARDS FLASHIN' OUR TITS FOR ATTENTION!!
DUDE. RELAX.
WE CHARACTER RE-ENACTED! WE DRESSED AS OUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS OUT OF RESPECT AND YOUTHFUL EXUBERANCE!!
WHAT WAS ALL THE WRESTLING ABOUT, THEN?
YO, SHUT THE FUCK UP AN' LOOK AT WHAT JUST WALKED IN HERE!

HOLY CRAP! LOOK AT THE PROTON PACKS ON THE GHOST BUSTRESS OVER THERE!
MAN, BUSTIN' THAT WOULD DEFINITELY MAKE ME FEEL GOOD!
SHE'S GOT THE TOOLS. I BET SHE'S GOT THE TALENT!
GUYS--
SHE'D LOOK GOOD SLIMED. HUH?
SHE'S GOT MY TOOL WANTIN' HER TALENT!
TELL ME YOU WOULDN'T CROSS THE STREAMS TO GET TO THAT ASS?
I'D EAT MY OWN ASS TO BE HER KEY-MASTER!
C'MON, GUYS!
HEY, Y'KNOW, SHE LOOKS FAMILIAR ...
OH. SUCK MY DICK! THAT'S THE REDHEAD CORRESPONDENT FROM NERD NEWS TONIGHT!
OH, NO WAY! YOU EVER SEE HER DO AN INTERVIEW IN A CLASSIC TREK MINI?
PRIME WHACKIN' MATERIAL! HALF A BOX OF TISSUES!
GUYS, HONESTLY!
SHHH! SHE'S COMIN' THIS WAY!
CHRIST! ALL THE BLOOD'S RUSHIN' TO MY FUN BITS!
GUYS! IF SHE ASKS YOU IF YOU'RE A GOD, TELL HER, "FUCK. YEAH"!
HEY, SWEETIE.
HEY.
UH, GUYS, THIS IS MY GIRLFRIEND, MANDI.
MANDI, THIS IS PETE AND JOSH.
HEY. JERRY'S TOLD ME A LOT ABOUT YOU GUYS.
AND THIS--
--IS BILL.
OH. ...
IT--IT'S OKAY, MAND.
JERRY--
SERIOUSLY. IT'S OKAY.
...
SORRY I'M LATE. THE SIREN ON THE GHOSTBUSTERS CAR WASN'T WORKING RIGHT SO THE SEGMENT GOT HELD UP.
HEH. MANDI WORKS ON NERD NEWS TONIGHT. WE, UH, MET WHEN I WAS ON THE SHOW.
WAIT-- SHE'S STAYING?
WELL, YEAH. I ASKED HER TO COME.
IS... THAT A PROBLEM?
WE NEVER HAD A GIRL AT A CLUB MEETING BEFORE.
GIRLS WEREN'T ALLOWED.


OKAY, LIKE, IS THIS SOME KIND OF A JOKE? BECAUSE IF I'M NOT WELCOME HERE--
AHH, DON'T LISTEN TO HIM. BESIDES, THIS AIN'T NO FRIGGIN MEETIN'. THE CLUB'S DEAD AN' BURIED AN' THERE AINT A DROP OF TRIOXIN AROUND!
UM, OKAY.
?
WAIT, DIDN'T AGNES ZAWATSKY SHOW UP FOR A MEETING? AT BILL'S?
NO. NO, SHE ONLY STOPPED BY TO DROP WARHAMMER FIGURES OFF FOR JERRY.
SHE WAS ASKED TO LEAVE AND SHE LEFT.
CRYING.
-AHEM: SO, MANDI, HAS JERRY EVER TOLD YOU ABOUT ANY OF THE STUFF WE DID BACK IN THE CLUB DAYS?
HE'S TOLD ME A FEW THINGS. THE ZOMBIE CRAWL, THE MILLION FAN MARCH. HE STILL HAS FLASHBACKS IF HE SEES THE TWILIGHT ZONE.
OH, JEEZ--
OOPS. SORRY, BABE.
MAN, DID JOSH GO FUCKIN' APE THAT NIGHT! TRASHED HIS PARENTS' WHOLE BASEMENT!
OH, FUCK YOU! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STARTED A FIRE IN TOYS R US!
AH, THAT WAS BABY SHIT, NOT LIKE BILL BURNIN' DOWN A COMIC--
HEY!
LET'S NOT GO THERE, OKAY? LET'S TALK ABOUT FUN TIMES--WE HAD FUN TIMES, RIGHT? RIGHT?!
FUN TIMES!
--OH, GOD. REMEMBER THE DISCS OF TRON GAME WE MADE UP USING HUBCAPS? TWO BUSTED WINDOWS, A TRIP TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM, AN' EVERYONE GROUNDED FOR A MONTH!
OH, YEAH, OUR FIRST FIST-FIGHT--
HOW MANY TIMES DID WE GET TOSSED OUTTA BIG SAL'S?
--AN' MARK WAID JUST LOOKS AT US LIKE WE'RE ASSHOLES!
BILL PUNCHED JERRY RIGHT IN THE FACE--
JOSHULA JOSHENSTEIN JOSHZILLA JOSH-HO-TEP--
HOW MANY TIMES DID WE GET THROWN OUTTA JOE'S?
I THINK WE GAMED FOR ABOUT EIGHTEEN HOURS BEFORE ALL THE HOT POCKETS BLEW OUT OUR DEPENDS--
OHH. FUCK, JERRY'S HIGH ELVISH POETRY!
FAKE BLOOD ALL OVER
THREATS TO DAN SLOTT USING JOSH'S NAME
--THEN HIS DUMB-ASS WOODEN IRON MAN SUIT BURSTS INTO FLAMES! HA HA HA!
SEXY SIRENS OF SCI REVE
WHAT ABOUT PETE'S HORROR MOVIE, ZOMBIE SALUMERIA? WHAT A BRILLIANT FUCKIN' MOVE THAT WAS, USIN' REAL KNIVES! NOT TO MENTION REAL BLOOD--
--STOLE THE KID'S HAPPY MEAL TOY AND HIS McNUGGETS!
--HAD TO PAY TO REPLACE IT--
YEAH, BILL'S MOM HAD HIM KIDNAPPED.
HAHAHA!! AN' THEN JOSH GOES AN' RIPS OPEN EVERY FUCKIN' LOAF OF WONDER BREAD IN THE STORE!
WE USED THE UNICEF MONEY TO BUY TRANSFORMERS
BULLSHIT, JOSH! WE WARNED YOU IF YOU WENT TO THAT KLINGON CAMP THERE'D BE DIRE CONSEQUENCES!
I SWEAR, YOU COULD MAKE A TV SHOW ABOUT US AND THE CRAZY SHIT WE PULLED--
FUCK YOU, JOSH!
OH, THAT QVC ASSHO
TURNS OUT THERE'S A REASON NO ONE PLAYS BACKYARD ROLLERBALL
OCK OU, TOO, BILL!
BILL BIT ME, TOO.
YEAH, LIKE THAT WOULD LAST MORE THAN ONE EPISODE.
SHUT UP, PETE!! I ONLY GAVE MY MOM TWO HEART ATTACKS!
BEE-DEE BEE DEE B DE
--COPS CAUGHT US TRYIN' TO STEAL A THOR POSTER FROM A BUS KIOSK.
HOW MANY TIMES DID BILL'S MOM ICK US OUT O THE HOUSE?
YEAH, COMMUNITY SERVICE SUCKS.
SO-- AFTER ALL THAT BILL AN' JOSH ARE FIGHTIN' OVER THIS FUCKIN' BOBA FETT LIKE KING KONG AN' GODZILLA--

--AN' THEN, SNAP! THE FUCKIN' THING BREAKS IN TWO! TWO FIFTY DOWN THE SHITTER, BILL GETS THE HEAD, JOSH GETS THE BODY, AN' WE ALL GET THE BOOT!
FUCKIN' HILARIOUS, HUH?
WELL, YEAH. I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE HOW SERIOUSLY YOU TOOK EVERY-THING--
OF COURSE SOMEONE LIKE YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND--
EXCUSE ME?
OH, C'MON, IT'S OBVIOUS. YOU CALL THE ECTO-1 THE "GHOSTBUSTERS CAR," YOU DON'T GET PETE'S RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD REFERENCE--
--YOU'RE NOT A REAL FAN, YOU COSPLAY AS ONE.
WHOA, EXCUSE ME FOR NOT PASSING YOUR BULLSHIT NERD TEST--
BILL, WHAT THE HELL--?
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.
CALM THE HELL DOWN.
HEY, BILL?
YOU, UH... YOU STILL GOT THE HEAD?
YOU MEAN-- THIS?
OH GOD
OH GOD
IT'S YOU... IT'S REALLY YOU.
HOW MUCH, BILL? HOW MUCH?!?
NOT FOR SALE, JOSH.
FIFTY BUCKS, BILL! SIXTY! S-S-S-SEVENTY-FIVE!
NOT FOR SALE, JOSH.
WHAT IF I COULD GET YOU FREE DC DIGITAL COMPS--?
FFFT! I TORRENT THAT SHIT!
JOSH--WHY DON'T YOU JUST BUY A NEW ONE?
I MEAN, A NEW OLD ONE?
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME-- HE'S THE ONE, TRUE TWELVE-INCH KENNER BOBA FETT.
THE ONLY ONE I WANT.
OH, CUT IT OUT, JOSH! QUIT TRYIN' TO MAKE ME LOOK BAD IN FRONT OF THE--
PLEASE, BILL! ANYTHING-- JUST NAME IT! GUIDE, TRIPLE GUIDE, RIP-OFF GUIDE--
LOOK, JUST FUCK OFF, OKAY? FUCK OFF!
I TOLD YOU, YOU'D NEVER GET YOUR FAT FUCKING FINGERS ON IT AND I MEANT IT! YOU LOST, JOSH, AND YOU'LL ALWAYS LOSE, BECAUSE YOU'RE A BIG, FAT, PILE-OF-SHIT LOSER!
SO, LIKE, WERE YOU GUYS EVER ACTUALLY FRIENDS?

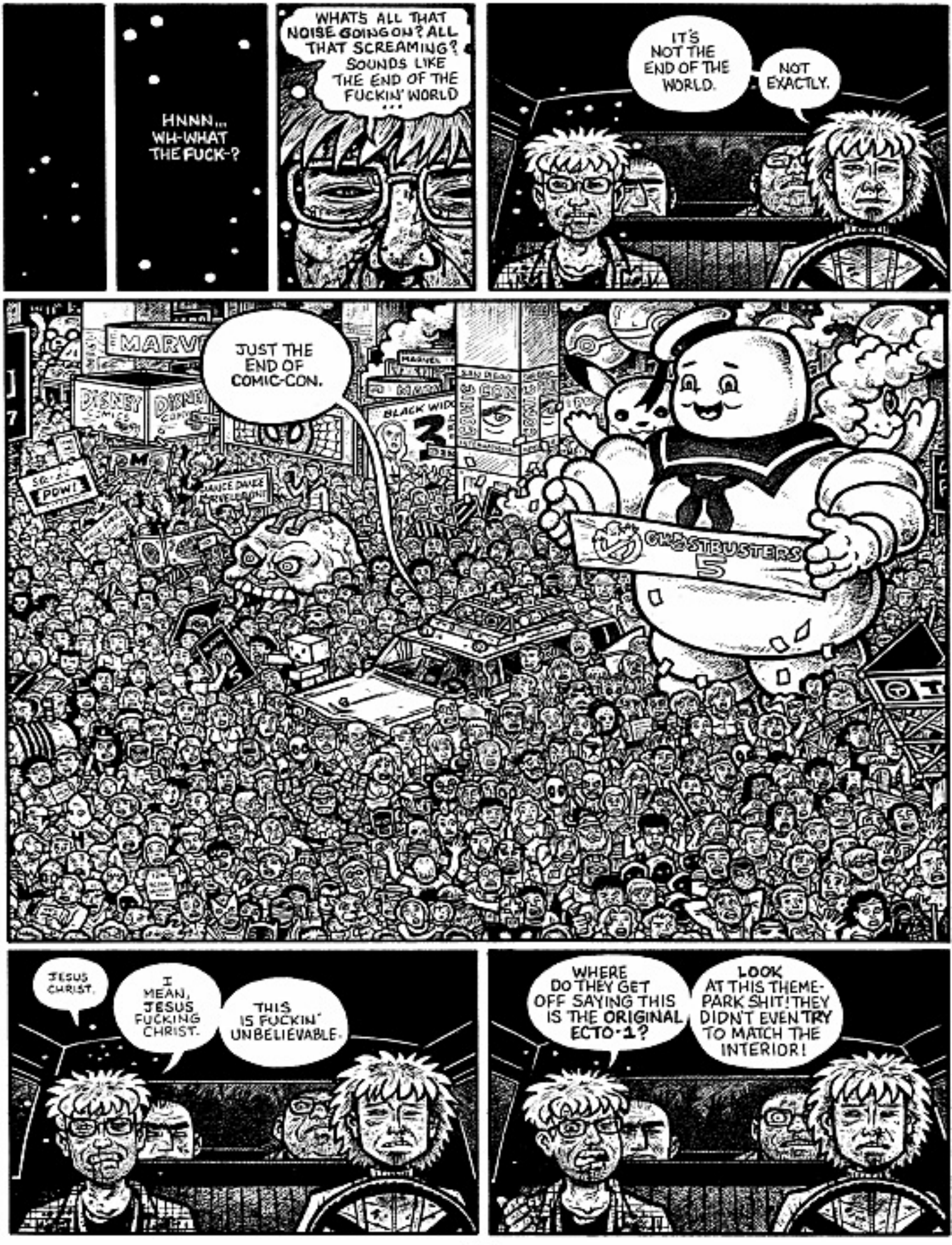
GOD DAMN IT! I KNEW IT! I JUST FUCKING KNEW IT!
SEE, THIS IS WHY GIRLS WEREN'T ALLOWED IN THE CLUB!
WHAT THE FUCK, BILL? SIT THE FUCK--
NO, JERRY, LET HIM GO. I WANT TO HEAR THIS BULLSHIT.
OH, YEAH? WELL, LISTEN UP, BITCH, BECAUSE I'M ONTO YOU! I WATCHED YOU SITTIN' THERE, LAUGHIN' AT US, MOCKIN' US, SHOVIN' YOUR TITS IN OUR FACES TO WORK US ALL UP! YOU CAN'T STAND SEEIN' US GET ALONG SO YOU GOTTA STICK YOUR TWAT WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG TO TRY TO CUNT EVERY-THING UP!!
WELL, IT WON'T WORK! YOU MAY HAVE RUINED FANDOM -- YOU AND ALL THE OTHER CULTURAL IMMIGRANTS WHO INVADED OUR TERRITORY -- BUT YOU WON'T RUIN US! THIS CLUB IS BITCH-FREE! HEAR THAT, YOU VENOM-DIPPED WHORE CUNT? THIS CLUB IS BITCH-FREE!
WOW.
I MEAN, I'M SOMEONE WHO THINKS WOMEN AIN'T MUCH MORE THAN RECEPTACLES AN' EVEN I'M OFFENDED BY THAT SHIT.
WELL, THAT WAS FUN. WE SHOULD DO IT AGAIN SOME-TIME WHEN WE'RE ALL STUPID ON THE ALZHEIMER'S.
SHIT. EVEN DEAD I'M AFRAID I'LL LIE DREAMING OF ELTING VILLE.
I AM SO, SO SORRY ABOUT THAT, SWEETIE. YOU OKAY?
YOU KNOW ME. I'M USED TO IT BY NOW.
THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIM AND THE OTHER SKIN-WRAPPED PIECES OF SHIT IS I KNOW HIS NAME. HONESTLY, JERRY--
HEY!
HEY!
LOOK, I'M SORRY ABOUT THE BITCH AND CUNT STUFF. OKAY? I'M SORRY IF THAT OFFENDED YOU. HONEST!
-- GET YOUR EXCLUSIVE VULVANELLA COMIC-CON VARIANTS RIGHT HERE!
C'MON, LETS DO THAT ROLL-O OKAY?! LETS JU-
C'MON, PEOPLE, CHECK IT OUT!
C'MON, GUYS, DON'T BE ASSHOLES! I'M FUCKIN' APOLOGIZIN'--
BETTER GET IN ON THIS NOW, COMIC FANS!
DO YOU HEAR ME?!
ONLY FIFTEEN PENETRATION VARIANTS LEFT--
HEY! MEGA-PHONE DUDE!
?
WOULD YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP? PEOPLE ARE TRYIN' TO TALK HERE!
OKAY, SO I'M THE BAD GUY, HUH? BLAME ME FOR EVERYTHING, HUH? WELL LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR PALS THERE!

YOU EVER WONDERED WHY AGNES ZAWATSKY STOPPED TALKIN' TO YOU? IT'S 'CAUSE I TOLD HER YOU WERE GOIN' AROUND TELLIN' EVERYONE SHE FUCKED YOU! AND YOUR LITTLE FACEBOOK PALS OVER THERE BACKED THAT LIE UP ALL THE WAY!
JERRY?
JERRY!
KISH!
ACK-IT W-WAS F-FOR YOUR OWN-URRK-GOOD! SHE WAS A THREAT TO THE C-C-CLUB!
C'MON, JERRY, YOU WANNA GET US ALL THROWN OUT?!?
LET IT GO! SHIT'S TEN YEARS OLD!
OH, YEAH?! IS THAT RIGHT?! WELL, WHAT IF I LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET?!
WHAT IF I TOLD YOU BILL WAS GREEDO-318?!?
OKAY, NOW, WAIT -- JUST HOLD ON!
YOU KNOW HE'S LYING, RIGHT? HE'S LYING, JERRY'S A FUCKING LIAR!
A LIAR AND A TRAITOR AND A FUCKING TATTLE TALE!
YOU TROLLED ME... ALL THESE YEARS ...TOLD ME TO GO KILL MYSELF ...
W-WAIT-
YOU LITTLE SHIT... YOU MISERABLE LITTLE SHIT,...
WAP
CRAK
SPAK
AAAAA
LOOK OUT! THEY'RE HEADED FOR STERANKO'S LINE!
LINE ENDS HERE
OOF
HEY!

HEY
OOF!
WHAT THE-?
OW!
HEY!
OOF!
FUCK--
LOOK OUT
HEY
OW, SHIT!
HEY!
OWW!
HEY!
AAAGH!
GET OFFA ME!
WHAT THE FUCK-?
OH MY GOD! SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR! STERANKO'S BEEN INJURED!
B-BUT NO HARM CAN BEFALL STERANKO-- ITS IN HIS APPEARANCE RIDER!
HE'S BURIED UNDER HIS OWN FAN BASE!
WHY DOESN'T HE JUST ESCAPE?
SOMEONE CALL SECURITY!
SOMEONE PUT THAT UP ON YOUTUBE!
OH FUCK-- OH FUCK!
WHAT IF HE'S DEAD? WHAT IF STERANKO IS DEAD? WHAT IF WE KILLED STERANKO?
WE'RE FUCKED! WE'LL BE ARRESTED --AN' THIS TIME AS ADULTS!
STERANKO CAN'T BE DEAD! STERANKO'S A LIVING LEGEND! I'LL NEVER WORK IN COMICS IF I KILL A LIVING LEGEND!!
SWEETIE, SWEETIE! TRY TO CALM DOWN! BREATHE, OKAY? REMEMBER WHAT DOCTOR LENDVAI TOLD YOU TO DO--
I CAN'T! I CAN'T BREATHE!
GUYS! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!!
HAHAHAHAHA!
YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE? YOU TALK TO ME.
WHILE YOU LITTLE PUSSIES WERE BUSY CRYIN', I CAME UP WITH A PLAN! BECAUSE UNLIKE YOU, I HAVEN'T GROWN SOFT! COMPLACENT!
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HOW TO THINK! HOW TO ACT! HOW TO MOVE! IN THE MIGHTY ELTINGVILLE MANNER!!
HEY! WHAT THE FUCK--?! GET OFF MY TABLE--!
UFF SHUT UP AND GIMME THE MEGAPHONE!
WUNK!

ATTENTION! ATTENTION, COMIC-CON SHOPPERS! WE HAVE A SPECIAL SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT FOR YOU!!!
JESUS CHRIST IN A QUARTER BIN. WHAT THE FUCK IS HE DOING--?
NO, BILL. DON'T DO IT--
OKAY, NOW, LISTEN UP! ONE O'CLOCK! IN HALL H!
SURPRISE FIREFLY REUNION WITH THE ONE AND ONLY JOSS WHEDON! NEED I SAY MORE?!
F-FIREFLY? R-REUNION?
JOSS WHEDON?
HE SAID JOSS WHEDON A-AND I-I EJACULATED!
FIREFLY! FIREFLY!
'S GOTTA BE BULL-SHIT!
JOSS ISN'T EVEN HERE! I'D KNOW!
THEY SNUCK PETER JACKSON IN LAST YEAR--
FUCK IT! I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES!
ME NEITHER! FIREFLY! FIREFLY!
HALL H! HALL ASS!
FIREFLY!
ME! ME! ME ME MEEE--!
FIREFLY!
OUTTA MY WAY!
I'M COMING, JOSS!
FUCK JOSS WHEDON.
I HAVE SO MANY QUESTIONS!
FIRE-FLY!
FIRE-FLY!
I'M STILL EJACULATING!
FIRE-FLY!
I'M A-NEEDIN' SOME JOSS WHEDON!
FIRE-FLY!
FIRE-FLY!!
PEOPLE! STOP! CALM DOWN! JOSS WHEDON'S IN CANADA FILMING THE AVENGERS/ DEFENDERS WAR!
THEY GOT AIR-PLANES IN CANADA, JACKASS!
WHERE'S HALL H?!
FIRE-FLY!
FIRE!
FIRE?
THERE'S A FIRE?
FIRE OR NO FIRE, I'M GETTIN' INTO THAT PANEL!
HA HA HA HA
FIRE!
FIRE IN HALL H!
JOSS, WAIT FOR ME!
MOVE OR I'LL KILL YOU!
WHERE'S MY
FIRE! THERE'S A FIRE!
STOP! STOP!
MY HEART!

AAAAAHH!! JOSS WHEDON! GOTTA JOSS WHEEEEDON!
HEY! GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM THE--
HOLY SHIT, LADY!
LOOK OUT!
AAAA AAAA AAGH--!
OHH--
--NO!
OH
BOOF!
CRUMP!
SHIIIT--!
AAAAH
OH, JERRY. YOUR SHITTY LITTLE FRIEND IS DEAD.
GYAAAH! FUCK!
HNNGK!
CRAK
GUGH!
OH GOD-- PLEASE DON'T LET ME DIE LIKE THIS--!
NOT WITH MY SILVER AGE GREEN LANTERN RUN INCOMPLETE!
NOT AS A VIRGIN WITH MY DICK STILL MINT IN PACKAGE!
AND NOT BY FANS!
NOT BY FANS!
NOT BY FUCK-ING FANS!


HNNN... WH-WHAT THE FUCK-?
WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE GOING ON? ALL THAT SCREAMING? SOUNDS LIKE THE END OF THE FUCKIN' WORLD
IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD.
NOT EXACTLY.
JUST THE END OF COMIC-CON.
MARVEL
DISNEY
POW!
GHOSTBUSTERS 5
JESUS CHRIST.
I MEAN, JESUS FUCKING CHRIST.
THIS IS FUCKIN' UNBELIEVABLE.
WHERE DO THEY GET OFF SAYING THIS IS THE ORIGINAL ECTO-1?
LOOK AT THIS THEME-PARK SHIT! THEY DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO MATCH THE INTERIOR!

OH, SHIT! MY BAG! WHERE'S MY BAG?
WHERE DO YOU THINK? WE LOST EVERYTHING HAULIN' YOUR ASS IN HERE.
YEAH, JERRY EVEN LOST HIS GIRLFRIEND. JUST WHEN WE MADE IT TO THE CAR, SHE GOT SWALLOWED UP BY A WAVE OF STORMTROOPERS. 501ST LEGION.

AT LEAST SHE'LL TURN UP. MY SHIT'S GONE FOR GOOD.
A WHOLE TON OF SHOW EXCLUSIVES AND SIGNED CRAP SOME DEALERS WERE PAYING ME TO STAND IN LINE FOR. NOW I'M TOTALLY FUCKED.
JOIN THE CLUB. WE'RE ALL FUCKED. AND WE'RE ALL GONNA GET FUCKING ARRESTED.

AHHH, BULL-SHIT.
BULLSHIT, NOTHIN'. THERE WAS A MILLION FUCKIN' CAMERAS ON US OUT THERE!
HOW MUCH YOU WANNA BET WE'RE ALREADY GETTIN' DEATH THREATS ON THE GODDAMNED INTERNET?

WE'LL BE PUBLIC ENEMIES. NERD PARIAHS.
BANNED FROM EVERY COMIC CON, SHOP, AND COMPANY IN THE WORLD. EVEN WIZARD WON'T TAKE OUR MONEY AFTER THIS.

IF WE ONLY HAD THE KEYS... THEN WE COULD JUST DRIVE THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

HEY.
WAIT A MINUTE. YOU GUYS SEE WHAT I SEE?
THE CHICK WITH THE GLAIVE STUCK IN HER NECK?
EWWW. THAT'S A LOT OF BLOOD.

NO, NO-- ALL THOSE COSPLAYERS LYING UNCONSCIOUS EVERYWHERE. AT LEAST, I THINK THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS.
WE COULD TAKE THEIR OUTFITS, THEN SLIP OUT WITH THE CROWD, GET A GOOD HEAD START.
WE'LL NEED SOMETHING FAT FOR JOSH, GAMORREAN GUARD OR--
JESUS, BILLIE NOUGH ALREADY!
JUST STOP!

EXCUSE ME? I'M JUST TRYING TO FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS COLOSSAL FUCKING MESS YOU GOT US INTO--
WHAT--?! ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU'RE THE LUNATIC WHO YELLED "FIREFLY" IN A CROWDED CONVENTION CENTER, NOT ME!
HEY, NO ONE FORCED THOSE MORONS TO START A RIOT!

NOT ONLY THAT, I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO GET UP ON THAT TABLE IF YOU DIDN'T START THAT FIGHT.
REMEMBER? YOU THREW THE FIRST PUNCH, JERRY. NOT ME.
HUH. HE'S GOT A POINT THERE.
WHAT-?! NO, HE DOESN'T!
AND THEN YOU WENT AND GOT THOSE TWO INVOLVED, WHEN ALL THEY WERE TRYING TO DO WAS BREAK IT UP!
SHIT. THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT THE FUCK, JERRY?
YEAH, JERRY, WHAT THE FUCK?
EXCUSE ME? CAN I JUST POINT OUT THAT NO ONE FORCED YOU TWO TO KICK BILL'S ASS?
PFFFT!
Y'KNOW, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU PLANNED THIS WHOLE THING RIGHT FROM THE START! PETTY REVENGE FOR US TREATING YOU LIKE SHIT ALL THOSE YEARS!
HE'S RIGHT! WE DID TREAT JERRY LIKE SHIT!
YEAH!
OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU'D BE HERE, BILL!
IT DOESN'T MATTER, JERRY! YOU INVITED ME--AND THEM--EVEN THOUGH YOU KNEW FULL FUCKING WELL SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN!
I MEAN, C'MON! IT'S US, RIGHT? THE FUCKING ELTINGVILLE CLUB! WHY ELSE WOULD YOU BRING US TOGETHER?
WHY ELSE WOULD YOU TAMPER IN GOD'S DOMAIN?!
HOPE IT WAS WORTH IT, JERRY. YOU SURE SHOWED US. BIG MAN. BIG HIGH MAGE.
I TOLD YOU NOT TO GIVE IN TO THAT "C'MON, GUYS" CRAP!
YEAH, WELL, WHO EXPECTED THIS FROM JERRY? BILL, SURE-- BUT JERRY?
I GUESS HAVING A GIRLFRIEND AN' SHIT CHANGES A GUY.
HEY! JERRY- WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!
SON OF A BITCH! HE'S MAKIN' A BREAK FOR IT! HE'S TRYIN' TO RUN OUT ON US, THE RAT!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY, JERRY! IF THEY GET US, THEY'LL GET YOU! WE'LL FUCKIN' MAKE SURE OF IT!
K-CHAK
DO WHAT YOU WANT. I DON'T CARE.
I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR MANDI.
I JUST HOPE SHE'S OKAY.
OKAY, JERRY. WE GET IT! YOU GOT A FUCKIN' GIRLFRIEND!
I HOPE YOU BOTH GET FUCKIN' TRAMPLED TO D
CHUNT

Y'KNOW SOMETHING? I NEVER LIKED HIM. NEVER.
KNOW SOME-THIN' ELSE?
THAT NEW SLIMER DESIGN SUCKS BALLS.
LOOKS LIKE FUCKIN' BELIAL FROM BASKET CASE.
THEY'RE REMAKIN' BASKET CASE, Y'KNOW.
THEY'LL FUCK IT UP.
YEAH.
THEY ALWAYS DO.
I'LL STILL SEE IT, THOUGH.
OH, SURE.



THE END, FINALLY. 3/15

## AN AFTERWORD IN THE MIGHTY ELTINGVILLE MANNER

Here's the thing: I love comics. Comic books, comic strips, gag panels, political cartoons, educational comics, comics on the back of a cereal box, little kids' comics scrawled on construction paper—anything, *anything*, comic or cartoon-like will attract my attention.

Anyone who knows me knows this. Anyone who knows my comics should know this.

Having said all that, *The Eltingville Club* was not born out of love, but of anger.

Back in the day, before social media, fans voiced their displeasure by sending letters to publishers. If they were really unhappy or unhinged, they sent hate mail. I never got much in the way of hate mail—small-press readers don't seem to get worked up quite the way the mainstream fans do, the Marvel and DC Comics fans who get nutty enough to call for a creator's dismissal or even death over the way they wrote fictional characters in a comic book. That's what happened back in 1994 to my then publisher, Dan Vado. He was writing for DC Comics and received a shit-storm of hate mail from DC fans after he "killed" a character in the Justice League named Ice. He read me some of the mail he was getting from angry fans. It was ugly, nasty stuff: name-calling, death threats, rants, screeds. Hate mail. Over a fictional character.

These letters were part of a metastasizing cancer within fandom, a burgeoning trend of aggressive behavior that Hulk-smashed its way far beyond dedication. It was beyond the pale, it was stupid and vicious, and it pissed me off. Okay, everything pissed me off back then, but for me those letters merited a response. That response was to lash out with the only weapon I've ever had: comics.

At the time I was getting ready to start work on a five-man humor anthology called *Instant Piano* for Dark Horse Comics (with Stephen DeStefano, Kyle Baker, Mark Badger, and Robbie Busch). I had ten blank pages to fill and a mad on. And so *Eltingville* was born. (And I got my own hate mail, yay!)

Now don't get me wrong. There are—and always have been—incredible, awesome fans out there. People who are supportive, involved, and yes, often critical

of the comics, movies, television shows, games, and books they're into. And there are lots of awesome fans who are somewhat awkward, a little obsessive, maybe they don't have the best social skills. *Eltingville* wasn't about those folks.

*Eltingville* was about the shitty fans who treated other fans like shit, treated professionals like shit, and acted as if they owned the characters and properties they were supposedly such great fans of. Endlessly irritated, incredibly obnoxious, masters of trivia no one else gave a shit about, members of a special club of know-it-all nimrods who bitched about why so many people disregarded fandom as silly, stupid, and immature, all while doing everything they could to make fandom look silly, stupid, and immature.

Do fans really act like the Eltingville Club? Do they get that crazy, that worked up? Well, yes and no. As far as I know, no one has had hours-long trivia contests over toys or burned down a comic shop. But there have been some real winners out there in fandom land. And every time I worried that *Eltingville* went too off the rails, someone would tell me how the comic struck a nerve with them.

Which I can believe, because while *Eltingville* is full of exaggeration, it's also based on real life. The club members themselves are composites of my friends and me as teenage fans, growing up in the eighties, reading comics, rolling percentile dice, seeing every science-fiction, fantasy, and horror movie we could at the local theaters. The arguments, the pettiness, the obsessiveness, the fighting—that's all based on us and our idiocy, swelled to epic proportions by my years of observing subcultures as a fan, comic shop employee, and comic industry professional.

The kiddie pool set up in a store ceiling to catch rainwater? That really happened. The retailer pointing out merchandise with a laser pointer? Ditto. Joe living in his shop? Based on my two months of couch surfing in the unheated back room of the first Jim Hanley's Universe location. My friends and I played Dungeons & Dragons the night of my prom. I stalked a supermarket, tearing open packages of Wonder Bread to try to get all the *Battlestar Galactica* trading cards. I had a sporadic shoplifting career as a teenager which included boosting comics, model kits, plastic soldiers, role-playing miniatures, and *Star Wars* action figures. My friends and I often talked the stupid talk and walked the stupid walk.

But there are things we didn't do. We never sent anyone hate mail. We never harassed anyone. We never lived for our hobby or lost sight of the fact that this was all supposed to be fun. It wasn't life. Geek culture has exploded in the years since the first Eltingville Club meeting was called to order, and unfortunately, so has the outrageous behavior *Eltingville* made fun of. These days *Eltingville* seems less and less like ludicrous exaggeration and more like a very sad and unfortunate way of life for some people. Every day the Internet provides grist for the *Eltingville* mill. It's overwhelming and more than a little depressing. It's not that funny anymore.

So, yeah. This is the end of the Eltingville Club.

Before we close this final meeting, I'd like to acknowledge all the honorary members who have supported the club's activities over the years, either by providing a space for meetings or helping out in some way. So, my thanks to Bob Schreck, Si Spencer, Frank Wynne, Jim McLaughlin, Barbara Kesel, Mike Richardson, Dan Vado, Craig Pape, Montserrat Terrones, and all the folks at *El Vibora*/La Cúpula.

Special thanks to Daniel Chabon and to Scott Allie (whom I forgot to thank in 1996—thanks, Scott!). And thanks, as always, to my wife, Sarah Dyer, for all she's done over the years to help me put these stories together—not to mention all she's done to help keep me from falling apart.

And thanks to all of you out there for coming to all the meetings. Hope you had fun. I know this sounds corny and maybe disingenuous after all the rocks I've thrown in these comics, but—be kind to one another out there, y'know? And be kind to yourselves.

And remember—it's all about having fun.

Have fun,
Evan Dorkin

# THE NORTHWEST COMIX COLLECTIVE!

THE NORTHWEST COMIX COLLECTIVE REVIEW
COMICS JOURNALS + GODS BOOKS
ECCO d'PERVERT
HOW TO SELF-PUBLISH- EVEN IF YOU SUCK
MY MINI-COMIC
I'M A GENIUS.

The Northwest Comix Collective is basically the Bizarro Eltingville Club, which I created to take some potshots at the more obnoxious elements in the alternative-comics crowd. The insufferable, uptight art-school types, the snobs to the Eltingville Club's slobs. People who insisted on pronouncing *Tintin* as *Tantan*, who said *bandes dessinées* instead of just fucking "European comics" and spent as much time and energy hating superhero comics and their fans as those fans spent loving superhero comics. Not as crazed as their mainstream counterparts, but just as worth making fun of.

And just as *Eltingville* is based on real-life events (and jerks), the same goes for their Northwest counterparts.

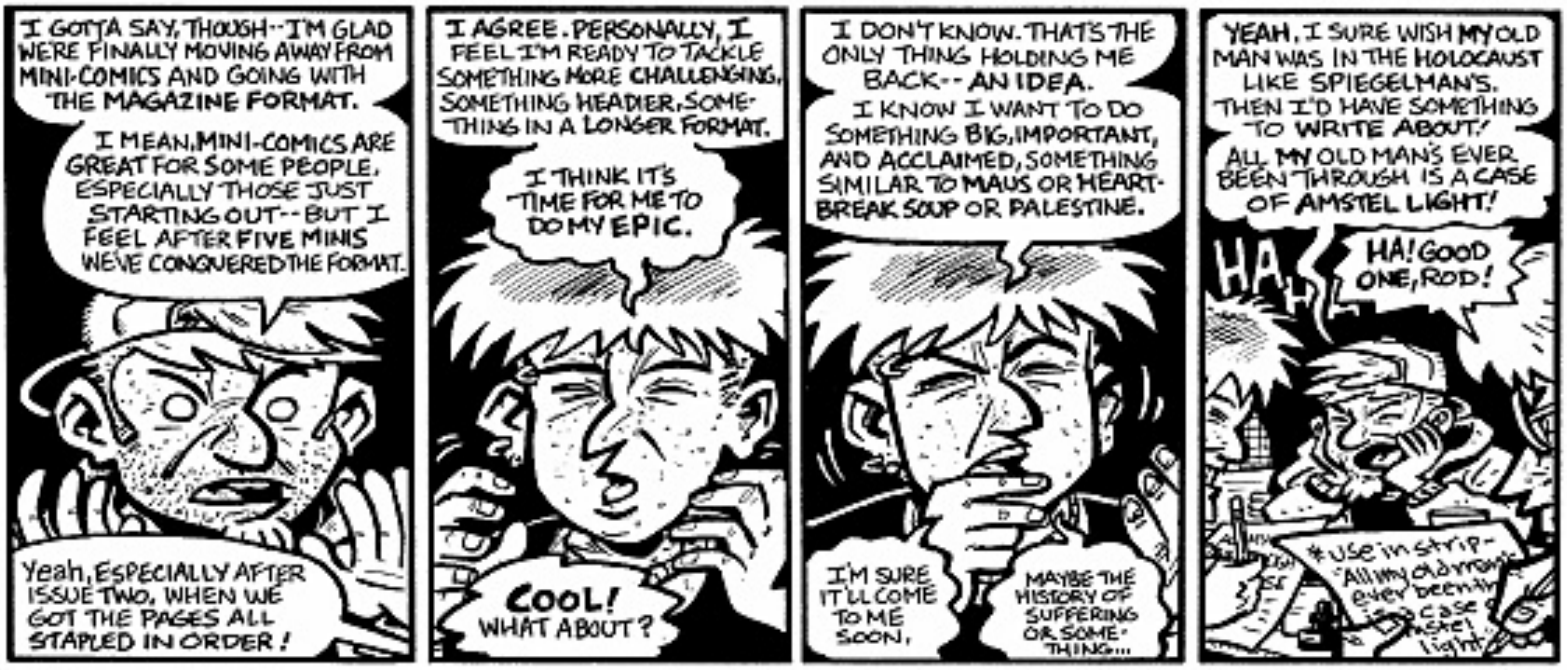
It was a shot at pretensions and prickishness, as witnessed in art class, in film school, at various small-press gatherings, in the pages of fanzines, and of course, in my own dickhead behavior when I worked in a comic shop and bitched and moaned and critiqued customers' purchases. (To this day, whenever I run into someone who says they knew me from when I worked at the Fantastic Store or Jim Hanley's Universe, I automatically apologize for my indie-record-store bullshit behavior. I'm better now, I swear.)

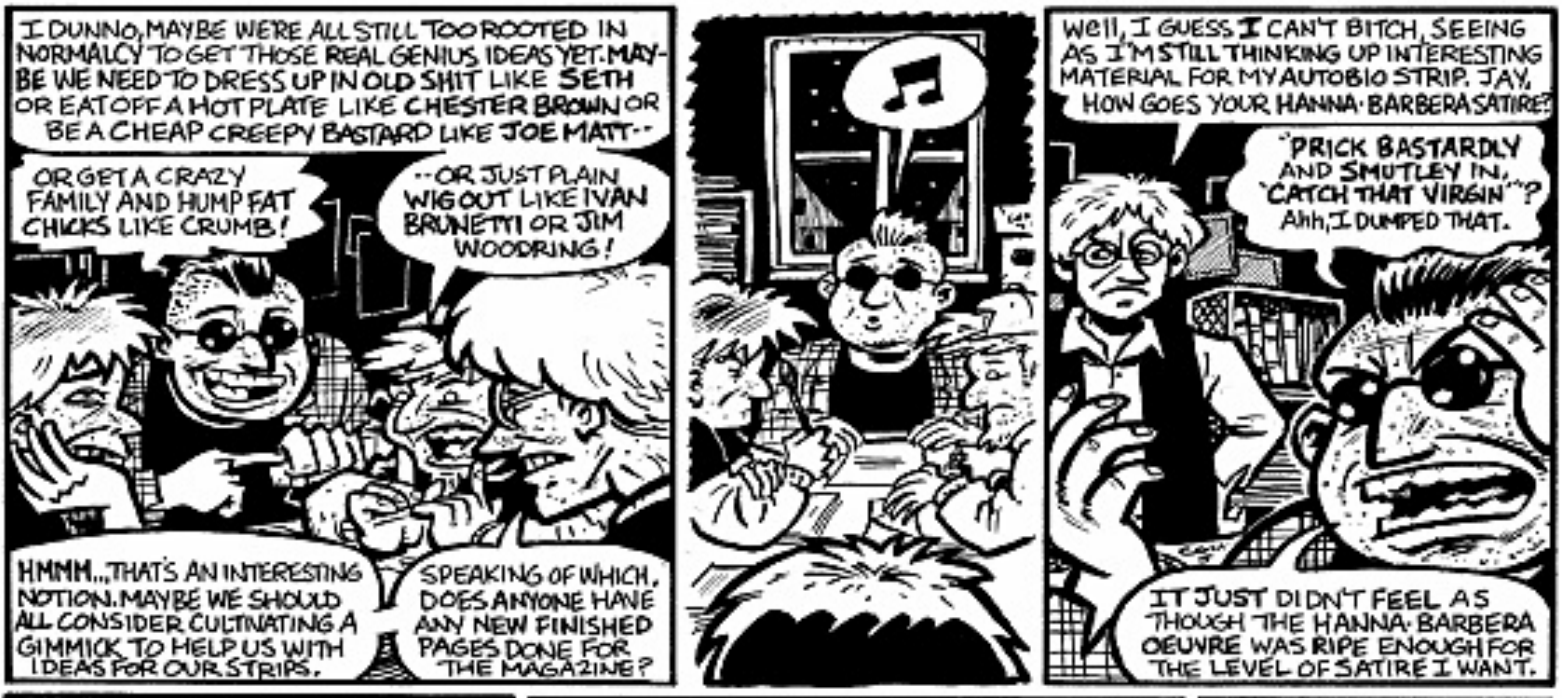
The gag about the guy who inks using his "brush" in a very special way? Based on an even more disgusting real stunt pulled by a real art-school imbecile in a desperate bid to be artistic or expressive or something. All he expressed is what a moron he was. The same guy also filled sketchbooks with terrible drawings of his own dick, which he would show to anyone and everyone, especially girls. We referred to the drawings as self-portraits. He's the worst of the bunch, but there's other arteests, connoisseurs, and comix fanboyz in the mix.

The Northwest guys might not be as horrible as their Eltingville counterparts, but they're still another bunch of useless idiots, clogging up the aisles at SPX rather than SDCC. Just because someone has more refined tastes, it doesn't mean they're a more refined person. Assholes are everywhere. Duck and cover.

MEET THE COMIC BOOK COGNOSCENTI! THEY'RE DEEPER THAN THE UNDERGROUND! THE ALTERNATIVE TO THE ALTERNATIVE! THEY'RE THE FUTURE OF COMICS SEQUENTIAL ART GRAPHIC LITERATURE!
THEY'RE--
THE NORTHWEST COMIX COLLECTIVE!
AARON WINKLEMAN! HIS TASTE IS IMPECCABLE!
RODNEY CRABBE! HE DOESN'T DRAW--HE FEELS!
JAY "JAYBIRD" HAYNES! NOTHING IS SACRED TO HIM!
JAMES PROLONGO! THE BOY IS A GENIUS!
FRIDAY! 9:20PM! IT BEGINS!
ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE, LET'S GET STARTED. WE'RE TWO HOURS BEHIND AS IT IS, AND OUR SITTING AROUND READING COMICS ISN'T GOING TO GET US TO ANGOULÊME, OKAY?
THIS ISN'T READING, AARON--IT'S RESEARCH!
HA HA HA
LOOK, EVERYONE, WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON OUR COMICS MAGAZINE FOR SIX MONTHS NOW, AND WHAT DO WE HAVE TO SHOW FOR IT? FIVE PAGES OF COMICS, AND THREE OUT-DATED REVIEWS OF THE LAST EIGHTBALL! NOW I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU GUYS, BUT I FOR ONE DON'T WANT THIS PROJECT TO FALL APART THE WAY OUR PUNK ZINE DID!
OR OUR HONG KONG FILM ZINE--
RIGHT! OR LIKE OUR BAND, REMEMBER?
HEY, C'MON AARON! YOU CAN'T RUSH ART! IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE MARVEL HACKS CHURNIN' OUT CRAP--WE'RE AR-TEESTS! WE NEED TO BE INSPIRED TO CREATE!
Yeah, BUT RODNEY--THERE'S INSPIRATION AND THERE'S WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK--
WHAT WAS WRONG WITH LAST WEEK? I THOUGHT THAT OUR EXPERIMENT WENT GREAT!
Yeah--WE DID SOME INTENSE COMICS ON THAT WEED!
BERLIN
TRUE, BUT WE ALSO LOST ALL THE PAGES WE DID WHILE WE WERE ALL STONED!!
YEAH, I'M STILL WONDERING WHERE THEY WENT TO. I REMEMBER WAKING UP IN THE PARK WITH INKY HANDS AND THE VAGUE RECOLLECTION OF HAVING UTTERLY TRANSCENDED MYSELF ON PAPER--
WOW! ME, TOO!
I THINK WE USED THE PAGES FOR ROLLING PAPERS--I VAGUELY REMEMBER JAYBIRD TALKING ABOUT GETTING MORE OF OURSELVES INTO OUR WORK AND OUR WORK INTO OURSELVES--
ACTUALLY, JAMES SAID THAT. I SAID, "FUCK, WE'RE OUT OF ZIG-ZAGS!"
WHATEVER! THE POINT IS WE DID SOME POSSIBLY GENIUS COMICS AND PEOPLE ARE GONNA BE DEPRIVED OF IT BECAUSE WE WEREN'T SERIOUS ENOUGH TO CAPTURE THE MOMENT AND SUSTAIN IT!
WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN?!?
IT MEANS WE FUCKED UP! IT MEANS SOME LUCKY FUCKING BUM IN THE PARK COULD FIND OUR PAGES AND SEND THEM IN TO ZERO ZERO OR TOPSHELF AND WIN A FUCKING HARVEY AWARD FOR NEW TALENT!!!
FUCKIN' RE-LAX, AARON! OUR SUBCONSCIOUS PROBABLY RE-JECTED THOSE PAGES AS BEING LESS-THAN-FANTAGRAPHICS, SO WE'RE PROBABLY BETTER OFF.
Yeah, well, YOU MAY HAVE A POINT... BUT STILL, WE HAVE TO TAKE OUR ART MORE SERIOUSLY, GUYS!
US? MORE SERIOUS?
WE'VE GOT INK IN OUR VEINS!
DAMN RIGHT!

OKAY, THEN -- BEFORE WE GET TO WORK, LET'S GET SOME OLD BUSINESS OUT OF THE WAY. JAYBIRD -- HAVE YOU ANY GOOD NEWS FOR US REGARDING OUR MINI-COMIC SALES?
Uhh, well, I WENT TO BOB'S COLLECTOR'S EMPORIUM, MIKE'S CARDS, COMICS AND GAMES, COMIC SWAPOPOLIS II AND TED'S COMIC CAVE -- AND AS YOU COULD GUESS, NONE OF THOSE SHITHOLES WERE INTERESTED IN CARRYING THE KIND OF ART COMICS WE DO!
SALES REPORT
RETAILERS DON'T KNOW SHIT!
WELL, THOSE GUYS PROBABLY THINK AN ALTERNATIVE COMIC IS GARBAGE LIKE THE CROW OR VAMPIRELLA!!
YEAH, RIGHT, OR SOME TREE-WASTING IMAGE OR VERTIGO OR LEGEND THING!
OR WORSE -- MOTHERFUCKING STRANGERS IN PARADISE!!
UGH
ACK
ANYWAY, THE ONLY ACTION WE GOT THIS WEEK WAS A TRADE FROM SOME GUY WE MET AT APE LAST MONTH. HIS COMICS WEREN'T UP TO OUR STANDARD SO I THREW THEM OUT AND USED HIS SASE TO SEND OUR COMICS TO DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI.
GOD, WHAT'S WRONG WITH PEOPLE? LIKE WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO BUT TRADE OUR TOIL AND SWEAT FOR THEIR HACKED-OUT TOILET PAPER!!
:SIGH: THIS IS WHAT WE MUST ENDURE ...
NORTHWEST COMICS presents FUCK YOU COMICS!
NORTHWEST COMICS PROJECT presents ANARCHY INK
RIGHT, THEN -- NEXT ORDER OF BUSINESS! RODNEY -- ANY REVIEWS, PLUGS, OR MENTIONS?
NOT A FUCKING ONE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. I'VE SENT REVIEW COPIES TO EVERYONE FROM THE COMICS JOURNAL TO YOUR FLESH!
FUCK! WHAT IS IT WITH THESE PEOPLE? ALL THEY DO IS REVIEW THE SAME OLD SHIT! WHAT ABOUT US?! WHAT ABOUT THE NEW BREED?!
DON'T THEY REVIEW ANYTHING THAT'S NOT BY THEIR FRIENDS?
WE'RE WAY BETTER THAN MOST OF THE SHIT THOSE RAGS REVIEW! DAMN THE POLITICS OF THE SO-CALLED UNDERGROUND PRESS!
IF THEY DON'T GET ON THE BALL WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO START CUTTING PEOPLE OFF OUR MAILING LIST! THIS ISN'T A CHARITY, THIS SHIT COSTS MONEY!!
YOU'RE TELLING ME! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE POSTAGE I CAN SCAM FROM THE METER AT MY MOM'S OFFICE!!
YOU'LL SEE -- A YEAR FROM NOW THESE FUCKERS WILL ALL BE BEGGING US FOR INTERVIEWS.
ALL RIGHT, ONE LAST THING. ANYONE GET ANY QUOTES FROM ANY PRO CARTOONISTS WE'VE SENT OUR COMICS TO? ANYBODY?
NOPE.
NOT ME.
NUH-UH.
SHIT!
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! WE'VE SENT OUT OVER A HUNDRED MINI-COMICS -- YOU'D THINK SOMEBODY WOULD HAVE THE PROFESSIONAL COURTESY TO WRITE BACK TO THEIR FELLOW CARTOONISTS!!
ALL WE'VE GOTTEN FOR OUR TROUBLES IS A CATALOGUE AND THAT FUCKING TWO-PAGE LETTER FROM EVAN DORKIN WHERE HE SAYS OUR COMICS "NEED WORK."
GOD! WHO THE FUCK IS HE TO SAY ANYTHING? CHRIST, HE DID FUCKING PREDATOR BOOKS -- HE WOULDN'T KNOW A GOOD COMIC IF WE SENT IT TO HIM!!
NORTHWEST COMIX presents ANARCHY INK
OH GOD MY BABIES DEAD!
PRETENTIOUS ASSHOLE. IT'S NOT LIKE WE ASKED HIM FOR HIS OPINION!
ACTUALLY, WE DID. IT'S IN OUR FORM LETTER.
YEAH, BUT WE ASKED FOR COMMENTS, NOT UNWARRANTED CRITICISM!
WHY IS DORKIN EVEN ON OUR MAILING LIST? NONE OF US LIKE HIS SHIT!
WE DON'T HAVE TO LIKE SOMEONE'S WORK TO GET A QUOTE FROM THEM.
CRUMB
BESIDES, WE THOUGHT WE COULD GET KYLE BAKER'S ADDRESS FROM HIM, BUT THEY APPARENTLY DON'T SPEAK ANYMORE.
SO, SCRATCH ONE NO-TALENT DORKIN'S OF NO USE TO US NOW.
I'LL REMOVE HIM FROM OUR DATABASE TONIGHT, I HAVE TO ADD JESSICA ABEL'S NEW ADDRESS IN ANYWAY.
GOOD. IN THE MEANTIME, AS FAR AS QUOTES FROM PROFESSIONALS GO, I FIGURE WE CAN JUST MAKE A FEW UP TO USE!
"BRAND!" - ART SPIEGELMAN
"I WISH I WAS THIS GOOD WHEN I STARTED" - ADRIAN TOMINE
"BRAND! BRAND!!" - ART SPIEGELMAN'S WIFE
"GIVES ME HOPE!" - LYNDA BARRY
"NORTHWEST COMIX IS THE FUTURE OF COMICS" - JIM WOODRING
"WATCH OUT FOR THESE GUYS" - P. BAGGE
"AHEAD OF THEIR TIME" - CHRIS WARE
"A BIG FAVORITE OF MINE" - R. CRUMB
THE REALLY GOOD CARTOONISTS DON'T ACTUALLY READ COMICS - THEY DO THEM! SO, WHO'LL NOTICE IF WE EMPLOY A LITTLE ARTISTIC LICENSE? AND IF ANYONE DOES BITCH, WE CAN ALWAYS SAY IT WAS SATIRE!


I GOTTA SAY, THOUGH--I'M GLAD WE'RE FINALLY MOVING AWAY FROM MINI-COMICS AND GOING WITH THE MAGAZINE FORMAT.
I MEAN, MINI-COMICS ARE GREAT FOR SOME PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY THOSE JUST STARTING OUT--BUT I FEEL AFTER FIVE MINIS WE'VE CONQUERED THE FORMAT.
Yeah, ESPECIALLY AFTER ISSUE TWO, WHEN WE GOT THE PAGES ALL STAPLED IN ORDER!
I AGREE. PERSONALLY, I FEEL I'M READY TO TACKLE SOMETHING MORE CHALLENGING, SOMETHING HEADIER, SOMETHING IN A LONGER FORMAT.
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DO MY EPIC.
COOL! WHAT ABOUT?
I DON'T KNOW. THAT'S THE ONLY THING HOLDING ME BACK--AN IDEA.
I KNOW I WANT TO DO SOMETHING BIG, IMPORTANT, AND ACCLAIMED, SOMETHING SIMILAR TO MAUS OR HEART-BREAK SOUP OR PALESTINE.
I'M SURE IT'LL COME TO ME SOON.
MAYBE THE HISTORY OF SUFFERING OR SOMETHING...
YEAH, I SURE WISH MY OLD MAN WAS IN THE HOLOCAUST LIKE SPIEGELMAN'S. THEN I'D HAVE SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT!
ALL MY OLD MAN'S EVER BEEN THROUGH IS A CASE OF AMSTEL LIGHT!
HA!
HA! GOOD ONE, ROD!
#use in strip- All my old man's ever been through is a case of Amstel Light


I DUNNO, MAYBE WE'RE ALL STILL TOO ROOTED IN NORMALCY TO GET THOSE REAL GENIUS IDEAS YET. MAYBE WE NEED TO DRESS UP IN OLD SHIT LIKE SETH OR EAT OFF A HOT PLATE LIKE CHESTER BROWN OR BE A CHEAP CREEPY BASTARD LIKE JOE MATT--
OR GET A CRAZY FAMILY AND HUMP FAT CHICKS LIKE CRUMB!
--OR JUST PLAIN WIG OUT LIKE IVAN BRUNETTI OR JIM WOODRING!
HMMM...THAT'S AN INTERESTING NOTION. MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL CONSIDER CULTIVATING A GIMMICK TO HELP US WITH IDEAS FOR OUR STRIPS.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY NEW FINISHED PAGES DONE FOR THE MAGAZINE?
WELL, I GUESS I CAN'T BITCH, SEEING AS I'M STILL THINKING UP INTERESTING MATERIAL FOR MY AUTOBIO STRIP. JAY, HOW GOES YOUR HANNA-BARBERA SATIRE?
"PRICK BASTARDLY AND SMUTLEY IN, 'CATCH THAT VIRGIN'"? Ahh, I DUMPED THAT.
IT JUST DIDN'T FEEL AS THOUGH THE HANNA-BARBERA OEUVRE WAS RIPE ENOUGH FOR THE LEVEL OF SATIRE I WANT.

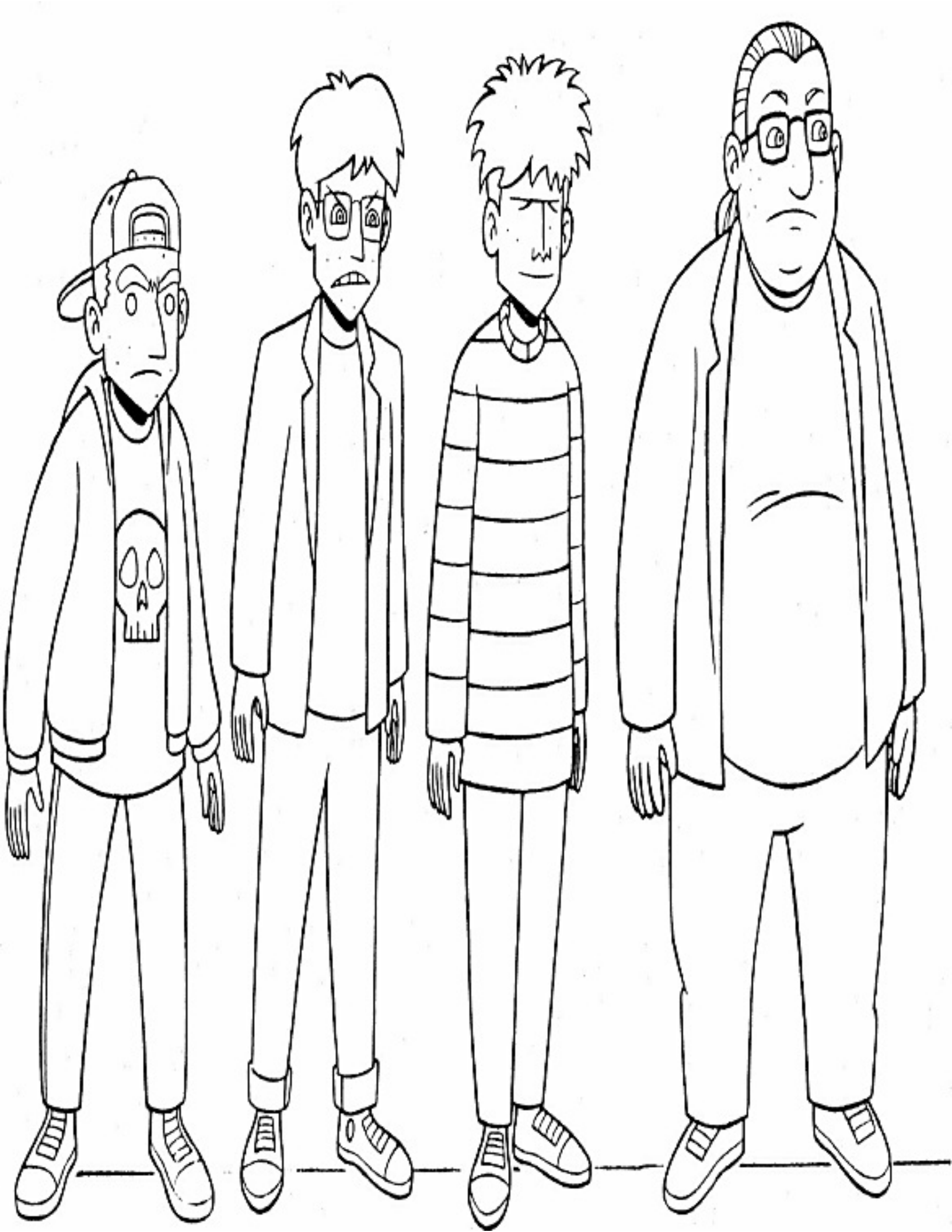
INSTEAD, I'VE DECIDED TO RESURRECT MY ABORTED FANTASTIC FORESKINS STRIP. ONLY NOW, INSTEAD OF AN EROTIC SATIRE OF MARVEL SUPERHERO SHIT, I'LL ALSO SATIRIZE THE MARVEL CORPORATE MENTALITY AND ITS AGGRESSIVE STANCE AGAINST PERSONAL EXPRESSION IN THE COMICS MEDIUM!
THE HOMO TORCH FLAME ON!
IT'S BUGGERING TIME!
Oh...that, uh, sounds... INTERESTING.
OH, FUCK YEAH! CHECK OUT THIS PANEL WHERE MR. MANSPASTIC USES HIS STRETCHING ABILITIES TO FUCK THE INSATIABLE WOMAN AND ALL HIS STOCKHOLDERS ALL AT THE SAME TIME!!!
HOW'S THAT for SHOWING the MAN HE CAN'T STOP OUR COMICS!?!
OH-KAAY. Uh, LOOK GUYS, I THINK IT'S TIME TO CUT THE CHATTER AND GET DOWN TO MAKING SOME SERIOUS GRAPHIC LITERATURE! WHAT SAY YOU?!?
YEAH!
ALL RIGHT!
LET'S GET SERIOUS!!

10:00--SERIOUS CARTOONING!
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
ERASE ERASE ERASE
SHIT!
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE ERASE
DAMN!
SHIT!
ERASE
INK
PLASTIC ERASER
FUCK!
WHEW! I COULD USE A BREAK AFTER THIS INTENSITY! ANYONE UP FOR A BEER?!
GOOD IDEA! A LITTLE SOMETHING TO KEEP THE CREATIVE JUICES FLOWING!
10:28--BEER RUN!
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH US REVIEWING EACH OTHER'S MINIS IN THE MAGAZINE--
--HOW ELSE CAN WE HELP EXPAND THE MEDIUM IF WE DON'T PROMOTE OURSELVES?
GOOD POINT. ALSO, WE SHOULD PUT OUR PICTURES IN THERE SO PEOPLE DON'T THINK WE'RE LOSER COMIC GEEKS!
I LIKE THAT!
I'M THINKING OF GIVING THE LATEST MIKE DIANA COMIC A POSITIVE REVIEW--
FOR CRUMB'S SAKE, WHY?! HIS STUFF IS ILLITERATE JACK-OFF BULLSHIT!
HE'S NO IVAN BRUNETTI
I KNOW BUT IF WE ENDORSE IT, IT'LL HELP CREATE SOME CONTROVERSY FOR THE MAGAZINE.
BESIDES, WE'LL LOOK PROGRESSIVE AND PRO-FIRST AMENDMENT. ALWAYS A PLUS IN CAPITAL "A" ART!
YOU'RE ALL FUCKED!! DIANA'S BRILLIANT!! I MEAN, C'MON-- HE DRAWS BABIES GIVING PRIESTS BLOW-JOBS! YOU'D NEVER SEE THAT IN A MARVEL COMIC! THAT'S SELF-EXPRESSION!
--SO, WHO LIKES MY IDEA OF SENDING OUR COMICS TO THE JOURNAL UNDER THE PSEUDONYM OF AN ARMLESS SERBO-CROATIAN WAR VICTIM WHO DRAWS WITH HIS FEET? I REALLY THINK THAT COULD GET US ONTO THEIR HIT LIST SECTION FOR SURE!
THAT'S BRILLIANT!!
ISN'T IT, THOUGH?
I DUNNO GUYS--I DON'T THINK I CAN DRAW IN SERBO-CROATIAN--
7 ELEVEN
OH, MAN! LOOK AT THIS CRAP!
ARCHIE? BATMAN?! SONIC THE FUCKING HEDGEHOG?! THIS SHIT'S WHY PEOPLE THINK COMICS ARE ONLY FOR KIDS AND FANBOY RETARDS! WHY CAN'T I WALK IN HERE AND SEE PEOPLE ABLE TO BUY EIGHTBALL AND OPTIC NERVE AND UNDERWATER? IS THAT SO FUCKING MUCH TO ASK?!
REALLY. THAT'S WHAT THE MEDIUM NEEDS IN ORDER TO GROW. QUALITY GRAPHIC LITERATURE--NOT THIS MORONIC KIDDIE SHIT.
I GOTS THE BEER!
COMICS
BATMAN
SONIC
X-MEN
SPIDER-MAN
OH, BOY. SPIDER-MAN -- I LOVE SPIDER-MAN!

12:17--WORK IN PROGRESS!
DID YOU SEE THE LATEST THING CLOWES DID? DAN CLOWES IS GOD! HIS SHIT IS SO UNIQUE AND ORIGINAL, I SWEAR! THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN BASING MY STYLE ON HIS SO MY STUFF CAN HAVE THOSE SAME QUALITIES!
WHEN the JOURNAL INTERVIEWS US AND ASKS ME WHAT MY INFLUENCES ARE, I'M GONNA SAY HEINEKEN AND WEED!
I DON'T CARE HOW GOOD JAY STEPHENS' BOOKS ARE-- HE BETTER QUIT DOING SUPERHERO SHIT OR I'M DUMPING HIS STUFF!
I'M THINKING OF DRAWING WITH MY OTHER HAND TO GET A LOOSER, MORE EXPRESSNE FEEL TO MY ART--
HEY, PASS ME A BEER!
I WOULDN'T SAY CRAFT IS THE ENEMY, BUT IT'S NO FRIEND OF MINE. LET ME TELL YOU!
I WISH WE HAD SOME WEED--
WELL, I'VE BEEN DOING SOME INKING ON THE BUS AND YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE EXPRESSIVE QUALITY I GET FROM IT!
:URRRP:
OH, HEY, I'VE GOT TEN MORE CANDIDATES FOR OUR "SELL-OUT OF THE YEAR" AWARD--
I'VE DECIDED TO FOREGO STRAIGHT POST-MODERNISM FOR A MORE COGNO-INTELLECTUAL APPROACH TO COMICS...
MAYBE WE SHOULD MOVE TO CANADA--
MARVEL IS THE ENEMY!
DIAMOND IS THE ENEMY!
IMAGE IS THE ENEMY!
:URP:
GUYS--DO YOU REALIZE THAT RIGHT NOW IS A SEMINAL MOMENT IN OUR CAREERS?
HUH?
SUPER-HEROES SUCK!
LIEFELD IS THE ENEMA!
I CAN'T BELIEVE PETE BAGGE'S ENDING HATE BEFORE WE COULD GET A CHANCE TO DO A BACK-UP!
SO, WHO WOULD YOU RATHER DO-- JESSICA ABEL OR JULIE DOUCET?
SUCKS!
:URP:
ARIEL BOURD
BEER
Yeah, WHAT IS IT WITH BAGGE NOWADAYS? IT'S LIKE HE'S TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING OR SOMETHING!
WOW-- WITH EVERY BRUSHSTROKE I FEEL AS IF I'M STRIKING A BLOW AGAINST THE CARTOONING ESTABLISHMENT!
:URP!:
HEY-- DON'T PLAY THAT 45-- IT SUCKS! I ONLY BOUGHT IT FOR THE CLOWES SLEEVE ART.
NARRATIVE IS OVERRATED. ANYBODY CAN TELL A STUPID STORY, THAT SHIT'S EASY!
I JUST HOPE THERE'S STILL A COMICS INDUSTRY BY THE TIME WE BREAK IN!
IF THERE ISN'T WE'LL JU HAVE TO RE-INVENT IT!
PASS ME A BEER, MEIN INK STUD FREUND!
HEY-- IS IT POSSIBLE TO JUXTAPOSE JUXTAPOSITION? BECAUSE I THINK I JUST DID THAT HERE BY ACCIDENT!
PASS ME THE ERASER
HOW DO YOU SPELL 'OEUVRE'?
THE DAY I TURNED MY BACK ON SUPERHEROES WAS THE DAY I STARTED TO LIVE--
WHAT DID I JUST DRAW?
HUH
SHIT-- I THINK I'M DRUNK...
1:22--EDITORIAL
YOU DON'T UNNERSTAN'...
I DON'T HATE SUPERHERO COMICS BECAUSE I CAN'T DO 'EM ...AN' IT AIN'T CAUSE I'M EMBARRASSED I READ X-MEN AS A KID... I HATE SUPERHEROES 'CAUSE THEY FUCKING SUCK!!
THEY'VE CRIPPLED THE MEDIUM-- THEY'VE POISONED AND CHEAPENED IT! AND THEY'VE FUCKING RUINED EVERYTHING for PEOPLE LIKE US WHO TRULY UNDERSTAND AND APPRECIATE COMICS! PEOPLE WHO WANT TO DO THEIR OWN WORK THEIR OWN WAY WITHOUT ALL THESE GODDAM SUPERHERO MOTHERFUCKS MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY TRUE ARTISTS WITH PERSONAL VISION TO EXIST IN THIS MEDIUM!!
FUCKIN' SUPER-HEROES
MAN.
I WISH WE HAD SOME MUSHROOMS...
SUFFERING PART 1 OF 330
I GET BETTER BRILLIANT IDEAS TRIPPING THAN WHEN I'M :URP: ...DRUNK.
NOT ME! WHEN I'M DRUNK I INK LIKE CHARLES FUCKING BURNS! ONLY FASTER! I GOT SIX QUALITY PAGES DONE TONIGHT! MAYBE SEVEN!!
FUCKIN' SUPER-HEROES :BUURP: ...RUIN EVERYTHING!! YOU KNOW WHAT THOSE GEEKS NEED? THEY NEED TO GET LAID!
YEAH, REALLY! MAYBE IF THEY GOT LAID ONCE IN A WHILE THEY'D DO BETTER COMICS!
Yeah, right. Like those LOSERS could even get a girl to hang out with them!

:AHEM: SOOO, uh, JAMES, WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING?
WELL, OFFHAND I'D SAY IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE SWIPING A JOOST SWARTE DRAWING--
HA HA HA!
FOR YOUR INFORMATION, RODNEY, THIS ISN'T SWIPING. IT'S ARTISTIC APPROPRIATION. IT'S RECONTEXTUALIZATION. LIKE LICHTENSTEIN OR WARHOL, OR "THAT POSTER ARTIST, KOZIK. NOBODY SAYS TO HIM, "THAT'S A PRESTON BLAIR SWIPE" OR, "HEY, THAT'S A TEZUKA SWIPE WITH A JOHNNY CRAIG FACE OVER IT"!
NO! THEY SAY, "HEY, WOW, GREAT FUCKIN' ART!" AND THEN THEY BUY IT!!
IF COMICS HAD MORE BOLD ORIGINAL WORK LIKE THAT WE'D BE IN BETTER SHAPE AS A MEDIUM!!
HEY, DON'T GET SO DEFENSIVE
BESIDES-- FUCK COPYRIGHTS AND ALL THAT CORPORATE BULLSHIT!! COPYRIGHTS ARE FOR BUSINESSMEN-- NOT ARTISTS!!
I'LL WORRY ABOUT COPYRIGHTS THE DAY SOMETHING OF MINE HITS BIG! UNTIL THEN, WHO GIVES A SHIT?!? IT'S NOT MY CONCERN! I NEED A BEER--
I COULD DO SUPERHERO SHIT IF I WANTED TO...
I JUST CHOOSE NOT TO DEMEAN MYSELF
HEY! YOU USED ONE OF MY DRAWINGS IN THERE!!
YES, I DID. I THOUGHT IT WOULD WORK WELL IN THIS CONTEXT, WITH A LITTLE REDRAWING--
THE ARTFORM DESERVES BETTER THAN THAT! SO FUCK SUPERHEROES! THAT'S WHAT I SAY!
Y'KNOW, AARON :URRP: --FOR SOMEONE WHO HATES SUPERHEROES SO MUCH, YOU SURE TALK ABOUT 'EM A LOT. HOW'Z ABOUT GIVIN' IT A REST, HUH?
OH, PARDON ME! HAVE I OFFENDED YOUR DELICATE SENSIBILITIES, JAYBIRD? MR. SATIRE? MR. LAMPOON? Y'KNOW, JAY, I BEEN MEANING TO LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET, SO LISTEN UP, OKAY? SUPERHERO PARODY COMICS ARE STILL FUCKING SUPERHERO COMICS!
DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE ASKED ME FIRST?
WHY? YOU SHOULD BE FLATTERED. BESIDES, I CHANGED IT AROUND--
BUT IT'S MY WORK!
NO, NOT EXACTLY-- THIS IS MY WORK. YOU OBVIOUSLY WEREN'T LISTENING TO ME--
I WAS LISTENING, JAMES, I JUST CHOSE TO IGNORE YOUR BULLSHIT!
FUCK YOU, AARON!
HOW CAN YOU FUCKIN' TELL ME THE FANTASTIC FORESKINS IS SUPERHEROES?! MARVEL WOULDN'T PRINT THIS! IT'S NOT MAINSTREAM-- IT'S AN ATTACK ON ALL THAT MAINSTREAM COMICS HOLDS SACRED!
YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU, JAY? SUPERHEROES WITH FUNNY NAMES FUCKING EACH OTHER. ISN'T SATIRE-- IT'S JUST FUCKING SUPERHEROES.
OH-- AND I SUPPOSE YOU'RE SOME KIND OF GENIUS BECAUSE YOU RIP OFF FRENCH CARTOONISTS NOBODY'S HEARD OF AND PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND KENNETH SMITH'S ARTICLES!
I'M REALLY SORRY THAT WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND COMES OFF AS BULLSHIT TO YOU, RODNEY--
NO, I'M SORRY, JAMES, BECAUSE I THINK I UNDERSTAND BULLSHIT WHEN I SEE IT--
YOU MEAN LIKE YOUR SO-CALLED "CARTOONING"?
HEY! FUCK YOU, YOU ART SCHOOL JERK-OFF! AT LEAST I DO MY OWN COMICS--
BIG FUCKING DEAL! SO DO KINDERGARTENERS!
OWW!! MOTHERFUCKER, I'LL KILL YOU!
HOLY MOSCOSO!! JAY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
THIS CONDESCENDING PRICK JUST STABBED ME WITH A SPEEDBALL C-6 POINT!
SHIT! THAT'S MY LAST NIB!
=GAK= WHY DON'T YOU JUST ADMIT IT, FAT BOY--
--YOU'D SUCK SYPHILITIC DONKEYCOCK TO DO SUPERHERO COMICS--
WELL FUCK YOU, YOU SELLOUT.. YOU AND YOUR SUPERFRIENDS--

LOOK OUT!! HE'S GOT A HUNT 102!
HE'S LOST IT!
FUCK 'EM FUCK ALL! MARVEL! DC!
FUCK IMAGE! FUCK DARK HORSE AND THEIR FUCKING STAR WARS! FUCK ROB LIEFELD AND FUCK TODD McFARLANE AND FUCK WIZARD AND THE CBG AND THE FUCKING PRICE GUIDES AND CONVENTIONS AND SLOB RETAILERS AND THE FANBOYS AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT-- FUCK SMILIN' STAN LEE AN' FUCK JOLLY JACK KIRBY!
HEY, NOW WAIT A MINUTE, AARON. I KNOW YOU'RE DRUNK AND JEALOUS OF ANYONE WHO CAN ACTUALLY DRAW, BUT LET'S LEAVE KIRBY OUT OF THIS-- THE MAN TRANSCENDED SUPERHEROES, AND ONLY A TIGHT-ASSED JACK-OFF LIKE YOUR SELF WOULD BE INCAPABLE OF SEEING THAT!
OH, NO-- NOT THE KIRBY THING AGAIN!
OH-- THE GENIUS WHO INKS WITH HIS DICK IS LECTURING ME ABOUT COMICS!
HEY-- I ONLY DID THAT FOR AN ARTISTIC EXPERIMENT! AND I STOPPED AFTER EIGHT PAGES!
Yeah, well, HERE'S WHAT I THINK OF YOUR 'ARTISTIC EXPERIMENTS'!
RRIP
AARON-- YOU BASTARD! MY ORIGINAL APPROPRIATED ART! HOW DARE YOU DESTROY MY PERSONAL VISION!!
AND MINE TOO! SORTA--
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME AARON! =URP=
JAMES, YOU SHIT! THOSE ARE MY PAGES!
RIP
SO WHAT? IT'S DRAWN AND QUARTERLY'S LOSS I'M SURE, YOU ILLITERATE, OBESE, NO-TALENT--
MOTHERFUCKER! I'M GONNA BEAT YOU UGLIER THAN AN S. CLAY WILSON DRAWING!
POW!
NO! NO FIGHT SCENES! STOP!
PICARE
HOLY SHIT! LOOK! SUPERHERO COMICS! TONS OF THEM!!
AARON, YOU HYPOCRITICAL SCUMBAG! YOU SAID YOU SOLD ALL YOUR OLD COMICS TO BUY THAT R. CRUMB NAPKIN SKETCH!
ZOT
WAIT-- I CAN EXPLAIN! PLEASE-- I JUST COULDN'T GET RID OF THEM-- I'VE HAD THEM SINCE I WAS A KID! I DON'T LIKE THEM ANYMORE-- HONEST! I SWEAR ON A STACK OF RAW #1s!
BATMAN: YEAR ONE
Y-YOU GUYS BETTER BACK OFF-- OR I SWEAR YOU'RE OUT OF THE MAGAZINE FOR GOOD!!
SO FUCKING WHAT? I'M GOING TO FILM SCHOOL!
COMICS ARE DEAD, AARON--
-- AND SO ARE YOU.
3:48 AM-- DENOUEMENT.
THOSE UNGRATEFUL, JEALOUS BASTARDS. THEY'LL BE SORRY WHEN I'M ON TOP OF THE CARTOONING HEAP AND THEY'RE ALL WORKING AT McDONALD'S!
HEY--
EROS
I JUST GOT A BRILLIANT IDEA--
TWENTY-ONE NIAGARA
TINTIN
--WHAT HAPPENED TODAY BETWEEN ME AND THOSE POSEUR ASSHOLES--
Charity POPTART
--WOULD MAKE A GREAT AUTOBIO STRIP!!!
SELL Lad GRIT!
Betty and Veronica
IS THIS THE END OF THE NORTHWEST COMIX COLLECTIVE?! YES.



# *WELCOME TO ELTINGVILLE*: THE TV PILOT

Back in the 1990s, Sarah and I found ourselves cowriting scripts for *Space Ghost Coast to Coast*, a fifteen-minute spoof of late-night talk shows that ran on the Cartoon Network. It was a great gig, in no small part because the executive producers (Mike Lazzo, who created the show, and Keith Crofford) trusted the creative people and gave them the freedom to do their work. Which doesn't happen nearly as often as you'd think in TV. Or even comics, for that matter.

At some point in 1999, we were asked if we'd be interested in developing *The Eltingville Club* as a half-hour series for the Cartoon Network's as-yet-unannounced Adult Swim block of late-night programming. Sarah and I would both be producers on the pilot, taking on as much responsibility as we wanted in regards to writing and art direction. Were we interested?

Holy shit, yes. We were interested.

After the inevitable legal back-and-forth, the contracts were fully executed, and we went into preproduction on *Welcome to Eltingville* (*The Eltingville Comic Book, Science-Fiction, Fantasy, Horror, and Role-Playing Club* was a little too long a title, and *The Eltingville Club* sounded too much like a fanboy talk show).

Holy shit! Our very own cartoon!

Holy shit.

To the network's credit, they gave us the ball, and we ran with it—or at least I did, while Sarah ran after me, shaking her head sadly because she could see I took the worst path possible forward. I approached the half-hour pilot too much like one of my comics: taking on too many tasks and trying to write and draw everything that appeared onscreen. Sarah and I wrote the series bible, and I wrote the script (based on "Bring Me the Head of Boba Fett!"), which she story edited. We handled the art direction: I designed the characters, backgrounds, and props, and Sarah was the color stylist. Thankfully I didn't even consider doing the storyboards—for that we hired our good friend, the übertalented comics and animation veteran Stephen DeStefano. Sarah and I flew out to the Cartoon Network studio in LA to interview directors; we chose Chuck Sheetz, whose credits include *The Simpsons*. We chose the voice actors, Sarah codirected the voice actors, and we hired one of our favorite bands, the Aquabats, to do the show's opening and closing themes. Whew! If there's anything I would do differently in hindsight, I would delegate more work to other people. For starters.

The pilot aired on March 3, 2002. More people watched it than will ever read all of my comics work combined. We got some really nice feedback from people who liked the show, which was pretty awesome. And there were some folks who hated it with an Eltingville-like intensity, and that was pretty awesome, too. The pilot has a small cult following, which is better than being completely forgotten. We still hear from folks asking why the pilot never became a series. We don't know what to tell them, exactly. We never got an official explanation from the network as to why *Eltingville* didn't make the grade. We all just knew it wasn't happening and moved on, and that was the end of the Eltingville Club on television.

But hey, I got to make a cartoon! (I even have a Japanese dub of the damned thing. It's funnier in Japanese—the jokes work better when you can't understand them.) It got on the air a few times, and people saw it. That doesn't happen every day. That's pretty awesome.

My thanks to Keith Crofford and Mike Lazzo at Cartoon Network/Adult Swim, who invited us to the Ghost Planet and gave us the chance to make *Eltingville*. Also thanks to Linda Simesky and Vince Aniceto (who shepherded us through production), director Chuck Sheetz, Stephen DeStefano, Nadette Stasa, Denis M. Hannigan, the Aquabats, and the cast and crew. And of course, extra-special thanks to my darling co-executive producer, Sarah.

The following pages feature examples of my designs for *Welcome to Eltingville*. Collect the whole set!

"BILL DICKEY"
evan
2000
AHH!
SHUT UP!
NIGHT MARE
NO GLASSES
STAR WARS
GRRR
EEP!
HA HA HA
SLIDERS IS ON!
TRUST NO ONE
MEH MEH
NO GLASSES
?
"JOSH LEVY"
evan
2000

"PETE DiNUNZIO"
evan 2000
YES!
EVIL
WHAT?!
WHAT?!?
"JERRY STOKES"
evan 2000
ELF HISTORY

(2) PETE-MOUTH SHAPE REVISION/ ROUGHS

NOTE
* PLEASE SLIGHTLY RAISE INNER EAR LINE ON MODELS!

not like this

I DON'T KNOW MOUTH/VOWEL CHARTS, SO PLEASE EXCUSE ME IF ANY DRAWING REVISIONS ARE INCORRECT RE: ANIMATION NEEDS I'M MAINLY TRYING TO REVISE THE LOOK OF THE MOUTH SHAPES

PETE EXPRESSIONS
REVISIONS 8/13
SMILE ?
- BROADER MOUTH
- SLIGHT ANGULAR QUALITY
- SLIGHT SMILE/CHEEK LINE AT APEX OF SMILE
- BLACK EDGES AT TAPERED ENDS OF SMILE/MOUTH
RAISE THIS LINE!
MORE RIGHT EYE TOWARDS NOSE A BIT
** PLEASE RAISE THIS "EAR LINE ON HEADS!!!

MAD!
- EXTEND EYE "SQUINT" LINE A TAD
NOW MADDER
SLIGHT REVISION TO KNIT BROW
MORE DIRECT "INTO" NOSE BRIDGE
+SLIGHT REVISION TO EYEBROW LINE
RAISED ABOVE BROW FROM NOSE LINE

YELLING ANGRY BOY
EYEBROWS MORE "DIRECT" & ARCHED
SM. LINES BENEATH EYE SLITS
- MOUTH - SAME BASIC SHAPE BUT CURVE LOWER LIP LINE MORE FOR EXTRA ANGER
WHEN SCREAMING - EXAGGERATE VEINS IN NECK/STRAINED
BRING T-SHIRT NECK DOWN IF NEED BE

CHANGE IN MOUTH SHAPE W/ BLACK AREAS AT EDGES OF MOUTH

REMEMBER GENERAL "RULE OF TEETH" 5 PTS ON TOP ROW 4 ON LOWER. WHEN MOUTH IS OPEN WIDE

* THESE ARE BASICALLY GOOD FOR BILL, JERRY (view if he freaks) & SHOULD BE PUMPED UP FOR JOSH, JOE -

WARD - RETHOUGHT SLIGHTLY
"JOE"
"IRONJAW"
HUH?=
I AM NOT A MONSHTER!
MASTER OF THE PHAT PANTS

I HAVE POWERS!

MIRANDA JANE DICKEY—

POSSIBLY CRAZIER THAN BILL

LEADS A GIRL GANG
MAYBE WANTS INTO ELTING CLUB
INTERESTED IN MAGIC/ESP etc- goth/punkette

terrifies Bill who has little control over her
can manipulate Club guys with her "femality"

MIX of teen girlie girl & angry lunatic

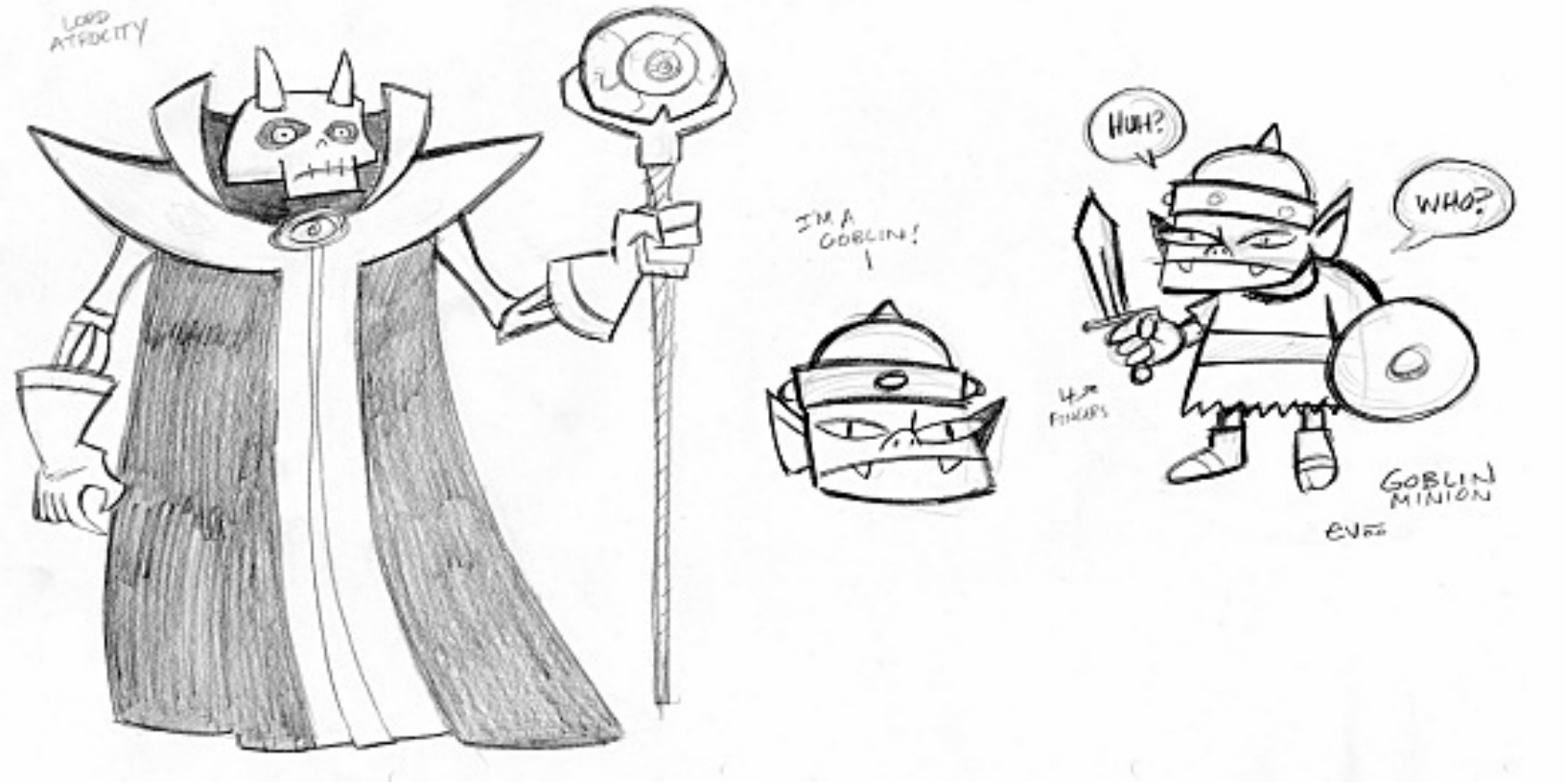
- mangles & customizes punk/witch Barbie dolls etc

- LITTLE LULU
GLORIA SWANSON
EXCENE CERVENKA

Makes her own backpacks

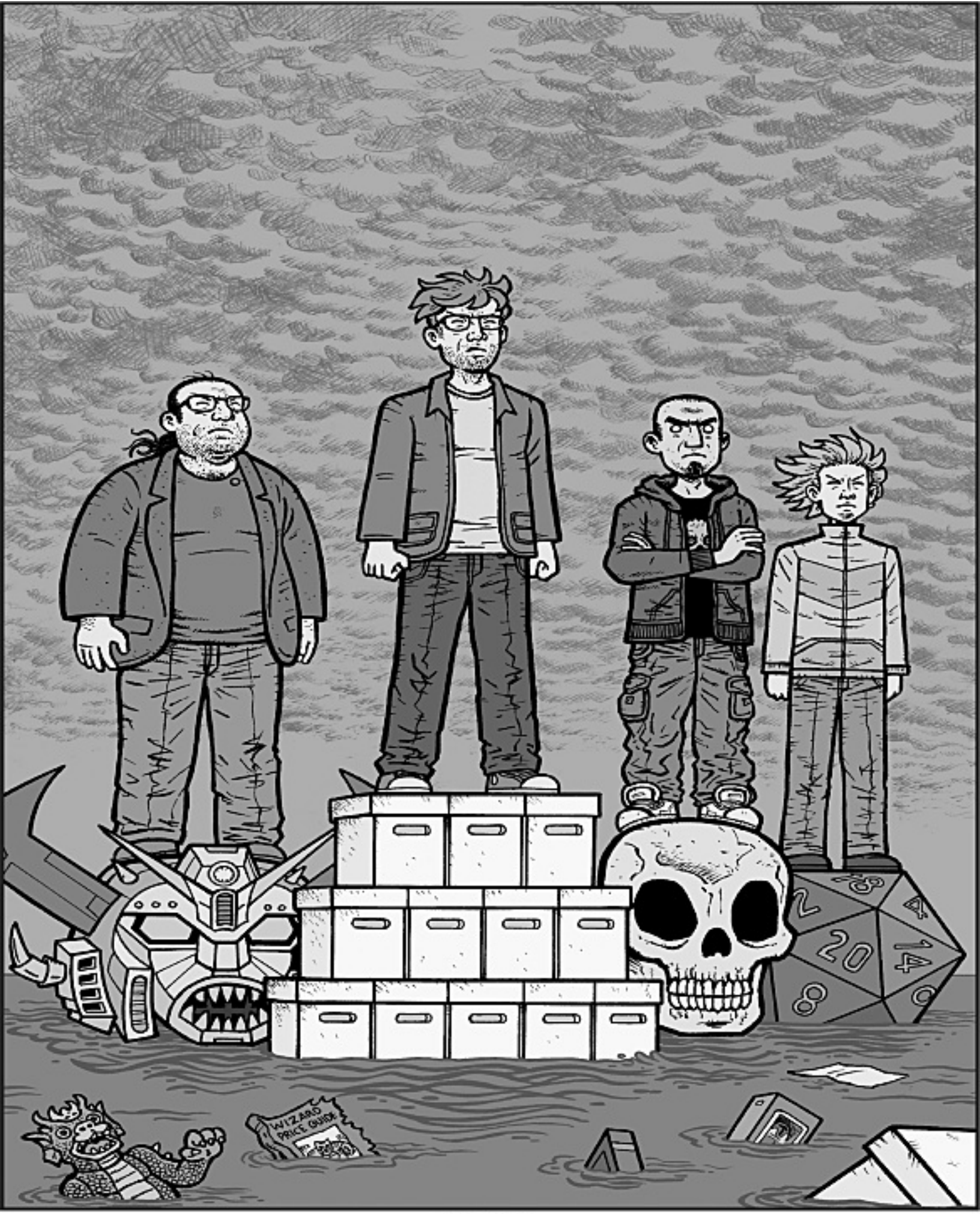
CAREER INTERESTS
- FASHION DESIGNER
- CORONER / POST-MORTEM MAKEUP ARTIST
- STUNTWOMAN
- FBI AGENT
- etc -

She poses around Gyms / graveyards


LORD ATROCITY
I'M A GOBLIN!
HUH?
WHO?
4 FINGERS
GOBLIN MINION
EVIL

ADD SIZE COMPARISON
?
?
"UGH"
"SIR WILLIAM"
BILL
GOBLIN MINION

"SIR PETE"
PETE
"AXEL SKULLPUNISHER"
JOSH




R.I.P.
1994-2015

# THE ELTINGVILLE CLUB

## TAKE-NO-PRISONERS TRIVIA-OFFS. PILL-FUELED *TWILIGHT ZONE* MARATHONS. FAN INTERVENTIONS.

Here is the ultimate word on the fugly side of fandom, collecting every *Eltingville* story from *Dork*, *House of Fun*, and *The Eltingville Club* #1–#2, three of which won Eisner Awards for Best Short Story. Also featuring the Northwest Comix Collective alt-comics smackdown and a supplemental section covering the 2002 Adult Swim animated pilot. Definitive, complete, and unashamed, this is fandom at its fan-dumbest, in the mighty *Eltingville* manner!

*"Dorkin's dense, sweaty world of* Eltingville *remains the spot-on love letter/guilty confession/death threat to geek fandom it was when it first appeared in the nineties, and I was ignoring the customers at the comic shop to read his stuff behind the counter."*

*—Jackson Publick, creator of* The Venture Bros.

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